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WESTERN AMERICANA

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WAR DANCE OF THE SAUKS AND FOXES.

Published by Richard Bentley, London.

TRAVELS

IN

NORTH AMERICA

DURING

THE YEARS 1834, 1835, & 1836.

INCLUDING

A SUMMER RESIDENCE WITH THE PAWNEE TRIBE
OF INDIANS,

IN THE REMOTE PRAIRIES OF THE MISSOURI,

AND

A VISIT TO CUBA AND THE AZORE ISLANDS.

BY

THE HON. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY.

> "Le voyager me semble un exercice profitable: l'ame y a une continuelle exercitation, à remarquer les choses incogneues et nouvelles; et je ne sçache pas meilleure escole à façonner la vie que de luy proposer incessamment la diversité de tant d'autres fantasies et usances, et luy faire gouster une si perpetuelle varieté des formes de nostre nature."—Essais de Montaigne, liv. 3. chap. ix.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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TRAVELS
IN
THE UNITED STATES, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

The River of Snakes.—Labyrinth of Hillocks.—Unfortunate Commencement of our Journey.—Indications of a Tempest.—Preparations for passing the Night. — Awful Storm. — Prairie Wolves. — Difficulty in kindling a Fire.— Halting-place.—Exploring Excursion. — Buffalo Tracks. — Supper. — Necessity of short Allowance. — Buffalo Soup. — The Night Watch. — Precautions against being surprised. — Meditations in the Wilderness. — Our March resumed. — A Disappointment. — Pools of Water.—Difficulty in collecting our Horses.—A Buffalo shot.—Supply of Meat. — A Party of Indians descried. — Plans to be adopted in the coming Encounter. — Hostile Appearances. — The Meeting.—its pacific Termination.—Comfortable Camping-place.

I COULD not have entered on my arduous office under more unpropitious circumstances, for the river by the side of which we had taken our mid-day meal, flowed many degrees farther towards the south than the course which I wished to follow, besides which, its waters were very salt, and its banks afforded perpetual testimony to the propriety of its name, as termed by the Indians, "The River of Snakes"— so that I was most anxious to leave it, and to find a more desirable stream from which to drink, and whose course should be more favourable to our contemplated journey; but as I remembered hearing the Indians say that there was no water within a day's march to the north, I scarcely thought it prudent to leave altogether the saline river of snakes.

Nor did my difficulties end here; for never since we entered the prairies of the West, had we been entangled in such a labyrinth of steep, irregular, and broken ridges as those which obstructed our progress when we attempted to leave the course of the stream. As soon as one height was attained, another and a higher arose before us. In the ascent the packs slipped over our mules' and horses' tails; in the descent, over their necks and ears. It was in vain that I halted my party, and rode to the right and the left; I could find no practicable escape from this tumultuous and confused mass of hillocks, which were not (as is usually the case with the heights in the western prairies) in a regular succession of ridges, like the Atlantic in a gale of wind, but like the short, broken, irregular seas, raised by heavy squalls from opposite quarters in the Irish channel.

I soon found that the shades of night would overtake us in this disagreeable situation unless I again directed our course to Snake River, which I reluctantly did, and we encamped at a place not more than four or five miles south-east from the spot where the guides had left us, having performed a most difficult and fatiguing march of as many hours.

I confess I was much disheartened; I could not but feel that this unfortunate beginning would prevent the party from having any confidence in my capacity as guide, and I was afraid that I might either have underrated the difficulties of the office, or overrated my own power of obviating them; however, as I had undertaken it not from any foolish vanity, but from necessity and at the request of my companions, I determined not to be cast down by my first failure; but to redouble my exertions on the morrow, and restore their confidence and my own.

Meantime, there was enough occupation before us to banish all speculative meditations, for the huge heavy masses of black cloud were gathering in the north-west; our small experience was sufficient to teach us that they were charged with storm and tempest, and it was evident that we should scarcely have time to collect wood and make our fire, prepare and swallow our supper, secure our horses, and shelter ourselves and baggage as well as our means would permit, before we might expect a repetition of the drenching which we had undergone two nights before.

All these various avocations, divided only among four, kept our hands tolerably full; fire-wood was very scarce, and it was evident that, although we might collect enough to provide our supper, it was hopeless to attempt gathering such a supply as might contend with the wet night which threatened us; however, we completed our preparations, ate some dried buffalo-meat, and drank a pot of coffee, rolled ourselves up in skins, and spread the tent loose over our persons and baggage, taking special care to wrap many folds of hide round the flour and ammunition; we then crept all close together, so as to borrow and lend each other warmth, and thus awaited patiently the expected deluge.

We were not kept long in suspense; the black curtain of cloud had now spread over the whole north-west quarter of the heavens. The steady and awful march of the god of storms came on, accompanied by his own dread and magnificent music, the blasts of rushing and roaring wind, and the heavy rolling peals of thunder. The attack was commenced by a few large drops of rain, which fell irregularly; soon, however, the great flood-gates were opened, and their waters let loose upon our houseless and ill-protected party. For some time our buffalo and bear skins made a stout resistance; but it was of no avail,—small streams were running in every direction, whilst every little hollow became a puddle, so that, ere long, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were thoroughly soaked, and consequently free from any further care or anxiety about the rain.

As we were huddled closely together, we did not feel much annoyance from cold, at least I can answer for myself, inasmuch as I found time to admire the terrible magnificence of the scene, the effect of which was heightened by the prolonged echoes of the thunder among the heights opposite to our camp;* while, as a kind of accompaniment to its desolation, a pack of prairie wolves, at no great distance from us, seemed to complain of cold, wet, and hunger, in their whining monotonous howl, which reached us in a louder or in a lower key, according as the sound was borne along by the eddying blasts which swept down the broken ravines around us. Even after the first fury of the storm had expended itself, a heavy rain continued to fall during the greater part of the night. I suppose that none of us slept much, and that we welcomed with no little joy the early rays of the sun, which came to dissipate at once the watery clouds and the shades of night.

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* This word is so universally in use by western travellers in the sense of any halting or sleeping place, (whether tents have been pitched or not,) that I must be excused if from habit I generally use it in this extended signification.

Considering that activity and exertion were our only safeguards against rheumatism, I jumped up, and desired the men to assist in making a fire. This was not an easy matter, as all the wood which we could pick up was saturated with water; however, by splitting some of the larger pieces we succeeded in taking from the interior portions a few dry chips, and half-an-hour's nursing and blowing produced an infant blaze, which, with continued care, was soon large enough to boil us a pot of coffee. I found that neither of our attendants objected much to this part of the day's duty, for while thus fostering the fire they were at the same time warming their own cold fingers and persons. My Scotch servant complained much of sundry pains in his back and body; I could give him no better relief or advice than to jump and rub the blood into circulation, and to drink a cup of hot coffee.

Indeed, when I reflected upon the strange contrast of our present mode of life, as compared with our usual habits in society; when I recollected what severe colds are produced by sitting an hour or two with wet feet, or sleeping in sheets only rather damp; and then looked upon our present party, after we had been lying for seven or eight hours without a fire and perfectly soaked through, I could not help feeling surprised, and I hope I may add grateful, for the health which we had enjoyed, and which we still preserved. I had slept on my black bear-skin, which is almost impervious to wet; but when I rose this morning, there were puddles of water on it (especially where my elbow and hip had rested) of several inches in depth.

As the ground was too humid to admit of our going through the necessary operation of spreading and drying all our skins, I thought it better to follow the course of the stream for some miles, so as to find a camping-place where we might more easily obtain firewood for our noon meal; and while the rest of the party were drying themselves and baggage,* I might explore the surrounding country, to see what facilities its formation afforded for our proposed north-east route. We moved on accordingly to a spot seven or eight miles east, where two old dead trees offered us a store of good firewood, while the short dry grass had, under the influence of the sun, lost all traces of the previous night's rain.

I determined to halt the party here all the rest of the day; and, begging them to have a good supper for me on my return, set off on my exploring excursion, armed with compass and rifle. The bluffs, which formed the sides of the valley, were less high and abrupt here than above, and seemed to offer a better prospect of escape through some defile. After scrambling to the top of the highest which I could find, I sat down to take a general survey. My first object was to ascertain the course of the stream on which we had camped: by the aid of my telescope I could distinctly see that, about four or five miles lower down, it took a great bend to the south, as I could trace its course for a great distance in that direction by the valley that it formed, slightly fringed with the green of the alder and poplar.

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* A heavy night's rain is a very serious hindrance on a prairie journey, to those who have no tent nor lodge to protect the baggage; for if the buffalo-skins and packed meat are not spread in the sun and thoroughly dried, it will not be long before they both rot and spoil.

I was now convinced that it was a tributary, not of the Kanzas but of the Arkansas, and that we must at all events leave it on the following morning; so I commenced my search for a practicable route to the north or north-east. I found a great many fresh buffalo tracks, and a few lazy stragglers from the herd still lingered in sight; I saw also several wolves and antelopes, of these latter I tried several times to kill one, but could not succeed. At length I came to a very large buffalo-track leading due north; and upon following it for some distance, was convinced that, although passing through a very rough stony gorge, it was selected with the instinctive sagacity of those hairy travellers, and thence I inferred, that at some less distance than thirty or forty miles, their track would lead us to water.

Having, accordingly, noted this defile by several landmarks, that I might remember it on the morrow, I returned to camp, and found, to my great consolation, a large pot of good buffalo-soup simmering over the fire, which my companions were about to attack. The wetting of the preceding night was forgotten, the skins nearly dry, and our hot supper, succeeded by a pipe, closed the day most comfortably; and as for the night, the two old trees had been made to furnish from their limbs wherewithal to warm our own.

Upon calculating, as well as I was able, the distance between this spot and Fort Leavenworth, I thought we might hope, barring serious accidents, to reach it in eighteen or twenty days; and upon comparing this computation with our stock of provisions, it became evident that retrenchment must be the order of the day, especially in the use of our small bag of flour, upon measuring which, with our tin cups, we found it to contain about ten quarts. It does not require a very experienced baker to show that, if we attempted to furnish bread to four men out of this stock, even allowing six ounces to each *per diem*, it would very soon be exhausted, and I suggested an expedient which succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations; it was simply this, to give up altogether our fried flour cakes, and to make our morning and evening meal consist of a pot of buffalo-broth, into which we could still afford to throw a few beans and grains of maize. When the whole was well-boiled and ready for *table*, while it was yet simmering over the fire, we took half a pint of flour, and dropped it slowly into the soup, stirring the latter with a spoon or stick; in this manner it soon became as soft and thick as gruel, and we all found it a most palatable and nutritious food; thus used, a pint of flour among four men is a sufficient allowance, and will satisfy hunger as much as two or three quarts made into bread or cakes. We discovered another excellent quality in this thick soup; that it allayed, or rather prevented, the cravings of thirst for a longer period than any other food; for although the weather was sometimes oppressively hot, and the sun's rays very powerful on the unshaded prairie, I could ride from our breakfast hour, which was daylight, until we camped for the evening, without experiencing any inconvenience from the want of water, if we happened not to pass near to any stream or pond.

On the night of the 15th we slept very comfortably, nothing occurring to break our slumbers except a pack of wolves in full cry after a deer, which went along the brow of the heights at no great distance from us, arousing mingled echoes which would have transported any keen fox-hunter in imagination to the side of a gorse-cover in merry

England. However, there was one annoyance to which I felt it my duty to subject the party, and this was, keeping a watch all night; — sleep is a very good thing, but safety is a better. I knew not what parties of Indians might be out in this wild region; even if they did not hit on our trail, our fire, which we could not dispense with, would surely betray us, and there is no mark on earth which would be so fine a piece of sport for a straggling war-party as four men sleeping comfortably round a fire, the light of which would enable an enemy to take sure aim, and to secure their victims without risk or contest. I remembered also the warnings of old Sânitsarish about "sleeping with one eye open," and therefore felt obliged, however unwillingly, to keep regular watch, which is a heavy addition to the fatigue of a party consisting only of four.

The arrangements I made were as follows:— After finishing our supper and pipes, I selected a spot twenty or thirty yards from the fire, but quite removed from its light, commanding as good a view as possible of the neighbouring ground, so that nothing could approach very near without being seen or heard; here I spread my large bear-skin, and laid out my double rifle and a double gun, (the former loaded with ball, the latter with slugs or buck-shot,) and two or three buffalo-skins to keep the guard warm while undergoing this temporary banishment from the fire. Whether we were to watch in pairs or singly, we arranged among ourselves according as we felt sleepy or in a humour for a chat; each watch consisted of two hours, though sometimes, by mutual agreement, we divided the night into two halves.

I never felt so much disposed for gentle thoughts, or for serious meditation, as while lying thus, in the midst of a trackless wilderness, with no sound to divert my attention save the fitful howling of the wolves, and with my eyes fixed upon the illimitable vault above, peopled with starry worlds; so long and so earnestly would I gaze at them, that, without the aid of science, the relative position of many of them became familiar to me. I endeavoured to distinguish the various clusters and constellations from the "wandering fires that move in mystic dance, not without song;" and while thus contemplating their infinite number and harmonious march, I felt that they are indeed the poetry of heaven, and with a language mightier than speech, declare the glory of their Maker. Such meditations, while they elevate the mind above the coarser pleasures and occupations of life, tend, at the same time, to waken the memory and soften the heart to its more tender associations; and there is no time or place where beloved and distant friends are more affectionately remembered, than on the wanderer's solitary bear-skin couch in the wilderness.

On the 16th we took a good breakfast of our thick soup at dawn; and, desiring the men to fill two empty bottles which remained to us, with water, and to put some also into the coffee-pot, started in the direction of the buffalo track which I had yesterday selected. We soon reached it, and wound our way up the long defile with no little fatigue and difficulty, especially among the pack-horses, who were able to crawl only very slowly up some of the steeper parts of the ascent. As I kept always several hundred yards in advance of the party, in order to select and to point out the best line of march, I thereby had a better chance of shooting any stray buffalo or antelope which might be near our route. On this day I saw a good many of the latter; they were very shy, but after several unsuccessful attempts I shot one, and took only the saddle, as I did not wish to add to the load of our horses, several of which were so jaded, and galled in the back, that I much feared that, without extreme care, they would never reach the settlements.

We pursued our march till noon in a direction nearly north; this was much out of our line for the fort, but I felt sure that we should thereby come sooner to water than if I had gone east-north-east. After halting for an hour to rest ourselves and horses, we resumed our progress, which we continued many hours without seeing any symptoms of a river or stream, except one small line of alders. I halted the party while I went to examine it, and had the satisfaction of finding the dry bed of what may be a very pretty stream in early spring, but upon the sand and stones of which the rays of the hot sun were now reflected with increased intensity. This was not a consolatory prospect for a heated and thirsty traveller, so I had nothing to do but to put a bullet in my mouth (from which I experienced some relief), and return to my party.

Towards the evening I again observed indications of water in the distance; and on repeating the same experiment, was delighted to find in several parts of the dry river bed fresh tracks of buffaloes, and some symptoms of moisture; this convinced me that a search would be rewarded; accordingly I had not proceeded along its course more than a quarter of a mile before I found a large hole or hollow, in which the water was not dried up; on tasting it I found it warm and somewhat disagreeable from stagnation, but I knew that neither man nor horse were in a mood to be very nice. I accordingly went to the top of a small hillock and made them signs to advance, which they were not slow in obeying.

When they arrived, I was afraid that they would drink up the puddle altogether; but having secured this as a *dernier ressort*, I prosecuted my search down the stream, and soon found a larger puddle of water somewhat fresher, and near it some dry broken branches and plenty of buffalo fuel: here we camped for the night, and I congratulated myself not a little on my success in finding this water, as the Indians had told me that to the north there was none for two days' journey. Had I gone to the east, I might have travelled three or four days without finding water among the dry ridges which separate the sources of the smaller tributaries of the Kanzas on one side, and of the Arkansas on the other. I computed this day's journey at thirty miles, course north.

In preparing our supper we repeated with success an expedient to which we had resorted on Saline or Snake Creek; namely, to dig a deep hole in the sand near the puddle or pool, if possible lower than it; in a very short time the water makes its way to this new reservoir; and being filtered by the sand through which it passes, becomes both clean and more palatable. I had more than once seen the Indians adopt this plan, which should be known to every western traveller.

The morning of the 17th dawned very freshly. I think the dew of the past night was one of the heaviest that I had ever observed; everything that we had not carefully covered was as wet as if it had rained all night, and it was extremely difficult to keep our guns from rusting. We had much difficulty in catching our horses; for though they were all well hobbled, the grass was so short that I had not picketted them too, and one of the Indian animals seemed to ramble almost as well with his bobbles on as if he was free. My Scotch servant, whose office it was to collect them, was absent nearly two hours, and his visage on his return was as long and miserable as can well be imagined. It must be owned that two hours' horse-hunting before breakfast is not a good preparation for a day's march, but the man was extremely slow and sulky; had he been willing and active, I believe the horses might have been collected in half an hour.

After marching seven or eight miles, I descried a few buffaloes upon some heights about a mile to the left of our line of march. As we had no fresh meat, I thought this might be a good opportunity of procuring some: I accordingly halted the party, and dismounted, as I could not venture to run my faithful roan while on so arduous a journey. The ground being steep and broken was very favourable for stalking; accordingly, I crept along the ravines till I came within a few hundred yards of the buffaloes, which were lazily pursuing their way to the north, stopping every now and then to feed on the sweet though short hill pasture. As I approached them I was obliged to use much caution, owing to the direction of the wind, by which I was compelled to make a considerable circuit; but I contrived to reach an excellent position undiscovered, whence I observed with great satisfaction that the smallest and fattest lingered fifty yards behind the rest. I waited till they all disappeared over the ridge, and till he had just reached its summit: as his stern was turned towards me, I made a little noise on purpose to attract his attention; he turned to look towards me, and thus gave a fair shot at his heart: I was fortunate enough to hit it, for he did not go three yards from the spot before he fell.

I now made signs to my party to advance, which they did, and we commenced our butchering operations, which certainly were of a most uncouth and untechnical nature. As I was determined to spare our horses as much as possible, I would not allow more than sixty or seventy pounds of meat to be cut; consequently we selected the best parts, as the ribs and hump, the tongue, heart, and liver, &c. and slinging them over our pack-horses, began our descent towards a point in the valley below, where a winding line of green gave evidence, or rather promise, of a stream, by which we could wash our blood-stained hands and arms, and also cook our mid-day meal of fresh meat.

We had marched forward about two miles, and I was as usual several hundred yards in advance of the party, when, on turning round to see if they were following on the right track, something in motion on the sky line, or on the very summit of the hills which we had just left, caught my eye. A moment's observation sufficed to convince me that it was the spot where I had killed the buffalo, and I thought at first that the objects which had attracted my attention might be a few wolves devouring the carcass; but, upon examining with my telescope, I saw clearly three men stooping over the buffalo, and their horses feeding near them. I hoped that the group might be a white party of trappers, but a longer and more careful look enabled me to see that they were Indians; of course, I had no means of distinguishing of what tribe or nation they might be. Having halted my party and allowed them to examine through the glass these new actors on the stage, it became necessary that we should at once determine upon the course to be pursued.

It was perfectly evident that from their elevated situation, they could see us distinctly, as our pack-horses with their various burthens, and indeed our own differently coloured habiliments, rendered us a conspicuous object on a prairie. I thought it therefore the most advisable plan to go straight towards them, and ascertain if possible their tribe and their intentions: if these were hostile, we could not escape by flight; if they were friendly, it would only be a waste of half an hour; and if they were doubtful, a show of confidence would be the surest means of keeping them quiet. In truth, I did not feel very easy about the matter; because, although we had nothing to fear from an open attack by three men, I did not know how many companions they might have lurking about the ravines in the hills, and even if they had none, they themselves might have been somewhat dangerous neighbours had they hovered upon our trail, and attacked us or run away with our horses in the night.

These considerations (which pass quicker through the mind than over a sheet of paper) induced me to go immediately towards them. As V—— was still weak from his bruises and had his arm in a sling, I armed the younger of our attendants (in whose coolness and self-possession in case of a skirmish, I could place more reliance than in that of the elder) with the double-barrelled gun and a pistol. I took my own double-barrelled rifle and a pistol also; and desiring V—— and my own servant, who were to be left with the baggage, to collect it and all the animals together, and to get ready their pistols in the event of matters becoming serious, I rode slowly with my young companion to see what these children of the desert might be.

When I reached a small height which was about half way between them and our halting-place, I raised my handkerchief on the point of my ramrod and made signals to them; but, perceiving none in answer, continued my course towards them. I now saw them leave the carcass of the buffalo, spring on their horses, and disappear behind the hill. A moment after, I saw them again on the ridge going at speed, and entering a large ravine: on following its course with my eye, I saw that it opened upon the plain not far from the spot where we had left our two companions and the baggage.

I had now little doubt of their hostile intentions, as it was easy to see that the cunning rogues had taken a course which might enable them to charge upon the baggage while we were still mounting the hill; but a ravine which was close to me and which terminated also near the same point in the valley, enabled me to defeat their intention, as they had nearly double the distance to go. Accordingly, I went down into it, and cantered back to intercept them: here we were, of course, out of sight both of them and our own friends, and in talking over the occurrence in the evening, the latter told me that this was the most unpleasant part of the affair to them; they could not see us, and knew not where we were and what we were about, but they could see the Indians coming towards them at full speed. Moreover, I and my young companion had with us all the best arms, and they had nothing left wherewith to protect themselves but two or three pistols and their knives, together with my short sword, which my servant had drawn ready for service.

On arriving at the point which I wished to reach, and which was exactly between the Indians and our baggage-party, I desired my young attendant to get ready his gun; and if they came on in hostile fashion to present it, but on no account to fire till I gave the word: then to shoot the left-hand man, and keep his other barrel for either of the two that I might miss. I saw that the lad was made of good stuff; for he was perfectly cool, and said he would hold straight, and promised not to pull the trigger till I gave the word.

The Indians now came on at speed. They were painted about the face, and wore on their bare heads the single scalp-lock. One had a kind of remnant of blanket thrown round him, the others were naked; so it was impossible for me to judge to what tribe they might belong. When they came within about a hundred yards, they had their arrows fitted to their bows, and I called to my young lad to present — I knew that they would not think of shooting till they came within fifty yards. I now rose in my stirrups, and making the Pawnee sign, called out as loud as I could speak, "Are you Pawnees?" At this they checked their horses; and although they still kept their bows and arrows ready, one made the answering sign with his right hand. I then called out to them to put down their bows, for we were brothers.

After a moment's consultation they did so, and we lowered our guns. I then proceeded to inform them, by signs and by such words as I could command, that "I had been with their people, and that we must be friends." Upon this they shook hands with us; but were much surprised, for they had not been in the village during our stay there, as was evident from the curious and careful observation which they bestowed upon us and all belonging to us; and they gave vent to several "Ughs," when I told them that I had slept in the lodge of Sânitsarish, and my companion in that of Pé-té-le-sharoo.

We now advanced together and joined V——, and my servant, who were not a little relieved when they saw that peace and not war was to be the order of the day. We took out our kinnekinik-bag, sat down with our new friends in a semicircle, passed round the pipe, and began such a conversation as we were able to maintain. Seeing that two of them wore neither blanket nor robe, I was sure that they were not far distant from their party; and, upon asking them where their companions were, they pointed west, adding the sign of half a day's journey. I learned that they were many, and were on their return to their lodges at the village. I asked if their squaws and children were with them, and they said, "No." From this I was convinced that they were out upon a war or horse-stealing excursion, and asked them if they had got many horses. They put on a demure look of gravity, and said, "It is not good to take horses!'"

Although stealing horses is one of the greatest merits and accomplishments of a Pawnee, they do not like to confess such an occupation to a white man, as it is discouraged by the United States, who always threaten them with breaking off their treaty with them if they continue this practice; but in this vast wilderness the threat is empty, and horse-stealing continues.

Being now upon friendly terms with the one who seemed leader of the party, I made him the sign that he was telling untruth; and, pointing to the paint with which he had adorned himself, and to his arrows, which were barbed and not headed for hunting, I told him that "I had eyes, and that he was a warrior." He grinned, and made no further attempt to deny the charge.

I extracted another smile from their guarded features when I pointed to where I had killed the buffalo, and asked them, "If we white men had not cut it up well?" They might indeed smile, for such an attempt at butchery had never been seen; and I suppose they could not understand the meaning of four men travelling and leaving two-thirds of the meat of one animal, which the same number of Pawnees would have eaten in two days! But one of them pointed towards his heart, then made the buffalo sign, and then touched the barrel of my rifle! after which he shook his head and said, "it was great or good;" meaning, that in examining the carcass they had discovered that the buffalo had been killed by one shot in the heart.

After idling away half an hour in this manner, we prepared to resume our march, and gave them a few small pieces of tobacco and a paper of damaged vermilion, which had been left in one of our bags; they seemed well pleased, shook hands with us again, jumped on their active wiry little horses, shook their *laryettes*, and went off towards the west at a gallop.

Thus ended an occurrence which terminated very differently from what I expected; for had it been a party of Sioux, or Shiennes, or Aricàràs, (any of which tribes we were equally likely to fall in with,) my calling out the name of Pawnee when they approached would, probably, have led to an immediate discharge of arrows on their part: but, even in that event, I scarcely think they would have ventured to gallop in broad day close up to the muzzles of two guns pointed deliberately towards them; they would more probably have wheeled about, and brought more of their companions, or else have hovered on our trail and attacked us at night. As it was, the foolish fellows ran no little risk by the abrupt and threatening attitude in which they came down upon us; for certainly, if they had advanced twenty yards nearer in the same manner, I should have felt it my duty to give the word "fire," and we could scarcely have missed our aim at so short a distance. However, I was very glad to see the matter come to a peaceful issue, although it may have thereby lost the dignity of being termed "an adventure."

We continued our march for about eight or ten miles north-north-east, when we reached a comfortable camping-place abounding in dry wood. Here we halted, unloaded our horses, and lighted a fire. While my companions were spreading the meat to dry, and preparing our meal, I sat with pencil and pocket-book in hand committing the above particulars to writing.

CHAPTER II.

March resumed.—Our Night Camp.—False Alarm.—Rules for travelling in the Prairies.—Solitary Indian Traveller.—Indian Trails.—Arrival at the Banks of a large Stream.—Herds of Antelopes.—Wild Grapes and Plums.—Culinary Invention.—Watery Labyrinth.—Discovery of an Indian Trail.—Pursuit of its Course.—Loss of our Horses.—Search for and Recovery of them.—Annoyance by Musquitoes.—Discovery of a larger Trail.—Determination to follow it.—A Jungle.—Amusing Perplexity.—Approach to the Kanzas river.—Gratitude to Heaven.—Exultation of the Party.—Ruins of an Indian Village.—Fording the River.—An old Indian Camp.—Trouble in making a Fire.—My new patent Grate.—Hot Soup.

Our fresh buffalo made us an excellent soup; and we marched on again in the afternoon in high spirits, which means (as the French say of the English) "*ayant bien mangé.*" As we had not daylight enough to make a very long march, and the stream which we had found bore somewhat to the northward of east, I determined not to lose sight of it, in case I might not find another for our night-camp. Accordingly, after following its course eight or ten miles, the dusk came on, and we camped again—prepared our supper, hobbled our horses, smoked our pipes, and lay down to rest. I recommended that a very careful watch should be kept, as we knew not how near our mischievous neighbours might be; and, although we had parted on friendly terms with the three whom we had seen, there was nothing more probable than that half a dozen of their companions should pay us a visit during the night and ease us of our horses.

The night was dark, I was asleep, and it was the attendants' watch, when one of them woke me gently, and said he thought there was some mischief a foot, as he heard indistinct noises which he did not understand. I took my rifle, and crawled a little way in the direction to which he pointed. It was evident that something had alarmed our horses, for they snorted and moved about more than was usual after a long march. I crawled fifty yards farther, and listened for some time attentively, when I became convinced that whatever might have disturbed the horses, there was no Indian driving them off at present, for I could hear them, moving about indeed, but preserving still the same relative distance; but I could not see them, nor indeed any other object five yards off. However, on looking towards our fire, of which my position commanded a view, I experienced no slight uneasiness at observing what a fair mark those lying by it would offer to any Indians who could creep undiscovered to the spot which I now occupied: this was an evil for which there was no remedy except sleeping without a fire, and the freshness of the nights and cold heavy dews, rendered the risk incurred, great though it was, preferable to such an expedient.

Finding that another quarter of an hour spent in listening brought no new sounds to the ear, and that the silence was interrupted only by the ordinary movements of the horses feeding, and the distant howling of the wolves, I returned to the fire-side. V——, who had crept out some fifty yards in an opposite direction, gave the same report; and, as our watch had nearly arrived, we told the others to go to rest. I drew my buffalo-skin around me, and whiled away my appointed time, like the warder of old keeping the protracted watch, "Stretched on the ground like a dog, gazing at the starry hosts of night, those brilliant rulers shining forth in the heavens, and bringing to mortals the changes of summer and winter."* In the morning we found the horses at no great distance from the place where we had turned them out, and came to the conclusion that their alarm in the night had been occasioned by some straggling wolf, who had intruded his undesired company upon them.

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* See the opening of that magnificent ancient drama the Agamemnon of Æschylus :—

φρουρᾶς (ἐτείας) μῆκος, ἣν κοιμώμενος
——————————κυνὸς δίκην
ἄστρων κάτοιδα νυκτέρων ὁμήγυριν
καὶ τοὺς φέροντας χεῖμα καὶ θέρος βροτοῖς
λαμπροὺς δυνάστας—ἐμπρέποντας αἰθέρι. κ. τ. λ.

It is an inconvenience attending a long prairie march that the traveller usually desires (in order to avoid toiling through the extreme heat of noon) to start at or before the dawn of morning, which is precisely the time when his horses are taking their best and most refreshing food, for the grass is then cool and wet with dew; so that my experience leads me to believe, that it is better, in a prairie journey in August, not to start before seven in the morning: because, if the march is a toilsome one, I have often observed that the horses feed a very short time when they are turned loose in the evening, before they lie down to rest; of course, if they are loaded or saddled next morning at half-past four or five, they have no time to feed.

On the 18th we pursued our course, north by east: this was not exactly the direction in which I wished to travel, but two considerations induced me to adopt it at this part of the journey. In the first place, it enabled me to keep along the dividing ridge; an advantage so great, and so well understood by all prairie travellers, that it is worth making a circuit of several miles a day to keep it; and the Indian trails which we have crossed since our residence in the wilderness, convince me that the savages pay the greatest attention to this matter. In a wide extent of country composed of a succession of hills and ridges, it is evident there must be a great number of steep banks, which offer to an inexperienced traveller numerous obstacles, rendering his own progress most toilsome, and that of loaded pack-horses almost impossible. If these ridges all ran in parallel lines, and were regular in their formation, nothing would be more simple than to get upon the summit of one, and keep it for the whole day's journey: but such is not the case; they constantly meet other ridges running in a transverse direction; and, of course, large dips and ravines are consequent upon that meeting. The "dividing ridge" of a district is that which, while it is as it were the back-bone of the range of which it forms a part, heads at the same time all the transverse ravines, whether on the right or on the left-hand, and thereby spares to the traveller an infinity of toilsome ascent and descent.

I have sometimes observed that an Indian trail wound through a country in a course perfectly serpentine, and appeared to me to travel three miles when only one was necessary. It was not till my own practical experience had made me attend more closely to this matter, that I learnt to appreciate its importance. I think that the first quality in a guide through an unknown range of rolling prairie, is having a good and a quick eye for hitting off the "dividing ridge;" the second, perhaps, in the western wilderness, is a ready and almost intuitive perception (so often found in an Indian) of the general character of a country, so as to be able to bring his party to water when it is very scarce.

My other reason for pursuing a course rather more northerly than the direct compass line to the fort, was, that it would bring me sooner to the Kanzas river, and as soon as I could see that, I felt sure that we should reach the settlements in safety, whatever inconvenience we might experience from scant provision or rough weather.

A little before noon, I halted for a moment to give the rest of the party time to come up, and made a careful examination of the surrounding country from the elevated point on which I was seated. I could see no buffalo; but with my telescope could make out several small herds of antelopes, very far from our course. I spied also a man on horseback, at a very great distance, on a sloping range to the westward: he seemed to be going in a diagonal direction to the north-west, and, as far as I could make out, he was an Indian, wearing a blanket; he evidently had not seen or took no notice of our party. Indeed it was hardly possible for him to see us with the naked eye, as I could see him but very indistinctly with my glass. However, I thought it might be as well to halt until he disappeared over the distant sky line of hill. This I did, because I wished to keep clear of all Indians, whether friendly or hostile; and it is well known that an object at a distance which is not perceptible to the eye while at rest, may be easily discerned as soon as it is put in motion.

A few miles farther we crossed an old Indian trail (I think it was of a Pawnee party, for it bore north by west, which must have been about the direction of their village from this spot); it had not been a war-party, as was evident from the character of the trail. A war-party leaves only the trail of the horses, or, of course, if it be a foot party, the still slighter tracks of their own feet; but when they are on their summer hunt, or migrating from one region to another, they take their squaws and children with them, and this trail can always be distinguished from the former, by two parallel tracks about three and a-half feet apart, not unlike those of a light pair of wheels: these are made by the points of the long curved poles on which their lodges are stretched, the thickest or butt ends of which are fastened to each side of the pack-saddle, while the points trail behind the horse; in crossing rough or boggy places, this is often found the most inconvenient part of an Indian camp equipage.

After marching for an hour or two, we came to a large stream, bearing in this part of its course east-north-east. I determined to follow this as far as it might prove favourable to our destination. We proceeded along its margin twelve or fourteen miles, without meeting with any buffalo; indeed the fresh trails of these animals, and other indications of them, were here so scarce that I did not expect to fall in with any of them. We saw a number of antelopes: I made several unsuccessful attempts to entice them to approach; but my horse was too hard-worked, and the day too hot, to admit of my going out of my way in pursuit of them.

At noon we halted near a point where one or two muddy creeks joined the stream which we had been following, and seemed likely to impede our further progress: the banks of these were covered with half-ripe grapes and plums, a luxury so new and rendered so tempting, by the heat and toil of the journey, that we ate them too eagerly. If I mistake not, more than one of the party had cause to repent of having deserted the honest buffalo soup for these sour fruits. I must own, however, that when we did find any that were ripe, they were most grateful and refreshing to the palate.

Here again I displayed my genius for culinary invention, for I determined to have a second course to our dinner; and after each of the party had brought his hat and pockets full of plums, I selected some of the ripest, and bruised them in one of our pots, added sugar and a little water, and upon this great experiment we agreed to lavish a glass of our remaining half bottle of brandy, which we also threw in, and allowed the whole to simmer over the fire for a quarter of an hour. By what name this strange mess should be called I know not; but whether pudding, tart, or stewed plums, we voted it excellent, although there was still left in it acid and bitter enough to make an English schoolboy draw up the corners of his mouth and eyes and vote it execrable, unless under one of two circumstances, — namely, that of having stolen it, or of having concocted it himself; either of which would make the urchin relish gall stewed in vinegar!

While the rest of the party were preparing and fastening the packs, I went to explore our further route. The muddy creeks which I before mentioned, were so winding, that even crossing them, which was not easy, would be no security against having to repeat the same operation a dozen times: reflecting that other parties, either biped or quadruped, must have come to this impracticable labyrinth of water before me, I determined to search for some track by which I might guide my course. This experiment succeeded beyond my utmost hopes, for I was fortunate enough to find an Indian trail bearing north by east, which was as near to our destined course as these odious creeks would permit us to go. We struck into it, and it brought us safely, though not without difficulty, through the tangled and muddy bottom in which we had been involved: sometimes a horse floundered, and more than once a pack came off; but upon the whole we had great reason to congratulate ourselves upon having found this trail, by which we escaped in two hours from a place which would, without its assistance, probably have detained us two days.

I was by no means anxious to part with so good a friend, and proceeded some miles upon this same trail; it was very old and indistinct, especially in the high and dry parts of the prairie. I left my horse with the rest of the party and went on foot, in order that I might more easily follow the trail, which became almost imperceptible as we reached an elevated district of tableland, which had been burned so close that I very often lost the track altogether for fifty yards. If a fire takes place on a prairie where there is already a distinct trail, it is as easy to follow it, if not more so than before; because the short and beaten grass offering no food to the fire, partly escapes its fury, and remains a green line upon a sea of black; but if the party making the trail pass over a prairie which is already burnt, on the succeeding season when the new grass has grown, it can scarcely be traced by any eye but that of an Indian.

As this last was the condition of the trail we were now following, I resorted to an expedient which partly succeeded: this was to divide our party and make them go abreast twenty or thirty yards apart; thus, when one missed the trail another would hit upon it, and give notice of his success. In this manner we proceeded till three or four o'clock, P.M. We had by this time observed that the party whose trail we were following had, in many places, straggled as we were doing, which rendered the tracing them very difficult; and on a barren hard elevated ridge, which we had to pass, we were obliged to give it up altogether; however, we were fortunate enough to see a large creek in the plain below us, to which we bent our way and encamped.

While my companions prepared the supper, I again set forth in search of the lost trail, knowing that by following the course of the creek I must in time reach the place where the party had passed it; and I could not fail there to distinguish it, because it is always strongly marked on the softer soil and richer vegetation on the banks of a stream. It was the more desirable to discover it, because I was thereby sure of finding a practicable crossing place; whereas, in the neighbourhood of our encampment, the creek was muddy and deep, with banks so soft and tangled with brushwood, as to prevent the possibility of crossing it with pack-horses. After a long and patient search, I came to the long-sought trail, which was about three miles to the west of our camp, and so much higher up the stream. The Indian party had evidently found the only place where it was fordable by horses, for a distance of some miles; and on examining the track close by, I found that they had consisted of a large number of mounted men, and had halted near this spot at mid-day, but had not passed the night there.

It requires no great experience or observation of Indian life to enable a prairie traveller to distinguish a mid-day from a night camping-place: in the former he will often find some cut branches under which the party had sheltered themselves from the heat of the noon sun; in the latter, generally some scraps of charred wood, or round marks in the grass, showing where a fire had been made. Even where neither of these indications exist, there are others equally clear to a practised eye; and comparing these together, an Indian will make a very shrewd guess at the number, both of the party itself and their horses, whether the former were all male or of both sexes, how many days have elapsed since they passed, whether they made a short or a long halt, and to what tribe or nation they belonged.

I now returned in high spirits to the camp, and forgot the toils of the day in a good supper and refreshing sleep. In the morning we were much annoyed at missing our horses; in vain we went to the top of the nearest hill, not a trace of them was to be seen. I began to fear that they had been driven off by Indians, or that they had taken our back trail. The latter was more probable, as none of the watchers pleaded guilty to having slept. An examination of the ground near which they had been turned out to feed over-night, confirmed this belief, as we could distinctly track them in that direction as far as the ground was soft. But I observed with great vexation that they had certainly gone off early, as the dew had fallen since their hoof-prints had been left. There was no remedy now but a general search; and leaving one of the party to guard the camp, the remaining three set off in pursuit. I cautioned the other two on no account to follow so carelessly or so far as to lose themselves in attempting to find the horses; and we agreed to keep as much as possible on the heights, in order that we might inform each other by signals, in case of success.

After a long and tedious search, we overtook the fugitives going deliberately back on our trail of the previous day, led by a cunning old Indian nag, who almost always contrived to slip his hobbles, even when they were tied tight enough to scarify the skin on his legs. Some were still hobbled, and moving along in the ungainly kind of walking canter or kangaroo gait, which a horse must adopt when he wishes to travel with his legs tied together. Fortunately they had fed a little by the way, or we might have had the pleasure of following them thirty miles instead of five or six. We drove them back to the camp;

and I could not help apostrophizing my faithful roan, and asking her how she could be such a fool as to add a dozen miles to her own and her master's journey for the day, and to allow herself to be led away from her home-course by an ignorant uncivilized Pawnee pack-horse.

On the 19th we still followed the Indian trail, with some difficulty, but without meeting with any accident or serious obstacle. We saw a few wolves, antelopes, and some very large rattlesnakes; we also picked up a mocassin, which had been dropped near the trail: from its material (elk-skin) and fashion, it was evident that the party had not been Pawnees; but none of us were sufficiently experienced to pronounce to what tribe they belonged. I calculated that we made this day twenty miles, beside our morning horse-hunt; average course, east-north-east.

May 20th. — The creek by which we had camped was low, and we were devoured by musquittoes. They seemed to care neither for fire nor tobacco smoke; but we had become so accustomed to their attacks as to be nearly indifferent to them. As for myself, when I slept, I was armed in proof against them; having no blanket, I rolled myself up in my highland plaid, which completely covered my head and face, and was at the same time of such fine texture as not to annoy me by impeding respiration.

After we had travelled about five hours (course north-east by east), I found that the trail which we had been following, merged in another and a larger one, which appeared to run a point to the west of north. This was so far out of our course that I hesitated whether I should not leave it altogether; but, upon reflection, I determined not to do so, remembering that it must take us to the Republican Fork; *whereas, if I attempted to cross the country further to the eastward, without any trail, I should meet with serious difficulties and delays from the dense thickets which seemed in this district to abound in the bottoms; where also I should lose much time in finding passable fords in the steep-banked muddy creeks which we should be obliged to cross.

Moreover, I thought that, if the party whose trail I had been following, and who were evidently bound to the eastward, (being probably Delawares, Shawnees, or Kickapoos,) had thought fit to take this sudden bend to the north, there was probably a reason for it which a few miles' travel might explain. I therefore struck into it, and ere long the result justified my conjecture; for we came to a wooded bottom or valley, which was such a complete jungle, and so extensive, that I am sure, if we had not been guided by the trail, we could not have made our way through it in a week. As it was, the task was no easy one; for the trail, though originally large,

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* A branch of the Kanzas river.

was not very fresh, and the weeds and branches had in many places so overgrown it, that I was obliged to dismount and trace it out on foot. It wound about with a hundred serpentine evolutions to avoid the heavy swamps and marshes around us; and I repeatedly thought that, if we lost it, we never should extricate our baggage: even with its assistance, we were obliged frequently to halt and replace the packs, which were violently forced off by the branches with which they constantly came in contact.

On emerging from this jungle it appeared as if our predecessors had been as glad as we were to escape from it; for they had evidently scattered themselves in every direction, to halt and make their fires. As I wished to make no further stop until our night-camp, I pushed on in a northerly direction, convinced that I should ere long strike the trail of the same party which I had been following.*

I was here much amused by an incident which proved to me that my companions (or some of them at least) would have made strange work of the office of guide, had no one else relieved them of it. I had become so accustomed to direct my course by the sun, by the bearings of the country, &c. that I did not use my compass so much as I had previously done; and on leaving this great thicket, I went straight on in a northerly direction without consulting it. The two attendants were following close behind me, talking together, and I heard one of them say to the other in a most doleful voice, "Where on earth is he taking us now?—why we are going back in the same direction as we came!" I turned round and asked the speaker where he thought our true course lay, telling him to point with his finger to the quarter which he would make for if he were guiding the party to Fort Leavenworth. He did so; and I took out my compass and showed him that he was pointing south-west, *i. e.* to Santa Fé and the Gulf of California: so completely had the poor fellow's head become puzzled by the winding circuit which we had made in the swamp.

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* In following the trail of a large body of men, an inexperienced guide finds great difficulty in striking it after coming to a place where they have camped, for paths are running in every direction; some to where the horses had been pastured, others to the nearest water, &c. The safest way to avoid becoming hereby confused is to pay no attention to the ground marks, but to keep straight on in the general direction which the trail had borne previously to reaching the camping-place, and then a very short time spent in examining the ground will be sufficient to enable him to hit it off again.

I now rode on in great spirits; for I felt sure that we were approaching that Kanzas river, which had been so long and so repeatedly sighed for by all the party, as the point at which all our risks from Indians, or from starving, or losing our way, were to cease. Many reasons concurred to make me believe that we could not be very far from it: first, It was about the place where I expected to find it, upon comparing the distance and direction we had travelled, with our outward route and with the information received from the Indians before we left them; and, secondly, The increased fertility of the soil and luxuriance of vegetation, together with the increased size of the creeks and of the timber in the bottoms which we crossed, convinced me that we were not far from the course of the main river. Having found the trail again, I rode on a mile a-head of the party; and, on reaching a high point over which it passed, I saw before me, in a large valley, a long bending line of heavy massive timber already clothed in the varied tints of early autumn,—one look sufficed to tell me that it was the Kanzas.

I threw myself from my horse to contemplate the long-wished-for prospect. I felt that the worst of our dangers and difficulties were past. I trust I also felt and expressed myself grateful to Him who had enabled me to bring my little party to this point of comparative safety—who had spared us the privations of hunger and thirst, and the pangs of disease which might have resulted from such constant exposure to the extremes of heat by day and chilly wet by night, and who had enabled us to pursue our course without error, and without falling in with any bands of hostile Indians by the way.

While I was yet full of these thoughts, the rest of the party approached, and I raised the Pawnee yell, pointed to the valley, and shouted aloud "The Kanzas!" They rushed forward and satisfied their longing eyes with one look. I know not that ever I saw men more extravagant in demonstration of joy than we all became: we danced, we sung, and called aloud the name of the Kanzas with more enthusiasm than was ever vented by the wildest German youth on his beloved Rhine.

Although it had rained all day, and we were soaked to the skin, we were in such high spirits as to defy the inclemency of the weather; and, indeed, it mattered little whether we were now wet or dry; for the Kanzas was before us, and I determined, if possible, to camp this night on the other side of it. In descending towards the river, we came to a spot commanding a beautiful view of its course, where there had evidently once been a permanent Indian village. I know not exactly to what tribe it may have belonged, but probably to some band or branch of the Pawnees, because that nation had lived on the Kanzas, about fifty miles to the west of the spot where we now were, before their last war with the United States; in which the troops of the latter had sacked and completely destroyed their village, and forced them to establish themselves in the more remote region watered by the Platte, and to cede the territory through which we were now passing, in consideration of certain payments of goods, according to the terms of a treaty to which I have before referred. I remember, on our outward course, one of the Indians pointed out to me the site of their old village, and shook his head very dolefully, saying at the same time many words which I could not understand; but which, doubtless, signified that it had been a sad affair for the Pawnees.

When we got down into the heavily timbered bottom near the river, the trail divided into a hundred branches, showing that the party had either separated to rest or to seek for the best crossing-place. The former I recommended to my companions, while I immediately set about the latter. After a tedious and patient search, I found the place where the main trail entered the water, but with the most careful observation of the opposite bank, I was unable to see any signs of its continuation on that side. While with the Indians, I had remarked that, in order to avoid deep water, they sometimes went a long way up or down the course of a river; but even with the help of my telescope, I could see no sign of the continuation of our trail. Of course, my office of guide left me no choice as to whether I should try and discover the ford; though the experiment was not agreeable, as the river was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, and so swollen and muddy from the present and the late rain, that it was not easy to ascertain its depth otherwise than by sounding.

I must confess that I am but an indifferent swimmer in a strong stream, although I did not on this occasion feel any doubt of being able to get safe across a channel of so inconsiderable a length. Arming myself with a long pole, and throwing off my jacket, I went in. I was soon over the middle, before I got half way across, was up to the chest, and could not keep my feet, owing to the strength of the current; so I struck out, swam a few strokes, and tried again for the bottom, but could not touch it: I therefore thought it better to swim till I was near the bank, as this was evidently the deep part of the channel. I did so, and came safe to land. After another tedious search for the trail, I found it about three hundred yards below the place where I had crossed. I now entered the water again, and with some trouble made out the ford, and returned to conduct my companions and the baggage. By feeling the way carefully with my pole, and winding along a kind of ridge, which appeared to be in the bed of the river, I was able to get them over without their getting wet much above the middle; and of the animals, I believe only the mule and one of the horses were obliged to swim a short distance.

The wetting hereby incurred was of little consequence to ourselves or baggage, for the river only completed what the rain had performed almost as successfully. And as soon as we were all safe on the north-side, we were obliged to camp immediately, as it was growing dark, and all the activity we possessed was required to collect firewood, and endeavour to make a good fire for the night. We fortunately found an old Indian camp; some of the bent willows, over which the skins had been spread, were still in the ground,* and a few remnants of half-charred wood were scattered about; but even with these advantages, it is inconceivable the trouble which we had to kindle a fire: the grass and the wood were so saturated with water, that, although we once or twice succeeded in igniting the tinder, we could find nothing to which we could make it communicate fire; nor do I think that we should have succeeded, had I not thought of a new patent kind of grate, which does the highest honour to my ingenuity: this was nothing less than our frying pan. After rubbing it quite dry, and throwing a skin over the willows to prevent the heavy rain from falling into it, we split some old wood, got a few dry chips from the heart, and built our miniature bonfire in the centre of the frying-pan. The expedient succeeded perfectly: as soon as we had got four or five square inches of wood fairly into a blaze, we transferred it carefully to the ground below the warming-pan, and by careful addition of fuel, and constant application of human bellows, we soon had a very respectable fire, and made a pot of hot soup, which the fatigues and constant soaking to which we had been all day exposed, rendered most acceptable.

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* I believe that the simple method of making a tent or covering, by stretching mats or skins over pliant sticks of wood, the two ends of which are fastened in the ground, is common to all the vagrant and nomadic tribes on the earth: I have seen them used among many various Indian nations, resembling exactly those made by the wandering gypsies in England.

CHAPTER III.

Uncomfortable Night. — Our wretched Appearance and forlorn Costume. — Unceasing Rain. — Symptoms of Ague. — Fruitless Hunt. — Consolation in Disappointment. — Pursuit of the northern Trail. — Lucky Discovery. — Arrival at our old Camping-place. — Diminution of our Provisions. — Forced Marches. — Pursuit of a flock of Turkeys and of a Fawn. — A grey Badger shot and eaten. — A Thunder-storm. — Relics of our former Halting-place. — Our miserable Plight. — Grouse, or Prairie-hen. Unsuccessful Search for Deer. — A tangled District. — Privations. — March resumed. — Vicissitudes of Temperature. — Merriment of the younger John. — Indian Trails. — Horse-Flies. — Flowers of the Prairie. — Approach to the Missouri. — Welcome Signs of Civilization. — An amusing Difficulty. — Hospitable Reception at the Fort.

July 22nd. — I do not remember ever to have spent a more uncomfortable night than the last: it rained without ceasing, and the most constant exertion was requisite to prevent the fire from being quite extinguished. As it was, instead of a blaze, it emitted a kind of sultry cheerless glare, and, instead of heat, a hissing frizzing sound, with volumes of smoke. We were lying in the same clothes in which we had crossed the river, and the rain was so continuous, that we were actually in puddles of water. Buffalo skins, when thoroughly drenched, are the most cold, soapy, comfortless covering that can be used: so that I was warmer, when wrapped only in my light highland plaid, than under the thickest robe in our collection. We continued, however, by the help of double and treble folds of the fly tent, to keep our powder, flour, and some of the provisions, tolerably dry. Blowing and feeding the fire was our only occupation all the night, and all the following day; hot soup was our only consolation! Indeed, I never saw a more ragged, wretched, vagabond group than we now appeared; and I regret very much that there was no artist present, who could give a faithful sketch of us in our various costumes, as we sat huddled round our dim and smoky fire, each endeavouring to extract a small blaze, to warm some favoured part of his person.

My companion V——, whose last pair of trousers had yielded to the combined influence of time and hard riding, was dressed in a pair of shrivelled, tight, wash-leather drawers, no stockings, and a pair of mocassins over his feet, while his shoulders were enveloped in a blanket which covered the remains of what had been shirt and jacket. I was sitting with an old woollen coloured nightcap on my head, a faded shirt of printed calico, without a neckcloth, and with beard and moustachios of unshorn irregular growth; while my nether man was protected by a pair of coarse corduroy breeches without drawers, and plastered to my skin with wet; grey worsted stockings full of holes, and shoes full of water.

Our two attendants were no bad companions to the preceding portraits, especially my Scotch servant, who added to the picturesque scarcity of his habiliments, a visage of most dolorous and ridiculous length. The passage through the late thickets had literally torn to shreds what had once been a pair of cloth trousers, and his knees and shins, thus exposed to view, bore many marks of the greetings which they had met from various kinds of brushwood. No less ragged was the dirty blanket which enveloped his shoulders; and his condition would have moved pity rather than mirth, had it not been for the determination he evinced to be miserable, which contrasted strongly with the good-humoured efforts of the younger lad to make the best of the case, and to cheer himself and the rest of the party with such sallies of mirth and hope as naturally arose out of our condition. Among these, none were more frequent than his anticipations of the havoc he would make (as soon as we reached the Fort) among his mother's buck-wheat cakes, and "the sort of way" in which he would dip his muzzle into a great bowl of buttermilk!

On the 23rd, our condition was yet more pitiable! It had rained throughout the preceding day and night, making in all nearly forty-eight hours that we ourselves, with all our clothes and the greater part of our baggage, had been soaked in wet. It seemed impossible that we should escape colds, rheumatism, ague, *et hoc genus omne*; indeed, I heard around me sundry complaints of a sensation of shivering, and of severe pains in the bones; but, upon the whole, the health of the party, considering the circumstances, was most surprising. As for myself, I did not suffer any pain or annoyance whatever; I managed to keep myself warm during the day by moving about, collecting and carrying wood, nursing the fire, &c.; and at night, placing my feet close to it, and wrapped in my highland plaid, I slept as soundly as if I had been in a dry bed.

About noon, the weather cleared, and we began to dry our meat, baggage, &c. The lad took a ramble with his fowling-piece, and saw some turkeys and three elks, but he could not get near enough for a shot; so he returned and asked me to go in search of them with him. I took my rifle and went to the spot, but we could see nothing more of the game: we found the track of the elks, but they had evidently been alarmed by his previous visit, for their slot indicated speed. In returning to our camp, I saw nothing but an old crane fishing in a shallow part of the river. I believe I was moved as much by spite and disappointment at my fruitless hunt, as by a wish to discharge my rifle, which had been too long loaded, when I presented it at this feathered fisherman: both barrels missed fire, the powder having become damp, through the continued rain to which we had been so long exposed. Meantime, the crane, startled by the sound of the rifle-lock, turned his long neck and looked at me with an expression which appeared peculiarly insolent and contemptuous, then spreading his broad oars, sailed slowly away. While returning to camp, I consoled myself by reflecting how provoked I should have been had I succeeded in getting within reach of a herd of elks, and had my two barrels then missed fire.

I recommend this consolatory philosophy as a specific against impatience; for in all our disappointments or failures, we know so little about the consequences of success, that we may have been fondly pursuing what would have proved our ruin, and be vainly regretting that which has been the means of our preservation. I once knew a man who was pressed by urgent business, and who arrived a few minutes too late for the boat in which he wished to embark: he was most vexed and irritated, and had scarcely recovered his good-humour, when he learnt that the boat had been lost, and few of the passengers had escaped.

24th.—Our spirits and our persons were again damped this morning by heavy showers of rain, which continued until near noon; and as our stock of provisions began to grow exceedingly scant, I determined to move onwards at all events. Fortunately the weather cleared about twelve, and I struck into the trail, which still continued north-north-east. This course did not suit us, and I felt inclined to believe that it would take us to the Otoe village; but as I felt sure that we had now crossed the Kanzas from fifty to one hundred miles lower than the point where we had crossed it in our outward journey, it was evident that by going now nearly north, we must ere long cross the trail which we had made in going to the westward: I hoped we should easily recognize it and follow it to the Fort. For these reasons I pursued the northern trail, instead of travelling east or east by north, which was our proper course.

In the course of the day we saw several small trails, but none of them enticed me to quit the one on which I was moving.

On the 25th we came to a large cross trail; and, on setting my compass, I found that it ran east and by south, and the direction was, according to my calculation, precisely that of our old trail, and I felt sure that we had struck it. I looked around in hope of finding some landmark that I could remember, but could discern none, and am obliged to confess my want of local memory on this occasion. None of my companions could recollect the spot or any of the objects in view: one of them, the American lad, said he thought it was the right trail; the other two held a contrary opinion. One thing at least I was confident of, namely, that if it was not our own old trail, it was one which bore the right course for our journey, and I determined immediately to follow it. I had not done so two hundred yards, when I saw a small white object in the grass close to the path; I dismounted to examine it, and found that which dispelled all doubts in a moment: it was neither more nor less than a small torn slip of paper, which had, probably, been used for lighting or wrapping a cigar; the printing on it was still legible, and it was part of an advertisement in the London Times newspaper. I carried it in triumph to the rest of the party, and asked them, who but myself was likely to have left a morsel of a London newspaper in that wilderness. We needed no further proof, but pursued the trail joyfully; though, I confess, I wondered how the paper could have resisted the rains and dews of two months so as still to retain the impression of the print.

I now pushed forward, and determined to reach the camping-place where we had stopped in our outward march; a few hours' travel brought us to it. We remembered the spot perfectly, and found our own old tent-poles; we did not use them, but it was really a pleasure to lie down on the same tuft of grass on which we had been stretched two months before, and we felt as if at home. The neighbourhood abounded in most delicious pea-vine pasture for the horses, which we hobbled and turned loose; and while the rest of the party prepared supper, I employed my pencil in making some of these hasty notes. If my memory served me rightly, I supposed that we were now seven or eight days' journey from the Fort; and an examination of our provision stock convinced me of the unpleasant but evident necessity for diminishing our daily allowance by nearly one half: our flour was nearly exhausted, and we could only afford henceforward to use half-a-pint a day, which is rather short commons for four hungry travellers.

It will be remembered, that in going out we made forced marches, in order to overtake the great body of Pawnees; and I wished now to perform the same daily journeys in order to ensure the finding a good camping-place, water, and the remains of gathered wood which had not been consumed. It was as much as we could do to urge on our sore-backed and leg-weary steeds, without losing any time in attempting to hunt for game. Moreover, in order to prevent their failing and stopping short from exhaustion, we were obliged to perform a great part of the journey on foot. My attachment to my trusty roan (who was indeed fresh and unwearied, but began to be severely galled in several places by girth and saddle) induced me to walk a great deal;

and this pedestrian exercise, added to my duties as guide, gave me so much employment, that when we halted at mid-day I was more disposed for rest and food than for an excursion with the rifle. Indeed, I had this day seen a magnificent herd of elks in some broken ravines to the left of our path, and am convinced that, from the nature of the ground and the direction of the wind, I could easily have killed one or two of them, had I halted the party and gone after them; but the camping-place and the Fort were now so completely the master-objects of my wishes, that I saw them trot off with as much *nonchalance* as if I had been looking at fallow-deer in an English park.

The 26th was a beautiful morning. After travelling three hours, the trail bearing east-south-west, I was half a mile a-head of my party, when in crossing a wooded ravine a flock of turkeys, containing I think fifty or sixty, rose and flew to a neighbouring thicket: as they were on the wing I fired a ball at random amongst them; it broke two or three feathers, but killed none. When my companions arrived, I halted them for half an hour, and went with the young American lad in pursuit of them; but they beat us completely in the thicket, and we saw nothing more of them. Had we got them out on the open prairie we should have had excellent sport. A wild turkey runs with exceeding swiftness, but he cannot keep it up very long, and his wings are not proportioned to the great weight of his body, so as to enable him to fly far. I have been told, that on a fair plain without trees, an active Indian, or white man, could run one down in little more than an hour.

We resumed our route, and halted about noon to rest the horses. I again set out with my rifle, accompanied by the younger John, to see if we could procure some fresh meat. After a tolerably long walk, we sprung a fine fawn from a small ravine which we were trying; as it dashed up the opposite bank I fired and broke a fore-leg; it fell, but got up and scrambled over the hill side: young John pursued it for some distance, but lost it in a thicket. I could not join in the pursuit, for the ravine was so tangled with brushwood that I could not cross it in less than ten minutes. As John had been previously on the opposite bank he had lost no time, and when I emerged from the hollow neither he nor the deer was visible; he soon re-appeared however, and told me of his ill success.

We continued our walk, without seeing either elk or common deer; when suddenly, as we were crossing a high stony ridge, he pointed out an animal moving along it which stopped behind a great stone and thence peeped out, staring at us. We were now savage and hungry, and ready to devour a wolf, if we could get nothing better; so

I levelled my rifle and shot this unknown skulker by the stone. On going up to him he proved to be a grey badger. I know that in the north-west highlands of Scotland, this animal is sometimes eaten, and his hams (when cured) are considered a great delicacy. My young companion made rather a wry face at the idea of feeding on what he had always considered abominable vermin, but professed himself open to conviction and willing to make the experiment: so we forthwith skinned and cleaned the creature; and as I felt sure that neither my German friend nor my Scotch servant would taste it if they knew what it was, I determined to play them a trick for their own advantage.* We accordingly cut off its head and tail; and carrying it back to the camp, told them we had brought them a young bear-cub! They both examined it, and neither detected the imposition.

We made our soup, and I broiled my badger: his own fat was all the basting that he required; and when he was served up, we all agreed we never had eaten more sweet or excellent meat: it had but one fault, being so exceedingly fat that it surpassed in that respect any pig or other animal that I ever saw; fortunately it was young, or it could not have been so tender as it actually was. While we were eating it the younger John cast many significant and comic glances at me, and I had the greatest difficulty in maintaining my gravity; however I did so, and in order to heighten the effect of the joke, I contrived to turn the conversation upon the various meats and animals which prairie travellers might be often constrained by hunger to eat. After mentioning in succession the beaver, the fox, the bear, the wolf, &c. I said to the elder John, "Supposing we were hard pressed for food, how would you like to partake of a badger?" The answer, most emphatically delivered with a visage of horror and disgust, was, "Lord! sir, I'd rather starve than eat that nasty vermin!" We concluded our dinner, and our two unconscious badger-fed companions prosecuted their journey merrily, congratulating themselves on the excellent dinner which the young bear had afforded. So much for prejudice.

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* Succhj amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
E dal' inganno suo vita riceve!
Gerusalemme Liberata, Canto I.

On the 28th, our bad luck in respect to weather had not yet left us! On the afternoon of the 27th, there came on a tremendous thunder-storm, accompanied by showers of rain and sleet, driven by as cold and piercing a north-easter as ever I felt in a British November: we ourselves and our baggage, were soon completely wetted. We could not sit upon our horses, but walked by the side of them, blowing our finger ends, and endeavouring to shelter ourselves, by getting to the lee-side of the tired animals; but even they could not face the pelting of the storm, and more than once turned their tails to it, frightened and shivering, and regardless of our efforts to urge them forward. Of course the blasts of wind and rain were fitful and varied in their force, but they continued more or less, without intermission, until the evening. At length, and not before dusk, wearied and drenched, we reached our place of encampment. It was above a hundred yards from the line of the trail; nevertheless, as soon as we approached it my sagacious roan pricked her ears, gave a kind of grunt of mingled recognition and satisfaction, trotted off to the spot, and began snuffing and smelling at the twisted osier and other relics of our former halt:—sensible, faithful, and half-reasoning brute! tired, wet, and cold as I was, I could not omit noticing her sagacity and power of memory.

Those who live in the civilized world, even if accustomed to hunting, shooting, and other field sports, can scarcely imagine the miserable discomfort of arriving, after a toilsome march, weary and drenched with rain, at a halting-place, where the grass, the wood, everything around is also wet; the skins and baggage all soaked and soiled; not a dry shred of clothing to put on, and even the fire, by which alone warmth or food is to be procured, requiring an hour's assiduous nursing and sheltering, and blowing, before it attains power sufficient to warm a little finger, or heat a cup of water! Such was our plight! Nevertheless, complaint was of no use, and we did, at length, make a tolerable fire, and boil a pot of most excellent buffalo soup; flavoured on this occasion by the addition of two brace of grouse,* which I had fortunately shot in the morning before the rain came on. One brace I felt not a little proud of, as they had risen just before my mare while on the journey, and I killed them right and left without dismounting: they were deliciously tender, and the flavour seemed to me equal to that of any birds which I had ever tasted. But it must be owned that Lazenby never made a sauce so *appetizing*,† as that with which our day's journey had furnished us: be that as it may, our supper was most excellent, and I do positively declare my belief that pleasure is meant to triumph over pain in this world! for I felt much greater satisfaction in toasting my feet by the fire, enjoying my hot prairie-hen and buffalo soup, and afterwards a few consolatory whiffs from my pipe, than I had experienced annoyance from the sleet, the cold, or the fatigue of the whole day.

I must however confess, that I found my wet clothes rather unpleasant during the night. We huddled closely together, and steamed away enveloped in skins, with our feet so close to the fire, that once or twice we had to jump up and put out a spark which fell upon us. The dew was extremely heavy, and the cold just before dawn most severe; so that we were not sorry, when morning broke, to see a rosy young sun emerging from the eastern haze. We were obliged to continue our halt in order to dry our skins and provisions; both of which were exposed to immediate risk of corruption, by the constant wetting to which they had been exposed.

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* The "Tetrao Canadensis," usually called the Prairie-hen in the Western States, and found in great abundance in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, &c.

† I believe the English language is indebted to me for importing this word from France!

While my companions attended to these things, and collected the horses which had strayed to some distance, I took my rifle and went in search of elk or antelope. My evil genius led me along a bottom, or valley, near which we were camped, and a more impracticable place for hunting I never beheld: after four or five hours' struggling and scrambling, rather than walking, I returned without having killed or seen a deer.

My fatigue and ill-success are easily accounted for by the nature of the ground which I had been traversing: the brushwood, through which I had to force my way, was from six to eight feet high, and very thick; moreover it was full of plum trees and prickly briars, matted together with the tough cords of the pea-vine; while every now and then I had my shins bruised, and my feet entangled among the jagged limbs of fallen timber of a former generation with which the ground was strewn. To these obstacles were to be added a number of creeks, with rotten banks overgrown with reeds, too wide for a leap, and yet too muddy and deep for wading. It will easily be believed that, in such a district, a single hunter has little prospect of killing deer; the only chance of sport would be for a party to scatter themselves in different directions, and watch the paths leading from the thickets and the deer beds to the water, whither the animals generally go at noon to drink.

On the 29th, Fate seemed still resolved that we should not reach the Fort without suffering some privations; for an examination of our provender convinced me that we had little more than enough for four days, at our present allowance; and as we had at least a week's journey before us, I was obliged, however unwillingly, to limit our rations to half the former quantity; that is, to allow, exclusively of our dried meat, only a pint of maize and one tin-cup of flour *per diem* among the whole party. However, we had yet a little coffee, and, if we could but travel, there would be no reason to fear any serious inconvenience from our scant and reduced diet. Nevertheless, it was impossible to move this day owing to the continual rain; so I again sallied forth in the faint hope of procuring a fresh supply of meat.

Although my shooting jacket was thick, and I walked fast, I never remember to have encountered a more raw and bitter sharpness in the air, even on a moor in a Scottish December, than I experienced during this disagreeable walk, from which I returned after three hours' fruitless fatigue thoroughly drenched, cold, and dispirited, without having seen a living animal.

The morning of the 30th dawned fresh and clear. We broke camp at sunrise, and travelled all day with only one hour's rest at noon, as I was determined, if possible, again to reach our old camping-place: in this I succeeded, and just before reaching it, was aware of three deer within rifle-shot of the trail. Unfortunately I had mountted my shot-barrels a few hours before, in order to kill a prairie hen (the only one which I had seen on this long day's march); and before I could replace them by the rifle barrels, the deer had taken to the bush. I followed them, and was at one time near enough to hear them bounding and breaking their way through the brushwood; but I could not get a shot, or even a sight of them; so I was obliged to rejoin my friends, having nothing but my solitary prairie hen to add to our scanty mess.

Never have I been exposed to such strange vicissitudes of temperature. I had no thermometer, and a guess is almost always an exaggeration; but I cannot help believing, that, on the preceding day, while the severest exercise and my thickest coat could scarcely protect me from the cold sleet, enough to keep my blood in circulation, it must have been as low as 40° of Fahrenheit; and this day, at noon, without a jacket, and riding gently with only my blue shirt over my shoulders, I was perspiring under the fierce rays of the sun in a temperature that must have been above 100°. The nights were cold and the dews very heavy; but we had become so accustomed to sleep in the open air with our feet to the fire, that we preferred it to the trouble of stretching the tent, although tent-poles were now to be had without difficulty.

On the 31st we travelled all day without any incidents. I amused myself by watching the queer working of the muscles in the elder John's face, while I gradually let him into the secret that he had not very long ago fed upon that "nasty vermin" called a badger, when he thought he was eating a bear-cub. As for the younger John, his mirth and spirits increased every hour as we drew nearer to his home; and I could not resist the infection of his merriment, while he mingled snatches of rough Kentucky songs, and scraps of negro ballads, with objurgations to the hungry and wearied pack-horses, always concluding his medley with portentous threats of the devastation which he hoped ere long to make in the produce of his mother's oven, kitchen, and dairy, and generally terminating his anticipated feast by "dipping his head into a bowl of buttermilk!"

September 1. — This day was beautiful, and the heat of a brilliant sun was tempered by a refreshing breeze. After four hours' march, we reached the spot where we had before overtaken Sânitsarish's party after losing our horses. We halted an hour, and continued our course merrily. Once we came to a place where the trail forked into three branches; I pursued the left or most northward track, partly from recollection, and partly from its direction by compass; one of the others had been evidently made by a party going eastward, whereas, it was self-evident, that in our old trail the grass must be beaten down towards the west: but even on this I could observe that a party had passed since our former march; I suppose they must have been some of the Kickapoos and Powtawatomies resident near the Fort. I conjectured also, that the middle trail was that leading to the Delaware and Shawanon settlements at the mouth of the Kanzas; and the southern one probably made by a party returning to St. Louis, or some other point in Missouri.

In this part of our march the horse-flies of various kinds gave us much annoyance; but I have reason to believe that we should have suffered a great deal more from them, had we returned a month earlier: they are indeed a fearful scourge to the unfortunate animals; the quantity of blood that they draw, and the rapidity with which they draw it, are equally astonishing; nets, branches of trees, &c. are all unavailing to keep them off; and I have more than once seen the horses so maddened and so covered with blood by their bites, that I can quite believe what has been told me by Santa Fé traders, that they have frequently known them lie down and die from exhaustion and loss of blood. Fortunately they do not attack mankind, for our skin would not cost them a moment's trouble to pierce, and the puncture seems very large, and would probably be attended with much inflammation; but we have been frequently annoyed by the locusts, or dark-coloured cockchafers, which sail along with the wind at great speed, and are, apparently, quite blind, for they come against the traveller's face with a force sufficient to sting him sharply, and I should think to stun themselves.

This evening we had a good pot of soup, as I was enabled to add three or four prairie hens to its strength and flavour. The young John killed a racoon, but it crept into a hole before we could secure it. We camped at our old place, in the open air, as we decidedly preferred sleeping thus, to the trouble of pitching the fly-tent.

On the 2nd we travelled on our former trail, the weather rather wild, and a very high wind. After about thirty miles' journey, we came to and recognised the creek, where our poor little mule had been "mired," and had thrown his load into the water. The character of the scenery was much changed since we last passed through the same district: the grass was of a kind of tawny hue; the trees were changing their green mantles for the various hues which they respectively wear in autumn; and there was a greater variety of flowers, although most of them seemed to have outlived their prime. Indeed, I must confess, that all my experience of the great western prairie has disappointed my expectation in respect to flowers. It may possibly be that I was in the more remote and barren wilderness, just at the season when I ought to have been here to see them; but the fact undoubtedly is, that I saw none that could exceed in brilliancy the flaunting colours of the poppy, or contend in sweetness or in beauty with the cowslip, the primrose, or the crimson tints which fringe the tip of the daisy, or lodge like "drops in the bottom of the cowslip," and last, not least, the unobtrusive violet, which delights the senses both of sight and smell in the meadows and banks of old England.

While riding along carelessly and observing the features of the surrounding scene, my ear was struck, and not for the first time, by the merry voice of the younger John, half singing, half talking to his more moody companion, and telling him how he longed to see his mother, and his favourite dog, and the cows he used to drive in from pasture; and how he would revel in the luxuries of hot cakes and buttermilk! I could not help calling to mind, although the epithet was not exactly appropriate, the beautiful lines of Juvenal:—

> "Longs for his home, the kids he used to pet,
> And for his mother sighs with sad regret."*

All the 3rd, we travelled without more halting than was absolutely necessary, until we arrived at the first memorable camping-place, where our horses had escaped and left us. We remembered having left a wooden pack-saddle upon a branch of a great oak near the encampment; but, upon looking for it, it was gone; doubtless, having attracted the quick eye of some Indian who had little scruple in appropriating the prize. As I was determined to reach the Fort this day, and our horses were so leg-weary and galled, that they could not travel fast, I started very early, and with the consent of the whole party, dispensed with the ceremony of breakfast, except a small slice of dried buffalo-meat, uncooked.

We were all in high spirits; hunger, heat, and fatigue, all were merged in the excitement of again seeing our friends and white brethren. As we approached the Missouri, the features of the scenery became more grand and imposing, the timber seemed heavier, and the vegetation richer. Hill after hill of this fine undulating district was surmounted: a deer which showed itself at no great distance, was allowed to go off unpursued; and at length my eye caught, far to the northward, the curved line of massive foliage, which surely, but still indistinctly, indicated the course of the great river. Again we pressed forward with re-animated expectation. The ground rose gradually before us for several miles, and it was not until the trees were passed that we attained the summit of the ridge, and the magnificent monarch of the floods lay stretched in all his glory before us!

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* "Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulam et notos *tristis* desiderat hœdos."

Never, under the influence of such overwhelming feelings, had I seen such a panorama of beauty. A torrent of associations never forgotten, but long dormant, were awakened and returned to their wonted channels. The buffalo-herds, the howl of wolves, the circles of naked savages round their fires, their yells, their dances, and their songs, were, for a season, all as a dream; while the neat white-washed walls of the Fort, seen through the irregular glades of the forest, and a party of haymakers, plying their task in the prairie, at no great distance below us, all seemed to recall the comforts and the endearments of civilized and social life. I could not speak,—I could not even think distinctly; but I made no exertion to arrange my thoughts,—I rather allowed them to revel in that confusion of undefined pleasure,—that delicious tumult, which, although vague, and short-lived, is for a time more enjoyable than gaiety, more happy than even the "sober certainty of waking bliss."

As we passed onwards, near enough to the haymakers to distinguish their features and exchange a salutation in our language, the sight of them did my heart good; they looked like friends and relatives, and their voices were like old music.

When we arrived near the Fort an unexpected and amusing difficulty occurred: no power could induce our Indian pack-horses to approach the white walls, or to pass some waggons which stood at a little distance from the road; and when at last we led them as far as the gate of the green square, or inclosure, round which the barracks are built, we were altogether unable to make them pass through it; they snorted, reared, and would have defeated our attempts, whether at persuasion or coercion, had we not met with a reinforcement, from a small body of soldiers who were lounging before the railings, with whose assistance we contrived to drive them through. Then, our younger John, true to his often expressed anticipations, rushed to the arms of his mother, and the bowl of buttermilk. As soon as we had relieved our wearied horses of their several burthens, V—— accompanied one of the officers to his quarters; and I accepted the hospitable offer of Captain Hunter, now in command of the Fort.

The difficulty I found in sitting on a chair, the fearful havoc which I made among the various cakes, which succeeded each other on his tea-table, and the strange sensations which I experienced on taking off my clothes, and sleeping in a bed between sheets, deserve, and shall have, a separate chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Epidemic Fever and Ague.—Hospitality of Captain Hunter.—A noxious Intruder.—Visit to the *Kickapoo* Village.—An Indian Preacher and Prophet.—Restrictions similar to those in the Mosaic Law.—Specimen of an Indian Sermon.—Pursuit of a Bear.—Sale of my Horses.—Embark for St. Louis.—Dangerous Navigation.—Pawpaws.—Unhealthy Appearance of the Missouri Settlers.—Republican Equality.—Gambling in the Steam-boat.—Officers of the United States Army.—Frequency of Duels.—Drunkenness among the common Soldiers.—Insubordination and Desertion in the Army.—Arrival at St. Louis.—Catholic Church there.—A French Artist.—Dulness of St. Louis.—Jefferson Barracks.—Old French Village.—The Arsenal.—Hospitality of the commanding Officer.—Music in the house of Mr. P. a German Resident in St. Louis.

Fort Leavenworth, Sept. 6.—Great changes had taken place among the officers composing the garrison, since I had last visited it; insomuch, that only one remained with whom I could claim acquaintance. This post had been visited by the scourge of the whole Mississippi and Missouri valleys, namely, fever and ague; and it was painful to see the number of sunken eyes and ashy cheeks by which I was surrounded.

The epidemic which had been so severe upon the officers and men, had not spared the good messman and his family; they had been all attacked by it, and were much reduced: but the good dame's joy, when she had recovered her son, (our young attendant, John Hardy,) was uncontrollable; she turned him round and round, looked at his embrowned hands, and his tanned and unshorn face, as if she could scarcely persuade herself that it was he indeed: she wept with joy, and said that she had almost given up any hope of ever seeing him again. I was delighted to be able to restore him to her, much improved both in appearance and in qualities; for when we started he had been rather inclined to be indolent, and was somewhat too fresh and delicate looking; he was now a strong, healthy, active lad, willing and able to undergo fatigue, and merry and cheerful in difficulties.

Colonel Dodge, the commander, and his exploring party, had not yet returned, and I found Captain Hunter in command. Not content with the courtesy and hospitality usually shown to strangers by the officers on a remote station, this gentleman insisted upon my taking up my abode in his quarters, an arrangement to which I acceded with pleasure. I found Mrs. Hunter an exceedingly agreeable and pleasing lady, and regretted very much that an attack of the prevalent fever confined her to her chamber, so as to prevent her appearing in the drawing-room.

On the first night of my stay under this hospitable roof, I was awakened soon after midnight by hearing my bedroom door open: I jumped up and saw a white figure, with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other! A second glance showed me that it was Captain Hunter; he informed me that the lower part of his house was now usurped by "a skunk," an animal whose fœtid qualities leave those of the polecat or badger far behind. He had just learnt that the intruder was partly visible under an old barrel in the scullery immediately below my bedroom; and, as he was proceeding to shoot him, he very good-naturedly called me in passing, that I might not be startled or annoyed by the discharge of pistols in the house at that hour. The first shot did not prove fatal, but there arose from the wounded skunk such a stench as I never shall forget; in two minutes it filled the whole house, and even in my room with the door shut, I could scarcely believe that the animal was not within six inches of my nose.

It is well known that nature has provided all the various tribes of her animated children with their respective means of self-defence; these are more numerous than they are usually supposed to be.*

One or two discharges of the pistol terminated the existence of the skunk, but his memory lasted the livelong night; and I learned from unpleasant experience, that we may apply to this animal what the poet has so prettily said of the tenacious perfume of the rose:—

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* The old poet, in his *φύσις κέρατα ταύροις* (*Vide* 2nd Ode of Anacreon), certainly omitted the skunk, which, when alarmed or pursued, emits this effluvium, which deters his sturdiest persecutor;

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> "You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

I was not a little amused at the awkwardness I experienced in a drawing-room: I literally felt some difficulty in sitting on a chair, so long had I been accustomed to sit cross-legged on the ground; and my appetite, as well as that of all our little prairie party, might have threatened dearth to the best-stocked larder.

On the 6th, I rode out with Captain Hunter to the Kickapoo village, which is about five miles from the Fort. The Kickapoos are a branch of the great northern nation of Indians, which includes the Potawatomies, the Chippeways, and other numerous tribes. Their former territory has been "bought" (as it is called) by the United States, and this tract of country along the southern bank of the Missouri allotted in its stead; besides which, the United States engaged to supply them for a certain time with a stipulated quantity of provisions, clothes, &c. Living so near the settlements, they have lost most of the

and also the fish which saves itself from the jaws of the dolphin, by giving out a dark-coloured secretion, which tinges the water all around and renders him invisible.

traits of their original character, and are a reduced debased race; nevertheless, they are now interesting, in a religious point of view. A miniature Mahomet has arisen among them; and the tribe is divided into two sects—the religious and irreligious: these are pretty equal in number; and the former acknowledge and obey as secular chief the prophet who teaches the new creed. This man preaches very good and enlightened morality. He pretends to have seen the Great Spirit in a vision, and to have received his command to proclaim his truths and precepts to the Indians. I should have been astonished at the excellence of his doctrine, and the soundness of his religious views, if I had not learnt from a gentleman, long resident among them, the fountain from which he drew his knowledge. It appears that when very young he learnt the English language thoroughly, and in remote parts of the state of Illinois attended many Christian meetings; he thus became acquainted with the outlines of the Christian scheme, and with the morality which the Bible inculcates; and afterwards grafting the knowledge thus acquired upon his Indian prejudices and superstitions, he has used it as an engine of personal aggrandisement, and become priest, prophet, and chief of half his nation.

I attended a preaching, which was held under a large, open, reed-thatched shed. The meeting was conducted with the greatest decorum: all the men under or near the shed stood uncovered; but in this, as in all the Christian churches that I have seen in any country, the greater part of the assembly were females. Each was supplied with a flat board, on which were carved symbols, which answered the purpose of letters, and enabled them to chime in with the prayer or hymn of the preacher.

I remarked that many women stood outside this rustic temple, and on inquiring the cause, I received an answer which showed how singularly some Indian customs resemble those of the Jews and ancient Eastern nations. During certain periods the women are forbidden to enter any place where the "medicine" is kept; and in some tribes they are not allowed to remain in their family-tent, but are made to occupy a small wing made of two or three skins added to it; in short, they impose all the restrictions which the Mosaic law imposed upon a situation over which the better and more enlightened taste of modern civilization is content to throw the veil of silence.

I regretted to find that the officiating preacher was not the "great prophet himself," but one of his favourite disciples; he was a man of middle age, with a quiet and earnest expression of countenance, and a voice capable of much modulation and variety of tone; he spoke without the slighest hesitation. I placed myself within hearing; and keeping at my elbow the half-bred French interpreter, took down in pencil the following scraps from his lecture:—"Look up at the heavens! look around you at the earth fertile with fruit, and the animals given for our use. All these show the goodness of the great Spirit. If He were not good, much better than any of us, He would be angry with us; for we are all bad and disobey Him—He would punish and not forgive us: but if we are good and obey Him, we are happier and more flourishing here—all goes well with us. We are but half-taught children — we are poor Indians; it is only a few years since we learnt his will and commands, through his prophet; but if we ask Him, and obey Him, we shall daily grow wiser and happier," and so on in a similar strain. After this sermon, a hymn was sung: it was a low, melancholy, and not unmusical air, and was rendered wild and peculiar by the closing of each verse in the minor key. I left the scene with strong emotions of interest and compassion, and must own that I entertain hopes, though but faint ones, that this twilight may be the forerunner of the sunrise of the Gospel among them.

The shades of evening had closed around us, and I returned with Captain Hunter at a brisk trot towards the garrison. In a narrow and abrupt turn, where the road crosses the high ridge behind the Fort, the horses began to snort, and the dogs, two or three of which, of various breeds, had accompanied us, began to utter that hurried irregular bark, indicative as much of terror as of anger or watchfulness. We pushed forward into the "brush," and soon recognised the enemy, in the person of a bear, that made a speedy retreat into an adjoining thicket; we pursued for two or three minutes, but the bushes were so high and thick, and the remaining light so scanty, that we perilled our shins and trousers, rather more than the life of Bruin, especially as our canine allies seemed willing to keep at a respectful distance, and more disposed to bark him to death than to adopt any more effective measures: this would have proved a somewhat slow process, and we accordingly turned our horses' heads, and proceeded quietly to the garrison.

I sold all my horses to a trader, who was soon about to start for the mountains. They were all grazing in a rich pea-vine bottom, which had been enclosed on the landward side by the garrison, while a great bend of the river effectually protected the other sides of it. The purchaser bought them without seeing them, and paid us a very moderate price, but as much as I thought them worth. I did not include my favourite roan in this sale; she was purchased by one of the officers of the Fort, who promised to show her all kindness and favour.

During the few days which we remained, I amused myself by visiting some Kickapoos and Powtawatomies, in order to make vocabularies of their language. I also found a tolerably intelligent Delaware, from whom I got some information about his tribe and tongue; but I shall not interrupt my narrative with any account of Indian languages; the reader who is curious on the subject will find it treated of in the Appendix.

After enjoying the comforts and hospitality of these agreeable quarters for two or three days, I took advantage of the arrival of a steam-boat, and embarked for St. Louis. I found the river much lower than when I had passed up it in June, and the navigation infinitely more dangerous; the huge black snags were in some places as thick as the trees of the forest, and as I stood on the deck and looked at their serried ranks, upon which we were bearing down at twelve or fourteen miles an hour, with all the united force of current and steam, I could not trace with my eye any course or channel by which our craft could make good her way: but being a sufficiently old traveller to believe that "everybody knows his own business best;" and seeing that the captain and owners were neither intoxicated nor mad, it was rather with curiosity and admiration than alarm, that I saw our pilot charge gallantly down upon this forest of snags. His name was Baptiste, and he is one of the most celebrated pilots on the western waters; his countenance was calm and grave, and his quiet piercing eye seemed to calculate the number and position of the giant palisades through which he was to force a passage. On we went, now rubbing on the starboard, now scraping on the larboard side, but always avoiding a direct collision. Our course, though serpentine, was extremely rapid, and in a few minutes the forest of snags lay in our rear.

Soon afterwards, we struck the bottom, so hard as to shake all the chairs in the cabin, and to affect considerably the vertical position of their respective tenants! In Britain, every soul would have rushed to the deck; but I saw everybody else remain perfectly quiet, and I did not see why I should give myself any more uneasiness than my neighbours. I soon found out that, if a person feels any objection to such an occurrence, he had better not descend the Missouri in September, as we grounded frequently for a few minutes, and rubbed our keel against the bed of the river half a dozen times in the course of every hour.

When the steam-boat stopped to take in fuel, I went ashore and gathered some fine ripe pawpaws; this was the first time that I had tasted this fruit, which is in my opinion one of the most delicious in the world: it resembles very much the banana of the West Indies, but is more rich and luscious. There are two species, the green and the yellow; the latter is preferable: when opened, the interior is exactly like a custard, and the flavour is something between a fig and a pineapple. It reaches a much greater size in the West Indies than on the Missouri, and resembles in form a kidney potato. Although I prefer this fruit to banana or pine-apple, I find it is not generally so highly esteemed, being considered too rich and cloying; moreover, I was told it is extremely unwholesome: this I found to be an absurd prejudice (as I have often eaten from six to twelve at a time without any unpleasant consequences). The belief in its hurtful qualities, probably owes its origin to the fact that the hogs, who roam the woods and eat the produce of every other fructiferous tree, will not touch the pawpaw. Another cause of the low estimation in which pawpaws are held is their extreme abundance: they grow in thousands in the woods, as thick as nuts in an English hazel-wood, and the children soon get sick and tired of eating them.

It was extremely painful to remark the wan and unhealthy appearance of all the settlers on the banks of the Missouri, between the Fort and St. Louis. I must have landed twenty times, and I did not see a single family where the fever and ague had not "chased the native colour from their cheeks." In some instances, both parents and a family of four or five children, wore so haggard and emaciated an appearance, that I could hardly believe they would outlive another season; and their situation excited the more pity from the melancholy contrast which it presents to the luxurious and vigorous profusion of vegetable life around, where the earth teems with flowers and fruits, and bears on her broad bosom the huge trunks and far-spreading foliage of her gigantic forest sons.

To return to the steam-boat:—There is nothing in America that strikes a foreigner so much as the real republican equality existing in the Western States, which border on the wilderness; while that of the Eastern States is being daily infringed on and modified. It is a corroborative proof (although superfluous to any reflecting mind) of the difficulty of continuing such equality in civilized life; it contravenes that advancement and exaltation of superior power, or intellect, which Nature has for centuries proved to be a part of her system. As regards society, the distinctions of rank and station are now as much observed in Philadelphia and Boston, as they are in London; indeed, I am inclined to believe they are more so, only with this difference, that being, as it were, illegal and unsanctioned by public opinion, they are adhered to with secret pertinacity, and owe their origin and strength principally to wealth; but in the Far West, where society is in its infancy, where all are engaged in making money by bringing into cultivation waste lands, or raising minerals, — where men of leisure are unknown, and the arm of the law is feeble in protecting life and property, — where the tone of manners, conversation, and accomplishment, is necessarily much lower than in states and cities longer established, — here it is that true republican equality exists, and here only can it exist. This may be illustrated by the narration of simple and apparently trifling facts: for instance, I have seen the clerk of a steam-boat, and a grocer in a small village on the Missouri, sit down to take grog or play at cards with a member of Congress and an officer in the army; laughing together, swearing together, and the names of Bill, Dick, and Harry, passing familiarly between them!

I confess I was much astonished at the gambling on board; the parties were French traders and others engaged in different branches of business up the Missouri. I remember seeing 600 dollars staked on a single card!

When talking of the officers of the United States army, I would not be misunderstood; I have become acquainted with a great many on the outposts both of the Missouri and Mississippi; I have been invariably treated with the greatest attention and hospitality, and many of them are gentlemen who, in manners and accomplishments, would do credit to the service of any country; but it would argue a want of truth and candour were I not to add, that some of them have been found, during my stay in the West, in predicaments very unbecoming any officer, and that drunkenness and gambling are but too often the results of their habits of intimacy with some of the settlers in the West, who are not by birth, education, or manners, fitted to associate with gentlemen.

Another fact connected with the American army and navy, shows how repugnant are the notions of republicanism to all kinds of discipline. I allude to the frequency of duels in both these branches of the service. I never heard any sensible man doubt or impugn the bravery of the Americans; but the number of quarrels and duels among officers, as well as among senators, judges, and the other higher orders of the community, is the poorest and most culpable mode of evincing their courage, and argues a want of discipline both in their social and military relations which is highly reprehensible.

It is well known, and has been confessed to me by many of their most intelligent officers, that the army, which is small, is much spoiled and disorganised by the spirit of "equality," and so-called independence, prevalent among the common soldiers; while the higher departments are too often brought within the sphere of political intrigues. In regard to the former, I must say, that I have seen more cases of drunkenness than ever I saw among any troops in the world, and the mistaken humanity or pride that has forbidden corporal punishment, has not apparently substituted any efficient method of maintaining discipline. In fact, the American peasant, though a brave and hardy man, and expert in the use of the rifle and musket, is naturally the worst soldier in the world, as regards obedience and discipline. He has been brought up to believe himself equal to the officers who command him, and never forgets that when his three years of enlistment are over, he will again be their equal.

The most quiet orderly soldiers now in the American army, are the Irish, Scotch, and German emigrants, who are in considerable numbers, and generally remain longer than the above-mentioned term. However, it is a well-known fact, and one which speaks volumes, that nearly one quarter of the army desert every year.* In military appointments, commissions, and promotions, in the United States army, favour has, at least, as much advantage over merit as in England; the only difference being, that, in the the former, political interest and election intrigues are the chief moving powers, and are not, as in the latter, mingled with aristocratic influence.

We arrived again at St. Louis without accident on the 12th (Sunday). I went to see the

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* This was correct when it was written, in 1835. I am not aware whether any important alterations have been effected since that date.

Catholic church, which is the boast of that part of the country. The portico is good, and the exterior of the building is better than most of the specimens of Greek architecture in this country; but it by no means deserves the praises bestowed upon it, being very faulty both in design and proportion. In regard to the latter especially, the spire is a great deal too large for the tower supporting it. The interior is better proportioned, and has altogether a pleasing effect: the columns, cornices, pilasters, transparencies, &c. together with two or three pictures, were painted by a French artist. I was fortunate enough to obtain him as my cicerone through the church, after the termination of the service. He was a beautifully embodied personification of Parisian art — a very good looking fellow, with a pink and white complexion, well arranged hair, and neatly trimmed whiskers; having a very complacent opinion of his own abilities, and a shrug of the shoulders for some of the peculiarities of men and manners in the valley of the Mississippi.

His object in painting the interior decorations, appears to have been, *not* to "rival all but Raphael's name below," but to put on a given number of yards of paint, and transfer a given number of dollars to his own pocket, in a given number of hours. He, accordingly, completed the whole of his operations within eight months, as he boasted to me! Now the church is very large;

every window is covered by a large transparency painted by him; and besides the half-dozen sacred pictures, there is a great profusion of painting in every part of the building. I have no doubt that, if Michael Angelo, or any of his distinguished pupils, had engaged in the same work, it would have cost more years of labour than it cost months to our Parisian knight of the easel: indeed, I could scarcely keep my risible muscles in due subjection, while he explained, to me that he had not worked and plodded at it with a small pencil, as some painters do; but that he had taken a good large brush, and laid on the colour rapidly, broadly, and boldly. Here he waved his right hand to and fro, like a fellow painting a door or a railing: "Comme ça—click—click—poof—poof—poof." I was really vexed at the careless folly and vanity which thus marred the performances of a man who possesses considerable talent; is an excellent draughtsman; and who might, by applying ordinary care and industry, have done more justice to himself and to the subjects which he was called upon to illustrate.

I found St. Louis an extremely dull town, and began to believe in the reports which had reached me in descending the Ohio, that it contained less gaiety and hospitality than any place of the same size in the United States. The boarding-houses and taverns are very inferior in their accommodations, especially the former. V—— and

I were put into a garret, where we had difficulty in procuring two chairs and a table. The provisions were as scant and small as the furniture; and I looked forward with no little satisfaction to a tour which I proposed to make up the Mississippi.

On the following day I went out to see Jefferson Barracks, and to spend the day with Lieutenant C——, from whom I had before received so much kindness at Fort Leavenworth. These barracks are agreeably and beautifully situated on the western bank of the river, of which they command a noble prospect; they are about ten miles below St. Louis: there is nothing remarkable in their construction or arrangement. The only thing extraordinary that I observed, was, that the band was better than any I had ever heard in any military post; it was composed, chiefly, if not altogether, of foreigners, German and others.

Half way between St. Louis and these barracks, is the old French village, called "Vin des Poches," for what reason I never could learn, although there are half-a-dozen etymological fables regarding it: its proper name is Carondelet, but few of the inhabitants would know it by that appellation. It is a quaint and rather pretty hamlet, commanding at one point a most beautiful view of the river and its wooded banks and islands.

Half way between this place and St. Louis is the arsenal, which is not yet completed, but appears to be one of the best and most solid buildings in the Western country. I was invited to dine with the officer commanding it, a gentlemanly agreeable man, and was pleased to find in his wife a lady related to and acquainted with some of my friends in Virginia. This house I found to be the most comfortable in its arrangements in every branch, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, that I had visited for many months; and I must not forget to mention a certain plum-pudding, which would have done the highest credit to the *artiste* of the London Tavern, or the Lord Mayor's cook. Mrs. S—— played and sung with much taste, and I cannot express how delighted I was again to enjoy the soft music of Germany and the sweet south, after being so long condemned to the rough grunts and yells of the Pawnees.

I returned to St. Louis, after spending a very pleasant evening, and regretted much that my proposed journey prevented my accepting the kind invitation to protract my stay, which was given me by Captain S——. The following evening I was fortunate enough again to enjoy some delightful music, in the house of Mr. P——, a German resident in St. Louis. The family were just about to remove to some of the eastern cities, in order to complete Miss P——'s studies, and to afford a fair field in which to display her musical abilities. The piano was, unhappily, very old and out of tune; but, in spite of this disadvantage, it was easy to perceive that this young lady, who was only sixteen years of age, possessed much taste, feeling, and a beautiful touch. I had no doubt of her success in the musical world.

CHAPTER V.

Embark on the Mississippi. — Droll Rencontre. — Subjection of Indian Tribes. — Keokuk. — Atrocious Exploit. — Passing the Rapids.—Fort des Moines.—Frequent Desertions from this Post. —River Scenery. — Fort Armstrong.—Fossil Remains.—Galena. —Lead Mines.— The Miners—their dissolute Life. — Subscription by the Irish Liberty-boys.—Lynch Law—its Origin.—Rate of Wages among the Miners.—Price of Provisions. — Hospitable Reception at Prairie du Chien.—Hunting Expedition to Turkey River.—Horrible Tragedy.

Having now arranged my plans for visiting the lead mines, and other districts in the neighbourhood of the Upper Mississippi, I embarked on board the Heroine, and bade adieu to my friend and companion V——, with whom I had now passed so long a season in constant intimacy. I left him with sincere regret, having found him invariably good-tempered, agreeable, and intelligent in conversation, and possessed of a most amiable and social disposition. However, with the hope of meeting again soon at Washington or elsewhere, we parted, and I found myself once more on the broad bosom of the Father of Waters; his banks were now clothed in all the rich variety of autumn beauty; the weather was mild, the vines and creepers of every hue turned gracefully round the gigantic limbs of the cotton-wood tree; while the innumerable islands, with their verdant growth of willow, rendered the scene delightfully varied and beautiful.

There were few passengers: I was fortunate enough, however, to find in one of them a gentleman who has been many years in the United States army, and who related to me some interesting passages in the last war, as well as a singularly droll rencontre that he had had with a relative of mine (who has been many years dead) in New York, in which my informant had defeated my relative in a great trial of carving skill at dinner: one was to attack a goose, the other a turkey, and the narrator had gained the day by a drumstick, or by half a minute, I forget which!

After passing Alton, a prettily situated and rising town on the Illinois bank, the evening closed in upon us; the following day we passed through scenery strongly resembling that which I had already seen. At length, we reached the foot of the lower rapids, at a place called Keokuk, after an Indian chief[*] of that name, who was well-known in the war of 1832, in which the Siouxes and Foxes, under Black Hawk,[†] were finally subjected. They were removed from the eastern to the western side of the Mississippi: they are now completely broken up, as regards the number of their warriors, and are, moreover, much degraded by intercourse with the whites, and the use of whisky. But they were once a powerful and warlike tribe, and maintained a protracted conflict with the great Sioux nation, which is now also divided; one portion having remained on the Mississippi, and the other having settled on the upper waters of the Missouri.

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[*] Or, Ke-un-ne-kak, i. e. the foremost man in Kickapoo.

[†] Black Hawk is called in his own language (the Sâki) Muc-a-ta-mic, o-ka-kaik; he is now (1835) a decrepit and feeble-look-

This village of Keokuk is the lowest and most blackguard place that I have yet visited: its population is composed chiefly of the watermen who assist in loading and unloading the keel-boats, and in towing them up when the rapids are too strong for the steam-engines. They are a coarse and ferocious caricature of the London bargemen, and their chief occupation seems to consist in drinking, fighting, and gambling. One fellow who was half drunk, (or in western lan-

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ing old chief; nor do I believe that ever he was a great warrior, having been a tool in the hands of Wâ-pê-kisak, or "the White Cloud," and other Indians more cunning and able than himself. His son, Nâ-seus-kuk (Whirling Thunder) is a fine young chief. This last, after the defeat of his tribe in 1832, was, with his father, taken prisoner, and paraded through the Atlantic cities. He was present one evening at a party, where a young lady sang a ballad with much taste and pathos: Nâseuskuk, who was standing at a distance, listened with profound attention; and at the close of the song he took an eagle's feather from his head-dress, and giving it to a bystander, said, "Take that to your mocking-bird squaw!"

guage "corned") was relating with great satisfaction how he had hid himself in a wood that skirted the road, and (in time of peace) had shot an unsuspecting and inoffensive Indian who was passing with a wild turkey over his shoulder: he concluded by saying that he had thrown the body into a thicket, and had taken the bird home for his own dinner. He seemed quite proud of this exploit, and said that he would as soon shoot an Indian as a fox or an otter. I thought he was only making an idle boast; but some of the bystanders assured me it was a well-known fact, and yet he had never been either tried or punished. This murderer is called a Christian, and his victim a heathen! It must, however, be remembered, that the feelings of the border settlers in the West were frequently exasperated by the robberies, cruelties, and outrages of neighbouring Indians; their childhood was terrified by tales of the scalping-knife, sometimes but too well founded, and they have thus been brought to consider the Indian rather as a wild beast than as a fellow-creature.*

Here we were obliged to lighten the steamboat, and to put three-fourths of her cargo into a keel-boat (a kind of flat-bottomed barge), in order to enable her to pass over the rapids: these were, however, fortunately not very low, and we traversed them without difficulty or accident; indeed they were not so rapid as the ordinary stream of the Missouri about Fort Leavenworth, but they are at times very dangerous, the rocks being sharp and rugged; the boat on board of which I sailed, had knocked a large hole in her keel during her last passage over them.

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* In all the earliest accounts of the landing of white men in North America, whether French or Spanish, the natives are described as having been peaceable, and even kind to them, and it was not until they had been some time settled that any hostilities were commenced against them: that they were unprovoked I much doubt.

The rapids are about fourteen miles long, and at the top of them is a military post or cantonment, called Fort des Moines. This site appears to me to have been chosen with singularly bad judgment; it is low, unhealthy, and quite unimportant in a military point of view: moreover, if it had been placed at the lower, instead of the upper end of the rapids, an immense and useless expense would have been spared to the government, inasmuch as the freightage of every article conveyed thither is now doubled. The freight on board the steamer, from which I made these observations, was twenty-five cents per hundred weight from St. Louis to Keokuk, being one hundred and seventy miles, and from St. Louis to the fort, being only fourteen miles farther, it was fifty cents.

I landed at Fort des Moines only for a few minutes, and had but just time to remark the pale and sickly countenances of such soldiers as were loitering about the beach; indeed, I was told by a young man who was sutler at this post, that when he had left it a few weeks before, there was only one officer on duty out of seven or eight, who were stationed there. The number of desertions from this post was said to be greater than from any other in the United States. The reason is probably this: the dragoons who are posted there and at Fort Leavenworth, were formed out of a corps, called during the last Indian war "The Rangers;" they have been recruited chiefly in the Eastern States, where young men of some property and enterprise were induced to join, by the flattering picture drawn of the service, and by the advantageous opportunity promised of seeing the "Far West." They were taught to expect an easy life in a country abounding with game, and that the only hardships to which they would be exposed, would be in the exciting novelty of a yearly tour or circuit made during the spring and summer, among the wild tribes on the Missouri, Arkansas, Platte, &c.; but on arriving at their respective stations, they found a very different state of things: they were obliged to build their own barracks, store-rooms, stables, &c.; to haul and cut wood, and to perform a hundred other menial or mechanical offices, so repugnant to the prejudices of an American. If we take into consideration the facilities of escape in a steam-boat, by which a deserter may place himself in a few days in the recesses of Canada, Texas, or the mines, and at the same time bear in mind the feebleness with which the American military laws and customs follow or punish deserters, we shall only wonder that the ranks can be kept as full as they are. The officers of the army know, feel, and regret this; but they dare not utter their sentiments, and wholesome discipline is made to give place to the pride and prejudice of the "sovereign people," from whose fickle breath all power and distinction must proceed.

The morning after I left Des Moines dawned in all the glory of a western autumn. I was on deck before daybreak, and saw the last faint glimmering stars "hide their diminished heads," as the great bridegroom came forth from his eastern chamber and prepared to run his giant course. The river was studded with a thousand islands, and the dank grey mist rising irregularly from its bosom, "hung in folds of wavy silver round" their varied and fantastic forms; by turns revealing and partially concealing the beauty of the woods and hills, and gradually creeping in graceful wreaths up the rocks and gigantic bluffs, which confine and control the mighty mass of waters.

But even the beauties of this scene were eclipsed by the richer glories of the evening of the same day. We had reached a district where the river flowed in one vast body unbroken by islands; the banks were lower, and clothed in all the majesty of the forest, which rose, like Milton's "verdurous wall," immediately from the margin of the water, wherein the tall stems of the cotton trees showed like silver columns. Autumn was here decked in all its glory, and in every variety of hue; the deep and solemn foliage of the nobler trees was relieved by the brilliant colours of the scarlet creeping-vines which were twined round their mighty limbs, and hung in festoons forming natural bowers, wherein poets might dream, or dryads repose. Over all this enchanting scene, and over the wide expanse of water, the setting sun had cast his rosy mantle and bathed it in a flood of crimson light.

I sat and gazed on this enchanting prospect with such delight, that consciousness was for a time lost in a waking dream; and when it again returned, it was only to enjoy a new feast of beauty; for the short twilight of the west had vanished, the massive shades of the forest had deepened almost to blackness, while the broad and tranquil bosom of the river reflected the pale and trembling beams of a crescent moon. How lovely, yet how different, a scene from that which preceded it! I have marked such a change on the face of maiden beauty, when conversing with the object of her love (which is *her* sunshine); her soul seems seated in her eyes, and the "pure and eloquent blood" coursing in its delicate channels, clothes the blushing cheek, the parted lip, even the white brow, and the yet whiter neck, with a glowing and rosy hue; but let the favoured whisperer depart, and the words of some indifferent acquaintance fall upon her ear, the radiance, the animation, the rosy glow, all are fled, and the fair listener stands in the cold repose of moonlight beauty.

But I am digressing, which is generally the pleasantest part of a journey, not always of a narrative.

The next place worthy of notice was Fort Armstrong: this is an older post than Des Moines; and as it stands boldly out on a high point of Rock Island, it is a more pleasing object to the eye of a traveller. In this neighbourhood many fine agates and geodes are picked up on the river shore, and in some of the limestone caves formed in the bluffs, are stalactites and other specimens interesting to the geologist. I saw here also a tooth taken from the head of the great American elephant, an animal which once existed in this country, and whose remains are sometimes mistaken for those of the mammoth, from which it differed considerably in size, shape, and in the quality of its food. It is said that the skeleton of this animal is tolerably complete in the bed of a streamlet, running through the territory of the Sauks and Foxes, and many attempts have been made to purchase and remove it; but these Indians consider it "medicine," and will not part with it.

Leaving Fort Armstrong, the Heroine made her steaming way on towards Galena. The river continued magnificently broad; the sloping wood-clad hills, and the bold and rugged bluffs, presented a constant change of beauty.

I was more comfortable in this boat than I had ever been in a steamer before. The captain, steward, and crew, were very civil and obliging; the table cleanly and well-served. But this was not all: may I venture to write in what my comfort consisted?—Yes, I must sacrifice gallantry to candour, and own at once that there were no ladies on board! and thus I was enabled, by permission of the captain, to have the ladies' cabin to myself during the whole journey, and to read, write, and occupy myself in it as I pleased.

In order to show the wages that a steady well-behaved man can obtain, I may here mention that the steward on board this boat received forty dollars (or ten pounds) a month, besides his board, and such perquisites or donations as were incident to his situation.

Having passed the upper rapids (which are near Rock Island, and not so shallow or dangerous as those near Des Moines) without accident, we arrived on the second day following at Galena, the seat of the great United States lead mines. This town, which has risen to some importance, and to a population of several thousands during the last few years, is situated on Fever River, about five miles from the point where it falls into the Mississippi. The Galenians, anxious for the healthy reputation of their river, have circulated a story that "Fever River" is an awkward corruption of the old French name of "Rivière des Fêves," or *Bean* River; but I see little reason to credit this version, especially as I have seen "Riv. de Fièvre" on an old map of that district. However, it is of little consequence: the place is as healthy as any other on the Mississippi banks; but its site is singularly inconvenient and circumscribed, being surrounded on the north and west by high bluffs, so as to render its increase to any extent almost impossible; while the ground on which it is built is so abrupt, that you have to climb a bank steep as the side of a house, in order to get from one street to another, and in rainy weather nothing short of stilts or Greenland boots can save a pedestrian from the mud and filth.

The inhabitants have hitherto cared little about paving, improving, or lighting the streets, as the land has not been as yet in the market; consequently the property still belongs to Congress, and the only existing title is a right of pre-emption; a year or two hence this evil will be, probably, remedied. The veins of lead in the neighbourhood are numerous, and very rich. The manner of working the mines is the simplest and the most primitive; a bucket and windlass are the only means used as yet, either for raising the mineral or clearing off the water: but, doubtless, steam will soon be applied for these purposes. I have seen but little of mining in my life, but I should conceive that few places offered greater facilities than are to be found in this district; and so small is the admixture of alloy, that before the process of smelting, eighty per cent. of pure lead is the average quantity obtained.

The customary law seems to be, that any person whatsoever may stake off ten acres of land as yet unoccupied, and is entitled to all the mineral that he can find within that range; and no other person can dig on his ten acres as long as he is carrying on any work there. The miners are the most wonderful mixture of humanity that ever I beheld: they are from all parts of the world, but chiefly from Ireland, Derbyshire, Cornwall, and Germany. Besides the emigrants from the above and other places, there are fugitives from law and justice, from every part of the world, thieves, pirates, deserters, &c. The wages are so high that they work little more than half their time, and spend the remaining half chiefly in drinking, gambling, quarrelling, dirking and pistolling one another. This picture is rather more faithfully descriptive of Dubuques than of Galena, in which latter place there are some who have made money, and who live soberly and respectably.

The Irish in this district are a very numerous and troublesome body, and have carried with them all the bitterness of their domestic prejudices and feuds, unsoftened by distance and unmellowed by time. Some of them spoke to me of the scenes of destruction, blood, and revolution, which they hoped yet to see in Britain, with a revengeful malice which inspired me with pity and disgust. It is now a fact well known, that here, as well as in many other parts of the United States, a subscription was raised by the Irish, numbering in its lists many Americans also (the object of which was to collect funds for an Irish rebellion), under the name of "Subscription of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty." This plot was widely extended, and seems to have been nearly ripe for execution, when it was thwarted by the passing of the Emancipation Bill: the bubble then burst, and difficulties arose as to the application of the sums already subscribed. In this neighbourhood about one thousand dollars had been collected, and the Liberty Boys applied the greater part of it to setting up in business a notorious villain, who had been one of a band of pirates in the Mexican Sea, and who, after committing one or two atrocious murders in or near Galena, moved off to Dubuques (a town fifteen miles distant, on the west side of the Mississippi), where he got into partnership, and having thought proper, one day, to murder his partner in cold blood, was, at length, hung by Lynch law.

This term, so familiar to American ears, may require explanation in Europe. I believe it originated in one of the Southern States, where a body of farmers, unable to bring some depredators to justice, according to legal form, chose one of their number, named Lynch, judge; from the rest they selected a jury, and from this self-constituted court they issued and enforced sundry whippings, and other punishments. During the last few years the settlements in the Mississippi valley have increased so fast, that the number of law-courts have been found too few and dilatory; and the inhabitants have, in many places assembled together, assumed the sovereign authority of the law, appointed a judge Lynch and a jury from among themselves, and have punished, and frequently hanged, those brought before them. In the case above-mentioned, few could pity the miscreant, or blame his executioners; but when the question is viewed on broad political or moral principles, it is impossible to conceive a more horrible outrage upon law, justice, and social order, than this kind of self-constituted court, taking upon itself, in a civilized country, to decide upon life and liberty.

During the summer, 1835, they hanged, in this manner, five individuals in one village on the Mississippi (Vicksburgh). The fellows were gamblers and disreputable vagabonds, it is true; but I have not been able to hear that any crime had been proved against them which would have been considered capital in a criminal court, when they were thus hurried into eternity by the excited anger and passions of their self-constituted judges. In the same outrageous manner they hanged, openly in the streets, ten or a dozen wretches called steam-doctors, who practised their miserable imposture and quackery in the south-west, and who were accused (rightfully or wrongfully, I know not) of being engaged in a plot to excite an insurrection among the negroes.

Such, however, is the state of feeling in the West, that I have heard many sober, wealthy, respectable-looking citizens, defend and approve of Lynch law, as a beneficial usage in the present state of the western country. If their opinions are correct, what must the state of those districts be? For myself, I can conceive no community except hordes of pirates, banditti, or savages, where such usages are defensible. If the protection of the law is distant, either as regards time or place, from any village, its inhabitants are, doubtless, justifiable in securing and confining any violent transgressor of the laws affecting life or property, and in using every proper means of bringing him to just punishment; but the hanging him in the street by their own authority, is neither more nor less than murder; and if any town or village is so remote as to render it extremely difficult to take the culprit before a legal tribunal, a sentence of death awarded by them remains a murder: but the greater share of the sin and disgrace falls upon the government, which leaves to its citizens a heavy and responsible office, that ought to be guarded by all the solemnities and securities of law.

In spite of the general loose and profligate character of the miners, many of them are industrious and regular in their habits. These persons amass a competent fortune with astonishing rapidity; but these very causes tend to keep the rate of wages extremely high, and the average character of labourers proportionably low; because a steady workman becomes in a very few weeks proprietor of "a lot," and requires that assistance which he so lately afforded to another. The price of provisions varies here to an extent almost incredible, owing to the inability of the neighbouring farmers to raise them in sufficient quantity; consequently the steam-boats from St. Louis are loaded with flour and pork; and as long as the navigation is easy and unobstructed, these articles are sold at a moderate price; but if any accident occurs to impede this supply, they rise frequently one or two hundred per cent. With such a great and daily-increasing demand, and a fine rich country in the neighbourhood, the greater part of which is for sale at a dollar and a quarter (six shillings) an acre, it is needless to point out the advantages held out to industrious emigrants.

After staying a few days at Galena, I pursued my way up the river; and, passing Dubuques, Cassville, and one or two smaller settlements in the mineral district, arrived at Prairie du Chien, an old French village, immediately below which is a military post called Fort Crawfurd. On presenting my letters of introduction, I was received with the same hospitality that I have everywhere experienced from the officers of the United States' army. A plate was laid for me at the commanding officer's table; and another gentleman, in whose quarters I lodged, actually insisted upon my occupying his bed while he slept on a sofa fitted up with a buffalo robe.

The view from this cantonment is not very remarkable, as its position is too low to command an extensive prospect; but that from the bluffs, ranged about half a mile in its rear, is magnificent; and the eye can take in at once many miles of the course of the Wisconsin, as well as of the Mississippi, the former river falling into the latter about five miles below the fort.

I found that two or three of the officers were planning a hunting expedition towards the head waters of Turkey River (which runs from north-west to south-east and falls into the Mississippi some miles below Prairie du Chien), where we were told that pheasants, deer, elk, and other game were in the greatest abundance. I requested permission to join the party, as my object was to see the country; and I could get no steam-boat, or other opportunity of visiting St. Peter's and the Falls of St. Anthony.

We accordingly set out in a large boat, containing about twenty men, a light cart, a pony, plenty of provisions, and a due supply of ammunition. Being obliged to ascend the Mississippi about ten miles, our progress was extremely slow; for the stream was strong, the head wind blowing pretty fresh (accompanied by an icy chilling sleet); and the boat could only be propelled by being pushed up with long poles along the shores of the various islands, where the current was the least formidable. However, as it was a "party of pleasure," the men were in the highest spirits, forgot the wet and the cold, and the boat echoed with jokes and laughter. A cap was blown overboard, and a fellow plunged head over heels into the stream after it; he went some feet under water, rose, swam in pursuit, recovered the cap, bore it in triumph to land, and running up along the bank, was taken again on board. The island which we were here passing was the scene, a few years ago, of one of those horrible tragedies at which humanity shudders, and which Cooper has painted in colours equally graphic and terrible.

The Sioux and the Winnebagoes[*] had been for some time at war, but had agreed upon a temporary cessation of hostilities, when a party of about eight warriors of the former tribe came down to the bank of the river, and saw on the island a Winnebago encampment containing eleven persons, all women and children, the men having gone out upon a hunting expedition: the sight of these helpless victims aroused the thirst of the Sioux for blood; and, regardless of the truce, they plunged into the river, swam to the island, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. One heroic boy only escaped: he drew his little arrow to the feathers, buried it deep in the breast of one of his enemies, then plunging into the thickets, fled, not for safety, but revenge. Swimming the river, he ran down its eastern bank to Fort Crawfurd, where his dreadful tale soon drew to his side many of his own tribe, who instantly returned with him towards the island, accompanied by a party of soldiers and several officers (of whom my informant was one), who were ordered to use their best endeavours to overtake and capture the Sioux; but in the mean time, these latter, aware of the pursuit that would immediately ensue, completed hastily their murderous work, and scalping all their victims, retreated with their bloody trophies into the wilds of their own territory.

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[*] This nation is called among the Canadian French "Les Puans:" they came originally from the borders of Lake Michigan, near the villages of the Sâkies and the Outagamies or Foxes, and the name by which they are known among early travellers is Otchagras; according to some of whom they received the beautiful appellation of Les Puans, because, when first visited by the whites, their village, on the edge of a marsh, was full of stale and stinking fish.

When the Winnebagoes arrived at the scene of slaughter, their shouts and yells were deafening. Women and children had joined them in great numbers, and mingled their shrieks and lamentations with the revengeful cries of the men. At length they espied the body of the Sioux, whom the brave boy had pierced with his arrow; he was by this time quite dead, but had contrived to crawl a few hundred paces from the encampment, and thus his companions had, in the hurry of their flight, forgotten to carry off his body.* The Winnebagoes now surrounded it, and prepared to wreak upon it all the indignities which fury and revenge could suggest. The minister on whom the office devolved, was a handsome young girl of eighteen, who was the nearest relative present of those who had been massacred: she stept forward with a countenance calm and unmoved, seized the scalping-knife, divided the bones of the breast with a skill and rapidity which proved that the work was neither new nor unpleasant to her; and tearing out the heart, cut it into small slices, which she presented warm and reeking to the savage men around her, who ate them in gloomy and revengeful silence!

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* The Indians never leave the bodies of their slain in the hands of the enemy, but carry them off at all risks and hazards. After some of the most bloody conflicts, in which the Americans have known that great numbers of Indians must have fallen, they have often traversed the field of action without finding many, if any, of their dead.

In the whole history of the female sex, from the fierce treachery of Sisera, or the classic legend of Medea, down to the modern dramatic fiction of Helen Macgregor, I do not remember to have met with so fine a subject for the pencil of a Spagnoletto or a Guido, as this young and beautiful priestess of Nemesis, surrounded by her murdered kindred, offering the horrible banquet of the murderer's heart, not to satiate, but to excite, the vengeful fury of the survivors of her tribe! Would that I could see it on canvass, as I now have it before my mind's eye, with all the splendid accompaniments belonging to the scene! the glorious Mississippi sweeping by; the dusky groups bending with smothered grief and rage over the mutilated bodies of their friends; the white men in the back ground looking on in the silence of pity and horror, and above all, the dreadful priestess of the bleeding heart! Oh! it is too horrible to think upon! and yet the injury suffered by these poor savages, almost gives a tragic sublimity to a scene which, under other circumstances, could be contemplated only with loathing and disgust.

CHAPTER VI.

Encampment of Winnebagoes. — Their Lodges. — Women of the Tribe. — Arrival at the Painted Rock. — March into the Interior.—Our Party reconnoitred by an Indian.—Language of the Winnebagoes.—A half-breed Interpreter.—Hunting Expedition on Turkey River.—Stratagem of our Indian Neighbours.—Bee-hunting.—A Stag bathing.—Disappointment.—Search for Deer. —A Doe shot.—Prairies and Woods set on fire by the Indians. —Critical Situation.—A Forest Conflagration.—Prairie Wolves. —Return to the Fort. — Fallacious Assertions. — Tribes in the Neighbourhood of the Fort.—An Excursion.—Ascent of a steep Bluff. — Reception in a Log-hut. — Fertile District. — Beautiful Woodland Scene.

After passing this tragic island we came to another, on which was an encampment of Winnebagoes. As we expected to take in at this place a Canadian, who was going to hunt in the West, we landed, and were by no means sorry to creep into the lodges and warm ourselves, as we were annoyed both by cold and rain. The lodges of this tribe are entirely different from those of the of Pawnees, although like them they are formed of skins: they are circular, and vary in size according to the wealth or number of the occupants; there are two apertures for the admission of light and air; one, the door, over which in cold weather a kind of flap, or curtain, is made to fall; the other, in the centre of the summit, by which the smoke escapes from the fire below. They have many more comforts, such as domestic utensils for cookery, &c. than the Pawnees, or other wild tribes, owing to their proximity to, and intercourse with, the whites; but they pay dearly for these in the fondness which they have acquired for whisky, and the consequent diminution of their numbers and degradation of their character.

The women are prettier (or rather not so homely) as those among the Pawnees; but, upon the whole, they are less good-looking than the Menomenee girls, among whom I have seen a few with good features and most graceful forms. If an Indian girl is beautiful, it is impossible to avoid feeling the greatest interest for her: one remembers the drudgery and slavery which she must undergo, the low and degrading place allotted to her in the scale of society; and there is a repose and resignation in her countenance, which cannot fail to excite compassion and pity, and these (as the poet tells us) prepare the heart for the reception of yet warmer feelings.

In spite of wind and sleet, we were soon obliged to resume our slow ascent of the river, and in due course of time arrived at Painted Rock, the place of our debarkation. We pitched our tent in a low marshy hollow, which would be an admirable situation for a temple to the goddess of fever and ague. On the following morning we commenced our march into the interior: the whole party (consisting of three officers, four soldiers, myself, and servant) was on foot, and a stout pony drew our baggage in a sort of springless vehicle, resembling a small English tax-cart. After a tedious march over a high, barren, and uninteresting prairie, for three days, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles a day, we arrived at the point on Turkey River at which our grand hunt was to commence.

On the third day, in the forenoon, an Indian came gallopping down with a loose rein towards us. On a nearer approach he proved to be a Winnebago, who had left his band (which was distant two or three miles) to reconnoitre our party. We soon came up with their main body, which was encamped by the side of a wooded hill, and presented a wild and picturesque appearance. They had just struck their lodges, and were loading the horses to recommence their march, when we came up with them. Two or three of the chiefs, and the principal men, were sitting, as usual, and smoking, while the women gathered the bundles and packs, and the boys ran or gallopped about, catching the more wild and refractory beasts of burthen. The officer of our party knew the chief, who had been down frequently to Fort Crawfurd, and we accordingly sat down and smoked the pipe of peace and recognition.

The conversation between white men and Winnebagoes is almost always carried on in Saukie, Menomenee, or some other dialect of the Chippeway, as their own language can scarcely be acquired or pronounced by any but their own tribe: it is dreadfully harsh and guttural; the lips, tongue, and palate, seem to have resigned their office to the uvula in the throat, or to some yet more remote ministers of sound. In all the Upper Mississippi I only heard of one white man who could speak and understand it tolerably; but their best interpreter is a half-breed named Pokette, who is equally popular with his white and red brethren; the latter of whom have granted him several fine tracts of land in the Wisconsin territory, where he resides. I am told that he keeps thirty or forty horses, and has made a fortune of above one hundred thousand dollars.

I fell in with him at Galena, and had half an hour's conversation with him, only for the pleasure of looking at him and scanning his magnificent and Herculean frame. I think he is the finest (though by no means the largest) mould of a man that ever I saw: he is about six feet four inches in height, and as perfectly proportioned as painter or statuary could desire. Perhaps his arms and legs are too muscular for perfect beauty of form; still, that is a defect easily pardoned.

His countenance is open, manly, and intelligent; and his ruddy brown complexion, attesting the mingled blood of two distinct races, seems to bid defiance to cold, heat, or disease. He is proverbially good-natured, and is universally considered the strongest man in the Upper Mississippi.

He is said never to have struck any person in anger except one fellow, a very powerful and well-known boxer, from one of the towns on the river, who had heard of Pokette's strength, and went to see him with the determination of thrashing (or, in American phrase, whipping) him. Accordingly he took an opportunity of giving a wanton and cruel blow to a favourite dog belonging to Pokette; and, on the latter remonstrating with him on his conduct, he attempted to treat the master as he had treated the dog. On offering this insolent outrage, he received a blow from the hand of Pokette which broke the bridge of his nose, closed up both his eyes, and broke or bruised some of the bones of the forehead so severely as to leave his recovery doubtful for several weeks.

To return to the Winnebago encampment. As the Indians were also upon a hunting expedition on Turkey River, we all started together, and went a few miles in the same direction; but we soon divided, and they proceeded to the south-west, while our party kept a north-west course; consequently, on reaching the river, they were camped about six or eight miles below us. I little thought that these rascals would so pertinaciously and successfully endeavour to spoil our sport; but I suppose they considered us intruders, and determined to punish us accordingly. We had, in the mean time, killed nothing but a few pheasants and grouse; but our object in coming to Turkey River was to find deer, elks, and bears, all of which we had been taught to expect in abundance. We pitched our camp in a well-wooded valley (called here "a bottom") formed by the river; our wigwam was constructed, after the Menomenee fashion, of mats made from a kind of reed, and bound firmly in a semicircular form to a frame-work of willow, or other elastic wood, fastened by strings formed from the bark of the elm. The soldiers cut an abundance of firewood, and we were well provided with flour, biscuit, coffee, and pork; so that we had little to fear from cold or hunger.

The day after our arrival we all set off in different directions in search of game. Some of the party contented themselves with shooting ducks and pheasants; I and two or three others went in pursuit of the quadruped game. I confess I expected to kill one or two elk, perhaps a bear, and common deer *ad libitum*; however, after a walk of six or eight hours, during which I forded the river twice, and went over many miles of ground, I returned without having seen a single deer. This surprised me the more, as I saw numberless beds and paths made by them, but no track of either elk or bear. My brother sportsmen were equally unfortunate, and no venison graced our board. I had, however, heard a great many shots, some of which were fired before daylight, and we soon perceived that our Indian neighbours had laid a plan to drive all the deer from the vicinity of our encampment.

We continued to while away some hours very agreeably in bee-hunting, at which sport two or three of the soldiers were very expert. Of the bee-trees which we cut down, one was very rich in honey; the flavour was delicious, and I ate it in quantities which would have nauseated me had it been made from garden plants, instead of being collected from the sweet wild flowers of the prairie. Our life was most luxurious in respect of bed and board, for we had plenty of provisions, besides the pheasants, grouse, &c. that we shot; and at night the soldiers made such a bonfire of heavy logs as to defy the annoyances of wet and cold.

The second day's sport was as fruitless as the first; but the same firing continued all around us, for which we vented many maledictions on our Indian tormentors. On the third day I contented myself with sauntering along the banks of the river and shooting a few pheasants: evening was closing in, the weather was oppressively warm, and I lay down at the foot of a great tree to rest and cool myself by the breath of a gentle breeze, which crept with a low whisper through its leaves, when I distinctly heard a plashing noise in the water at the distance of a hundred yards. I rolled myself, silently and stealthily as a snake, towards the spot — the plashing still continued, and I thought it must be an Indian, either performing his ablutions, or walking up the bed of the stream, in order to conceal his footprints. At length I reached the unwieldy stump of a fallen tree, from which I could command a view of the water; and raising my head cautiously, saw a magnificent stag bathing and refreshing himself, unconscious of the glittering tube which was pointed straight at his heart.

I never saw a more noble or graceful animal; he tossed his great antlers in the air, then dipped his nose in the water and snorted aloud; then he stamped with his feet, and splashed till the spray fell over his sleek and dappled sides. Here a sportsman would interrupt me, saying, "A truce to your description,—did you shoot him through the brain or through the heart?" And a fair querist might ask, "Had you the heart to shoot so beautiful a creature?" Alas! alas! my answer would satisfy neither! I had left my rifle at home, and had only my fowling-piece, loaded with partridge shot; I was sixty yards from the stag, and could not possibly creep, undiscovered, a step nearer, and I had not the heart to wound the poor animal, when there was little or no chance of killing him. I therefore saw him conclude his bath; and then clearing, at one bound, the willow bushes which fringed the opposite bank, he disappeared in a thicket. I marked well the place; and resolving to take an early opportunity of renewing my visit under more favourable circumstances, returned home.

On the following day, I sallied forth with my trusty double-rifle, carefully loaded, each barrel carrying a ball weighing an ounce. I chose the middle of the day; because the deer, after feeding all the morning, generally go down to the streams to drink previously to their lying down during the warm hours of noon-tide. I crept noiselessly to my stump, gathered a few scattered branches to complete the shelter of my hiding-place, and lay down with that mingled feeling (so well known to every hunter) which unites the impatience of a lover with the patience of a Job! I suppose I had been there nearly two hours, when I thought I heard a rustling on the opposite side; it was only a squirrel hopping from bough to bough. Again I was startled by a saucy pheasant, who seemed conscious of the security which he now gained from his insignificance, and strutted, and scraped, and crowed within a few paces of the muzzle of my rifle. At length, I distinctly heard a noise among the willows, on which my anxious look was rivetted; it grew louder and louder, and then I heard a step in the water, but could not yet see my victim, as the bank made a small bend, and he was concealed by the projecting bushes.

I held my breath, examined the copper caps; and as I saw the willows waving in the very same place in which he had crossed the day before, I cocked and pointed my rifle at the spot where he must emerge: the willows on the very edge of the bank move, — my finger is on the trigger, when, NOT my noble stag, but an Indian carrying on his shoulder a hind-quarter of venison, jumps down upon the smooth sand of the beach! I was so mad with anger and disappointment, that I could scarcely take the sight of the rifle from the fellow's breast! I remained motionless, but watching all his movements. He put down his rifle and his venison; and shading his eyes with his hands, made a long and deliberate examination of the bank on which I was concealed; but my faithful stump was too much even for his practised eyes, and I remained unobserved. He then examined, carefully, every deer-track and foot-print on the sand whereon he stood; after which, resuming his rifle and meat, he tried the river at several places in order to find the shallowest ford.

As it happened, he chose the point exactly opposite to me; so that when he came up the bank, he was within a few feet of me. He passed close by my stump without noticing me, and I then gave a sudden and loud Pawnee yell. He certainly did jump at this unexpected apparition of a man armed with a rifle; but I hastened to dispel any feelings of uneasiness by friendly signs, because I do not conceive such a trial to be any fair test of a man's courage, and I have no doubt that if he had given me a similar surprise, I should have been more startled than he was. He smiled when I showed him my hiding-place, and explained to him my object in selecting it. I took him home to our wigwam; and as my companions had met with no success, we bought his meat for some bread and a drink of whisky.

On the following day I determined to get a deer, and accordingly started with two soldiers to a large grove or bottom, where they had seen several the evening before. The weather was dry; and as our footsteps on the dead leaves were thus audible at a great distance, the difficulty of approaching so watchful an enemy was much increased. As the Indians had driven off the greater part of the game from our immediate neighbourhood, we walked ten or eleven miles up the river before we began to hunt; we then followed its winding descent, and saw three or four does, but could not get near enough to shoot; at length one started near me, and galloped off through the thick brushwood. I fired and wounded it very severely; it staggered, and turned round two or three times; still it got off through the thicket before I could get another sight of it. At the same time, I heard another shot fired by a soldier, a quarter of a mile on our right. I looked in vain for blood, by which to track my wounded deer, and gave it up in despair when, just as I was making towards the river, to rejoin my companion, I came upon some fresh blood-tracks: after following them a hundred yards, I found a doe quite dead, but still warm; I thought it was the one which I had just shot, and hallooed to the soldier, who returned to assist me in skinning and hanging it up out of reach of the wolves. On examining the wound, the doe proved to be the one which he had shot, as the ball had entered on the right side, and I had fired from the left; he thought he had missed her.

We found no more game this day, and returned to the camp. The other sportsmen had met with no success. The Indians now set fire to the prairies and woods all around us, and the chance of good sport daily diminished. These malicious neighbours were determined to drive us from the district; they evidently watched our every motion; and whenever we entered a wood or grove to hunt, they were sure to set the dry grass on fire. Half a mile to the windward they pursued this plan so effectually, as not only to spoil our hunting, but on two occasions to oblige me to provide hastily for my personal safety: on the first of these, they set fire to a wood where I was passing, and compelled me to cross a creek for fear of being overtaken by the flames; on the second, having watched me as I crossed a large dry prairie, beyond which was some timber that I wished to try for deer, they set fire to the grass in two or three places to the windward; and as it was blowing fresh at the time, I saw that I should not have time to escape by flight; so I resorted to the simple expedient, in which lies the only chance of safety on such occasions: I set the prairie on fire where I myself was walking, and then placed myself in the middle of the black barren space which I thus created, and which covered many acres before the advancing flames reached its border; when they did so they naturally expired for want of fuel, but they continued their leaping, smoking, and crackling way on each side of me to the right and to the left. It was altogether a disagreeable sensation, and I was half choked with hot dust and smoke.

On the following afternoon, I went out again in a direction that we had not tried, where the prairie was not yet burnt. I could find no deer, and the shades of night began to close round me, when, on the opposite hills to those on which I stood, I observed two or three slender pillars of curling smoke arising out of the wood, which was evidently now fired on purpose by the Indians. I sat down to watch the effect; for, although I had seen many prairie fires, I had never enjoyed so good an opportunity as the present; for the ground rose in a kind of amphitheatre, of which I had a full and commanding view. Now the flames crept slowly along the ground, then, as the wind rose, they burst forth with increasing might, fed by the dry and decayed elders of the forest, which crackled, tottered, and fell beneath their burning power; they now rose aloft in a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms, lighting up the whole landscape to a lurid hue; while the dense clouds of smoke which rolled gloomily over the hills, mixed with the crash of the falling timber, gave a dreadful splendour to the scene. I sat for some time enjoying it; and when I rose to pursue my course towards home, I had much difficulty in finding it. The night relapsed into its natural darkness; the prairie at my feet was black, burnt, and trackless, and I could see neither stream nor outline of hill by which to direct my steps.

I sat down again for a few minutes to rest myself, and to recollect, as well as I might be able, any or all the circumstances which should guide me in the direction which I ought to take. While I remained in this position a band of prairie wolves, on an opposite hill, began their wild and shrill concert; and I was somewhat startled at hearing it answered by the long loud howl of a single wolf, of the large black species, that stood and grinned at me, only a few yards from the spot where I was seated. I did not approve of so close a neighbourhood to this animal, and I called to him to be off, thinking that the sound of my voice would scare him away; but as he still remained I thought it better to prepare my rifle, in case he should come still nearer, but determined not to fire until the muzzle touched his body, as it was too dark to make a sure shot at any distance beyond a few feet. However, he soon slunk away, and left me alone.

Fortunately I remembered the relative bearings of our camp, and of the point whence the wind came, and after scrambling through a few thickets, and breaking my shins over more than one log of fallen wood, I reached home without accident or adventure. The whole country around us was now so completely burnt up and devastated, that nothing remained for us but to resume our march towards the fort.

We returned by the same dull and tiresome route as that by which we had arrived. The weather was raw and cold, and our only occupation was to shoot a few grouse for dinner and supper, by wandering off to the right or left of the trail. We arrived safely at the cantonment, having been absent nearly a fortnight. Those who had expected excellent sport must have been much disappointed; as for myself, I had been so often "taken in" since I came to this country, that I was rather cautious in giving credit to the stories of the abundance of game with which settlers in the western world amuse strangers. It has occurred to me to be told, "Sir, the deer in my neighbourhood are actually swarming; they come nightly into my garden; we have as much venison as we choose to kill; if you will come and pay me a visit, I will go out with you, and insure you a dozen shots in a day." I have paid the visit, and have walked with my host from morning till night, during which time I got one, or perhaps two shots: my consolation has been the renewed assurance that he never went over the same ground without seeing fifty deer." In fact, this amplification forms a prominent feature of their character; and not content with the extent and fertility of their territory, the magnificence of their rivers and forests, all of which are unequalled in the civilized world, they will claim for themselves a similar pre-eminence in cases where it is so evidently undeserved, that a traveller feels an inclination to discredit all alike. However, he must not allow himself to be carried away by this prejudice; although the American geese are not swans, they are very good geese.

During my stay at the fort, I went frequently to visit the lodges of Indians scattered about the neighbourhood: they consist mostly of Winnebagoes and Menomenees (or wild-rice Indians); and I gathered from them as much information as possible regarding their customs and languages. Some of the girls of the latter tribe have the prettiest features that I have seen among the Indians; but they have not escaped the demoralization inseparable from intercourse with the whites, and most of those who are good-looking are mistresses to persons in or about the garrison. Of course they do not consider such a connexion disreputable, and generally adhere to it with the strong attachment and patient fidelity which distinguish their character. In this neighbourhood I saw occasionally also a few Sâkies, and some of the Outagami (or Fox) tribe.

Having remained for some days enjoying the comforts and hospitalities of the cantonment, I hired a French lad with a cart and horse, in order that I might have an opportunity of seeing the country between Prairie du Chien and Galena, which had been represented to me as very interesting and beautiful.

I started on foot with my gun in my hand; and after walking six or seven miles, came to the Wisconsin River, which I crossed by a ferry; after which I proceeded by a prairie road towards the house of a gentleman to whom I had been introduced at the fort, and who had invited me to spend a day or two with him. After leaving a valley formed by a streamlet running into the Wisconsin, the road led up a bluff, which was certainly the steepest that ever I saw attempted by cart or carriage, not excepting the "Back-bone" of the Alleghanies in Virginia, which cost me such anxiety and labour the preceding year. However, the cart was light: I, my servant, and the Canadian lad, worked the wheels and pushed behind, while the boy urged his sturdy little steed by repeated cries of "Allons!" "Marche donc!" &c. By dint of our joint efforts, and tacking frequently in the course of the ascent, we reached the summit in safety, although the pony's exertions caused him to fall more than once, and it required all our strength to prevent the whole caravan — men, horse, cart, and baggage — from rolling together to the bottom of the hill.

At the corner of a maize field, about twenty-five miles from the fort, I had been directed to bear off to the right hand. I accordingly did so; and after losing my way only once among the woods, reached Mr. E——'s house just as evening was closing in. Like many of the emigrants into this country, which was so lately a wilderness, he lived in a small log-hut, less spacious and weather-proof than the cottage of the poorest English peasant; but with a good fire, a warm welcome, and a smoking hot supper, he must be but a poor traveller who cannot make himself comfortable. My hostess, his lady, went about her cabin "on hospitable thoughts intent," and left me leisure to play with a fine little child of seven or eight years old, who was the youngest and of course the pet of the family. Just by the door, suspended by the neck, were three of the finest wild geese that I ever saw, which Mr. E—— had killed on the day before, at one shot, and the venison steaks on the supper-table contributed to the excitement of my sporting propensities; but the weather was extremely unpropitious for deer-hunting, as the frost was hard, dry, and still, so that a hunter's foot might be heard for several hundred yards; consequently we saw a few, but did not fire a shot, on the morning after my arrival.

The district which I had now reached is one of the most tempting to an emigrant of any that I have seen: it is watered by the Grant River, one of the most beautiful winding streams in America; its banks are here and there clothed with the finest timber, abounding in deer and other game; in some places it has formed a deposit of alluvium, on which corn, grass, and every vegetable production can be raised in the greatest abundance. The general character of the country is undulating (or, as it is termed in America, "rolling"), the soil is of the finest quality, and a ready market for farm produce can be found at several neighbouring towns, such as Prairie du Chien, Galena, Dubuques, and other places, where the mining population already requires twenty times the supply that the country farmers can afford; while the unexplored mines of lead render the value of land great beyond calculation: at this time it was in the market at one and a quarter dollar per acre, the fixed government price.

In one respect I prefer it very much to any situation that I have seen in the Great Mississippi valley, namely, in its healthiness. Fever and ague, those dreadful scourges of Illinois, Missouri, and the other States bordering on the great western water, seem here unknown; and the inhabitants are also free from the pulmonary complaints so common in the eastern States. In the coolies,* or little valleys, lying between the ridges of hill, by which the country is intersected, are springs of the purest and most delicious water; while all the vegetables most valuable for domestic use, are raised abundantly with the least possible cultivation. Ireland herself cannot boast of potatoes more mealy or farinaceous, nor did I ever see them attain so great a size; one of them is sometimes put into a dish alone, and is sufficient for two or three persons. Peas, beans, turnips, and beet of every description, come to the same perfection; and the beef and mutton are the best that I have eaten in the United States.

On the second day of my arrival it rained without ceasing, and there was no wind; so that there was little chance of sport. At night the weather changed suddenly, and severe frost ensued. On the following morning I went out soon after dawn to enjoy the fresh air, and the bright beams of a young sun. I never shall forget the beauty of that woodland scene. Every "herb, tree, fruit, flower, glistened with dew," and not only with dew, but with the rain of the previous day, frozen into the most bright and shining crystals, reflecting, according to their forms, the various prismatic hues, with which they were impregnated by the solar rays. Neither the pencil of the painter, nor pen of the poet, could convey a representation of the resplendent brilliancy of Nature's spangled mantle of ice on that lovely morning: the ancient forest looked like one of those great crystalline palaces, created by the fertile imagination of Ariosto; and a northern Armida might have made her bower among the fantastic yet graceful vines which hung from the spreading arms of the forest trees; every curl of their "leafy tresses" terminating in resplendent icicles. I have seen, in the court of the sovereign, and in some of the assemblies of British fashion, the brow, the neck, and the waist, of beauty, adorned with diamonds of inestimable value; shining and brilliant they were too,—but, oh! how far less bright and lustrous than those with which the humblest bush, or shrub, was decked on this lovely morning by the icy breath of winter!

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* A western phrase, obviously from the French.

I could not help calling to mind one of those passages, in which the Divine Moralist and Legislator reproves the vanity of man:—"Look at the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!"

CHAPTER VII.

An English Settler.—Search for Deer.—Excursion to Dubuques.—River Platte.—Crossing the Ferry.—The Ferryman's Extortion.—Ramble among the Mountains—its Excitement.—"Awkward Slue."—Deer feeding.—Practice in Woodcraft.—Beautiful Scene.—Dinner in the Ferryman's House.—A Western Twilight.—Arrival at Dubuques.—Company in the Bar-room of the Tavern.—Meeting with Dr. M. of the United States' Army.—Our Dormitory.—Singular Dialogue.—Theft rare in the Towns on the Mississippi.—Mines near Dubuques.—Religious Service in the Town.—A Bully.—Whimsical Delusion.—Tomb of a Spanish Miner.—Mr. F. the Geologist.—Arrival at St. Louis.—Mean Extortion.

I REMAINED another day with my host on Grant River, and then proceeded to a farmer's house about fifteen miles further to the south. The soil here was much the same in quality as that which I had just left. Settlers were rapidly emigrating into this country; among them I found an English labourer and his wife, who had just finished the building of a neat wooden cottage, the interior of which, with its corner cupboard of Staffordshire crockery, gave sufficient evidence of the land whence its occupants came: they had only been settled in this quarter two years, but everything around them bore the marks of comfort and prosperity; cattle, pigs, and poultry, loitered round their cabin, a pair of stout horses stood in the corner of an enclosure feasting on a heap of maize, and the table was well supplied with milk, tea, butter, venison, potatoes, and honey. It was impossible (in spite of that love of home which amounts in me to a prejudice) not to contrast in my imagination their present situation with that which they filled three years ago as day labourers in Staffordshire; the man earning with difficulty two dollars per week, and either suffering all the miseries of poverty and want, or squabbling with an overseer for some pitiful allowance of two or three shillings extra, in consequence of having encumbered himself and the parish with a fine family of children.

I found at my new halting-place several woodsmen who were out in search of deer: I accompanied them, and on the first day one of them killed a buck; I did not get a shot. On the second day I was more successful, as I wounded one in the morning, which we afterwards secured; and later in the day I killed another deer, but it was young, and not very fat.

I then left my servant and baggage to go on to Galena, while I struck off on foot to see the country, with the intention of crossing the river to Dubuques, which I have before noted as being remarkable for the rich mines of lead in its neighbourhood. As the distance was about forty-five miles, and I wished to arrive by daylight, I did not judge it prudent to decline my worthy host's offer of a horse for the first ten or fifteen miles. I accordingly took with me only a pedestrian's proper equipage; namely, a toothbrush in my pocket, and a walking-stick in my hand, and started, accompanied by a boy, who was to act as guide, and to lead back my steed.

I rode the fifteen miles through an undulating wooded country only partially "settled," but possessing every advantage and capability for agriculture; namely, rich soil, fine timber, and excellent water. I then sent back the boy; and getting all the information possible respecting the paths to the right, to the left, round one hill and across another, and receiving repeated assurances that I could not miss my way (for the *good* reason that my informant knew it as well as a cockney knows the road to Highgate), I struck alone into the woods. All went right for the first few miles, and I trudged merrily along, astonishing the quiet old forest sometimes with the "Highland Laddie" or "Bonnie Prince Charlie;" sometimes attempting the Pawnee yell, (which last, by the by, would ten years ago have transferred my scalp into the hands of some prowling Sâki,*) when my mirth and music were suddenly checked by a fork in the little path which I was following. The two new trails were equally distinct; both seemed to lead towards the Mississippi, and I had been told to take the first path to the right: I hesitated a minute or two, during which I consulted my compass, and had time to observe faint traces of a horse's hoof in that which led to the left; and as I knew that I had to cross a horse-ferry over the river Platte,* I struck off into the latter, in defiance of my instructions. My "calculations" proved correct, and after an hour's brisk walking, I reached the said ferry.

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* This territory belonged then to the tribe called Sâkies and Foxes.

This river Platte is a beautiful winding stream, about as large as the Trent, near Newark or Clifton. The weather was extremely cold; a little snow had fallen, and this rendered the finding of a small path in these woods no easy task, as no person or animal had passed it since the snow-fall. I hailed some people who were on the opposite bank at work, to bring me over a boat, or some means of crossing: they hallooed to ask if I could "paddle a *skiff*;" on my answering in the affirmative, I was told, that, if I looked down the stream, I should find one in the reeds, and I might paddle myself over. The shore was marshy, and the frost just hard enough to make a kind of crusted mud, which would not bear my weight, but would (and did) considerably annoy my ancles and shins; however there was no remedy, and I scrambled on through the reeds (from which the sun had melted the snow just enough to wet me up to the shoulders), and, at length, discovered the *skiff*, a huge clumsy canoe, hollowed out from the trunk of a sycamore; it contained no bench to sit upon, and was half full of water: altogether I fancy it must have been a specimen of naval architecture not unlike the old ship Argo; however, my classical parallel must stop here, for I claim no resemblance to Theseus, and was much more disposed to attack a leg of mutton than to go in quest of a golden fleece.

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* The rivers in America have undergone almost as much reduplication of appellatives as her cities. In my western tour I have already met with four rivers named "Platte."

I seized the paddle and pushed off; and as I sat in this floating cold bath, and made it creep sluggishly through the water, I muttered to myself (not for the first time in my life) old Horace's "*Illi robur et æs triplex!*" My craft was so water-logged that the least lateral motion would have filled and sunk her; and I began to think, if I were to be drowned there, what would be my elegy. Should I, if I stuck between the reeds and mud find any bird to sing over me (like the swan in Mæander) "*Sic ubi fata vocant udis abjectus in herbis?*" Should I, like Palinurus, immortalise the "unknown strand" on which I was cast? Was there any Milton to make a Lycidas of me? Alas! no. My elegy must have come from the pen of the great comedian, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

Despite these melancholy musings, I brought my Argo safe into port, sprang up the bank, and proceeded to question the "gentleman of the ferry" (who, with hands thrust comfortably into his side-pockets, and a quid in his cheek, had been a tranquil spectator of my navigation), respecting my route towards the next ferry where I was to cross the Mississippi. He told me "that there was a path through the woods, that the distance was only eight or ten miles, but that I could not go on foot on account of an obstacle in the form of an 'awkward slue.'"[*] Upon interrogating him farther respecting this "creek," to which he applied the expressive epithets of "ugly" and "awkward,"[†] I learnt that he considered it too wide to leap, too shallow to swim, and too deep in mud to wade; and that I must go round and head it, which would not take me more than four or five miles out of my way. All this did sound somewhat "awkward;" but I determined to adopt the motto of a sporting member of Congress, well known through all America, "Go a-head;" and I was about to do so, when the ferryman reminded me that I had not paid, and put forth his hand for half a dollar. It did appear rather queer, that after breaking my shins among his half-frozen marshes, and then exposing my life to the attacks of rheumatism, catarrh, &c. in bringing over to him his half-sunk canoe, I was to pay him for ferrying me!

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[*] I do not know how to spell this word: its general acceptation in the West is a channel made in the great river by an island; the smaller branch running between that island and the nearest shore is called "a slue." The place that I was about to cross was, properly speaking, "a creek."

[†] I believe these two words are perfectly orthodox in the sporting world in the "old country;" and there is no Meltonian to whom the terms "an awkward brook," and an "ugly fence," are not unpleasantly familiar.

While I was deliberating upon the propriety of making or resisting this payment, a drover came up who wished to have two yoke of oxen taken over. The large flat-boat was in still worse trim than my Argo, and consequently could not go over at all; and he had no alternative but to force his oxen into the river, and make them swim over. When I found that this fellow paid the ferryage for his oxen under these circumstances, I followed his example without murmur or hesitation,—so great is the consolation which we derive from seeing our neighbour worse cheated than ourselves. Fortunate indeed is it for the worthy ferryman, that the ex-member for Middlesex does not flourish in this district; for never was service non-performed so overpaid, nor sinecure so complete as his; no, not in all the Treasury records from the time of the administration of Sir R. Walpole till that of Lord Grey.

Wishing him "good morning," I started again at a brisk pace, revolving in my mind the various plans by which I should attempt the passage of the "awkward slue." I had now got among the high and steep bluffs which extend along the eastern shore of the Mississippi; my foot was on a hill; I had walked just far enough to stretch my muscles and to raise my spirits, and I bounded along, leaving "care the canker" far behind. Brandishing my knotted cudgel, I felt not quite like Ascanius, as if I "wished to see a bear or tawny lion spring from the thicket;" but as if I could have cracked the crown of the clerk of Copmanhurst himself in a good-humoured bout at quarter-staff. Indeed I have never known such excitement from any exercise, not even from the headlong gallop of a buffalo chase, as I have experienced from a solitary walk among mountains; thoughts crowd upon thoughts, which I can neither control, nor breathe in words; I almost feel that I am a poet, but (as Byron beautifully expresses it) I "compress the god within me." All the beloved dwellers in the secret cells of my memory walk by my side,—I people the height of the hill, and the shades of the forest, not only with those whom I have known, but with all my friends from fairy land; and, in these illusions of my waking dream, I forget time, fatigue, and distance, and sometimes lose my way!

My head full of these strange fantasies, and my feet feeling the sympathetic impulse of their excitement, a short hour brought me to the edge of the "awkward slue." It was indeed worthy of its appellation, and very nearly answered the description of the ferryman: it was a lazy muddy stream, with soft marshy banks, from which the boldest leaper among the Tyrolese chamois-hunters could not have attempted to spring. I soon found that my only alternative lay between going round or bridging it; of course, I resolved upon attempting the latter. Unfortunately, I had no tomahawk with me, and was compelled to search about till I could find some fallen tree which would bear my weight, and yet not be too heavy for me to drag or carry. Propitious Fate led me to a poplar of four or five inches diameter, which had been overthrown by the rough breath of Boreas; I broke off as many branches as possible, and with some difficulty "toted" my burthen towards the slue: on reaching the bank, I found that my tree was scarcely long enough; at least, it tapered so much towards the upper end, that I could not discreetly trust my weight to the latter extremity. On examining a little further up the stream, I saw an old decayed log projecting into it from the opposite side, which appeared to have once formed part of a foot-bridge; thither I brought my poplar, and made it fall so that its top came across this old log: the only problem now was, whether the latter was rotten, and would betray the confidence which I was about to repose in it. However, we are often compelled, in life, to trust something to a man whom we know to be a rogue; and having no choice but to trust my frail bridge, or remain where I was, (for what man, under thirty years of age, ever thought of going five miles round a creek not thirty feet broad?) I threw my cudgel, shoes, and jacket over before me, with the same mingled spirit of gallantry and desperation with which Turenne threw his *bâton de maréchal* into the ranks of the enemy, and then, not to follow was impossible. Arming myself with a long pole that could reach the bottom of the stream, and steadying myself on the trembling poplar, I came down to the "slippery verge," and made my vows to the nymph of the flood, as Turnus did to his watery goddess-mother; I addressed the fifty daughters of Nereus, who preside over rivers and fountains;[*] in short, like Gray's immortal Pussie, I "mewed to every watery god;" and with three or four steps, as firm, light, and rapid as I could make them, reached the opposite bank in safety. Having thanked all these propitious nymphs for their favour in permitting me to pass the "awkward

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—— πεντήκοντα κοῦραι
Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντον
ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν
δίνας χορευόμεναι, κ. τ. λ.

EURIP. ION.

alue" (which cost me so much trouble to bridge, and which has led me into the worse scrape of bringing Turenne, Turnus, an Athenian chorus, and a cat, all into one sentence), I left my bridge and my pole for the benefit of the next wayfarer.

To resume my journey, and with it a pure Anglo-Saxon style, from which these classic images have seduced me, I put on my jacket; and with my trusty staff in hand, pursued my way over hill and valley, as proud and self-satisfied as Cæsar after he had made his famous bridge over the Rhine. The sun was verging towards the west, and I wished to reach Dubuques before night, lest I should lose my way. The afternoon was beautiful; the sun brilliant; and the variety of light and shade occasioned by the high bluffs among which my path wound, added a living freshness to scenery which was clothed in the rich and sombre garb of autumn.

What do I see over yonder point? Is it a forked piece of stick? Does it not move?—It does;—it is the antlers of a buck! Oh, my rifle! my rifle! why, for the first time in my western tour, have I parted from thee? Never did the unhorsed and desperate Richard, call with more frantic anxiety for a horse, than I now called for a rifle.—It was all in vain. However, the opportunity for practice in wood-craft was not to be lost; and throwing myself on the ground, I began to creep, in order to see how I could have managed him, had I been armed: getting well on his lee-side, and taking advantage of the ground, I crawled within forty paces of him. There was no brushwood, and he was securely cropping the short sweet grass near the summit of a high bluff, along the side of which were scattered a few fantastic and stunted blurr oaks. Like the Shakspearean Achilles (who, by the by, is as mean and cowardly a bully as ever drew breath), I looked my forest Hector all over, and selected the very spot where I could give the fatal wound.

Peeping cautiously over the comb of the hill, I saw at a small distance two does feeding. I crept also within forty or fifty steps of them; they seemed to trust themselves altogether to the escort of their beau, and to pay exclusive attention to the delicate pasture which "Nature boon" had placed before them.

What a beautiful scene it was! below me lay the vast expanse of the Mississippi, on whose unruffled bosom the rays of the declining sun were

"In all their crimson glory spread."

The back-ground was filled by the dark wooded outline of the Black Hawk territory, while on the chequered and undulating prairie, these three beautiful animals filled the fore-ground of my picture.

I forgot my journey in the contemplation of this prospect, and my musings took the following direction: — "What a creature of circumstances is man!—here am I enjoying the repose of this scene, the harmonies of animate and vegetable nature, and watching, *almost* with a feeling of tenderness, the grassy feast and playful movements of these three innocent creatures! but, had I been walking with my rifle instead of my cudgel, not one of these ideas would have entered my brain; I should have destroyed without mercy certainly one, perhaps two, of these deer; and instead of moralising as I now am, over their grace and beauty, I should have been employed in playing the forest butcher with my hunting-knife, and in ascertaining the quantity of fat on the haunch and ribs!"

I was obliged to start up from these meditations, and to increase my speed in order to cross the Mississippi before night-fall. As it was now a continued descent to the ferry, I ran most of the way, although there were many points where the beauty of the view tempted me to linger. On arriving I found that the ferryman's canoe was ready, and that he wished me to lose no time, as he preferred returning before it was quite dark. He farmed a considerable tract of land; and, like every farmer in the West, "kept entertainment." Unfortunately for the alacrity of my movements, I saw, while passing the house, a table covered with a clean white cloth, on which were already placed sundry vessels containing hot corn-bread, fresh butter, milk, honey, and smoking potatoes; while the figure of the busy housewife stooping over the fire, accompanied by a certain hissing frizzing sound, announced that a dish of steaks was in the last stage of preparation. It will readily be believed that, after a ride of fifteen, and a walk of twenty-five miles (not to mention the construction of a bridge by the way), my eyes were not blind, nor my ears deaf, to these sights and sounds;—I hesitated—the proverb says that he who does so is lost: whether I verified it or not, I know not, but in two minutes I was sitting opposite the traveller for whom this dinner had been prepared. He seemed to be a quiet moderate man, totally unequal to the task of making any serious impression on the plentiful provision before him; but the unflinching appetite of his new ally promised an easy victory. The astonished dame stooped again to replenish the dish of venison steaks—more hot cakes were produced; in short, I might venture to assert without vanity, that ample justice was done to the excellent cookery of mine hostess. I then embarked in the boat with my ferryman; and soon after leaving the shore, induced him, by paying double fare, to land me two miles below the usual landing, by which means I should cut off four of the eight miles which yet remained of my journey.

The sun was now throwing his parting glance on the summits of the eastern bluffs, while those on the west slept in gloomy shade; the woods which skirt the river, were silent and black as night, and the river wore that dead and leaden colour which is thrown upon it by a western twilight! I sat in the stern of the little boat steering her with an oar, and enjoying that greatest of all promoters of philosophical meditation,—a cigar. The evening frost now set in with great severity; the stars began to twinkle; and as I was lightly dressed and had no sort of cloak or over-coat, I was not sorry when we reached the opposite shore, and I was again enabled to walk myself into warmth and comfort.

I reached Dubuques without accident, and proceeded to the only tavern of which it can boast. The landlord, whom I had met in the steamer, on ascending the Mississippi, promised me a bed to myself; a luxury that is by no means easily obtained by travellers in the West. The bar-room, which was indeed the only public sitting-room, was crowded with a parcel of blackguard noisy miners, from whom the most experienced and notorious blasphemers in Portsmouth or Wapping might have taken a lesson; and I felt more than ever annoyed by that absurd custom, so prevalent in America, of forcing travellers of quiet and respectable habits into the society of ruffians, by giving them no alternative but sitting in the bar-room or walking the street.

It may be said that I am illiberal in censuring the customs of a country, by reference to those of a small infant village; but the custom to which I allude, is not confined to villages; it is common to most towns in the West, and is partially applicable to the hotels in the eastern cities. They may have dining-rooms of enormous extent, tables groaning under hundreds of dishes; but of comfort, quiet, and privacy, they know but little. It is doubtless true, that the bar of a small village tavern in England may be crowded with guests little, if at all, more refined or orderly than those Dubuques miners, but I never found a tavern in England so small or mean, that I could not have the comfort of a little room to myself, where I might read, write, or follow my own pursuits without annoyance.

I sat by the fireside watching the strange and rough-looking characters who successively entered to drink a glass of the nauseous dilution of alcohol, variously coloured, according as they asked for brandy, whisky, or rum, when a voice from the door inquiring of the landlord, whether accommodations for the night were to be had, struck my ear as familiar to me. I rose to look at the speaker, and our astonishment was mutual, when I recognised Dr. M. of the United States army, who is a relative of its commander-in-chief. He is a very pleasant gentlemanly man, from the state of New York, whose acquaintance I had made in my trip to Fort Leavenworth, to which place he was now on his return. After an exchange of the first expressions of pleasure and surprise, I assisted him in getting up his baggage from the canoe in which he had come down the river, and in despatching a supper that was set before him. We then returned to the bar; and after talking over some of our adventures since we parted, requested to be shown to our dormitory. This was a large room, occupying the whole of the first floor, and containing about eight or nine beds; the doctor selected one in the centre of the wall opposite the door; I chose one next to him, and the nearest to me was given to an officer who accompanied the doctor. The other beds contained two or three persons, according to the number of guests requiring accommodation.

The doctor, his friend, and I, resolutely refused to admit any partner into our beds; and, notwithstanding the noise and oaths still prevalent in the bar, we fell asleep. I was awakened by voices close to my bed-side, and turned round to listen to the following dialogue:—

Doctor (to a drunken fellow who was taking off his coat and waistcoat close to the doctor's bed).

—"Halloo! where the devil are you coming to?"

Drunkard.—"To bed, to be sure!"

Doctor.—"Where?"

Drunkard.—"Why, with you."

Doctor (raising his voice angrily).—"I 'll be d—d if you come into this bed!"

Drunkard (walking off with an air of dignity).—"Well, you need not be so d—d particular;—I 'm as particular as you, I assure you!"

Three other tipsy fellows staggered into the room, soon after midnight, and slept somewhere: they went off again before daylight without paying for their lodging, and the landlord did not even know that they had entered his house.

It certainly appears at first sight to be a strange anomaly in human nature, that at Dubuques, Galena, and other rising towns on the Mississippi, containing in proportion to their size as profligate, turbulent, and abandoned a population as any in the world, theft is almost unknown; and though dirks are frequently drawn, and pistols fired in savage and drunken brawls, by ruffians who regard neither the laws of God nor man, I do not believe that an instance of larceny or housebreaking has occurred. So easily are money and food here obtained by labour, that it seems scarcely worth a man's while to steal. Thus, the solution of the apparent anomaly is to be found in this, that theft is a naughty child, of which idleness is the father and want the mother.

I spent the following day in examining the mines near Dubuques, which are not generally so rich in lead as those hitherto found on the opposite shore, towards Galena. However, the whole country in the neighbourhood contains mineral, and I have no doubt that diggings at a little distance from the town will be productive of great profits; at all events, it will be, in my opinion, a greater and more populous town than Galena ever will become.

The next day being Sunday, I attended religious service, which was performed in a small low room, scarcely capable of containing a hundred persons. The minister was a pale, ascetic, sallow-looking man, and delivered a lecture dull and sombre as his countenance. However, it was pleasant to see even this small assemblage, who thought of divine worship in such a place as Dubuques. In the evening, there was more drunkenness and noise than usual about the bar, and one young man was pointed out to me as "the bully" *par excellence*. He was a tall stout fellow, on whose countenance the evil passions had already set their indelible seal. He was said to be a great boxer, and had stabbed two or three men with his dirk during the last ten days. He had two companions with him, who acted, I suppose, as myrmidons in his brawls. When he first entered, I was sitting in the bar reading; he desired me, in a harsh imperative tone, to move out of the way, as he wanted to get something to drink. There was plenty of room for him to go round my chair, without disturbing me; so I told him to go round if he wished a dram. He looked somewhat surprised, but he went round, and I resumed my book. Then it was that the landlord whispered to me the particulars respecting him as given above. I confess, I almost wished that he would insult me, that I might try to break his head with my good cudgel which was at hand; so incensed and disgusted was I at finding myself in the company of such a villain. However, he soon after left the room, and gave me no chance either of cracking his crown, or, what is much more probable, of getting five or six inches of his dirk into my body.

I could not resist laughing at the absurdity of one of his companions, who was very drunk, and finding that his head was burning from the quantity of whisky that he had swallowed, an idea came into it that would never have entered the brain of any man except an Irishman, or a Kentuckian: he fancied that his *hat* was hot, and occasioned the sensation above mentioned; accordingly, he would not be satisfied till the landlord put it into a tub of cold water, and filled it; he then desired it might be soaked there till morning, and left the house contented and bare-headed.

I was obliged to remain here yet another day, as no steam-boat appeared. At length the Warrior touched, and took us off to Galena. We stopped a short time at a large smelting establishment a mile or two below the town: on a high bluff which overlooks it is the tomb of Dubuques, a Spanish miner from whom the place derives its name. The spot is marked by a cross, and I clambered up to see it. With a disregard of sepulchral sanctity, which I have before noticed as being too prevalent in America, I found that it had been broken down in one or two places; I picked up the skull and some other bones. The grave had been built of brick, and had on one side a stone slab, bearing a simple Latin inscription, announcing that the tenant had come from the Spanish mines, and giving the usual data respecting his age, birth, death, &c. The view from this bold high bluff is very fine, but unfortunately the day on which I visited it was cloudy.

At Galena I was much gratified to find that Mr. F. the geologist to the United States, was coming on board; and being joined by my servant and baggage, we proceeded on our descent of the river. I found that Mr. F. whose acquaintance I had made the year before in Washington, had just returned from an excursion in the Upper

Mississippi, and the head-waters of the St. Peter's River, during which he had been some time among the Yanctons (a band of the great Sioux tribe). We reached St. Louis fortunately, and only bumped the keel of our boat three or four times on the rocks, among the rapids; but nothing worthy of notice occurred, except one little circumstance illustrative of character, no trait of which should ever be lost in traversing a country.

It is well known that in America, especially in the west of it, a white servant is a being not understood; and in travelling you will be asked, whether you pay for the gentleman who is with you? or, whether you settle your friend's account? Consequently, I have met with some difficulty, in regard to the charges made for my servant in the western steam-boats; in some I have been obliged to pay the full, in others, half price. Accordingly, before bringing him on board, I explained to the captain, that, though a white man, he was my domestic, and inquired upon what terms he would take him. After the usual arrangements about his eating and sleeping, the former of which he was to partake of after the cabin passengers, he agreed (in the hearing of a friend of mine) to take him for half price. A few hours before reaching St. Louis, where the fares were paid, he demanded the whole fare the same as I paid for myself. I reminded him of his own agreement; however, the few dollars which he was to gain, were of higher value in his estimation than his word, and he insisted upon the whole fare. Among other mean subterfuges, he pretended that he had not known the man by sight. The captain had dined, not as usual, with the passengers, but after them, with the mate, pilot, engineers, &c. and my man had dined with them as agreed upon between us; but now this liberal republican added, "that if he had known him to be my servant, he would not have sat at the table with him." I could scarcely help laughing in his face at the aristocracy of his steam-boat captainship. However, I told him quietly that, during my tour in the West, I had generally sat at the same table as my servant, and that I would just as soon sit by him at table as I would by his illustrious self.

I might, doubtless, have resisted this payment; but I had no wish, for the sake of four or five dollars, to get into a law-suit which might detain me two or three months in St. Louis; so I paid the sum demanded by the captain (who, by the by, was a smartly dressed *young gentleman*, much more fit to play the part of a tavern beau than master of a vessel), and added a word of advice, that the next time he made an agreement he had better keep to it. I have little doubt but that this sage counsel shared the usual fate of admonition, which, however self-evidently just and wise it may be, is generally postponed to any agreeable temptation from within or from without; the *naïveté* of the French girl in the song illustrates it admirably,—

> "Je croirai ce que dit Maman,
> Je ferai ce que dit Colin."

CHAPTER VIII.

Society of St. Louis.—A Ball.—The Waltz.—Musical Accomplishments of my Hostess.—Independent Hack-driver.—Singular Character.—Leave St. Louis.—Travelling Party.—Embark in "The Far West."—Icy Obstructions in the River.—Visit to our Friends at the Arsenal.—Irish in America.—Mishaps.—Ignorant Pilot.—Mouth of the Ohio.—Shores of the Mississippi.—Mouth of the Arkansas.—Change of Climate.—Vicksburgh.—Big Black Creek.—Natchez.—Comfortable Assurance.—Miserable Road.—The Upper Town.—Public Buildings.—The Theatre.—The Audience.—The Performance.—Drunken Indians.—Leave Natchez.—Mouth of Red River.—December Scenery and Temperature.—New Orleans.

On arriving at St. Louis, which is, as I remarked before, the worst town of its size in the world for lodging accommodations, I considered myself fortunate in getting a room with two beds for Mr. F—— and myself. By great exertion on the part of my servant, we got a table and some chairs into it; so that we could write or read in peace and quiet. I must, however, add, in justice to the landlord of the National Hotel, that he did everything in his power to render his uncomfortable house agreeable to his guests. During my stay in St. Louis on this occasion, I saw more of the society both of the town and neighbourhood than I had before seen, and I spent some very pleasant evenings in the families of the commanders, both of the garrison at Leavenworth and the arsenal; moreover, I found my friend Mr. Nichollet, who joins to his well-known acquirements in the higher branches of mathematical science, an exquisite taste for music, as well as a profound knowledge of it. Two French gentlemen in the town, who were also amateurs, opened their houses for a small musical *soirée*, three days in the week. One of these gentlemen played very well on the violin, and we had two professors of the pianoforte, one Italian, the other German; so that our evenings passed most agreeably.

My friend V—— had declared his intention of going to New Orleans, when I turned my steps northward; but letters from Germany had altered his intention, and I was delighted to meet again my old Pawnee companion. He sung German songs very well, especially those Tyrolese ügling airs which the Rainer family rendered so popular in England; and an occasional Scotch song was extracted from me, which was forgiven because I was a Scotchman!

A ball was given at our hotel; I attended it, but was told that it did not include the "élite of the town." There were some pretty girls, and they danced with great spirit, but jumped too much for a cotillon. The beaux capered away lustily; and although some of them indulged in strange contortions of the body, and in movements both of the foot and arm, which were intended to display both activity and grace, the party was conducted with propriety and decorum, and I have seen many gayer assemblies composed of much less happy faces.

It must, however, be confessed, that it requires no small fortitude to endure the sight of the dance which is meant to represent the waltz in provincial towns in America. It is bad enough throughout England, except the best circles in London, and not excepting Edinburgh: but here it is even worse; no imagination can conceive the rolling, the swinging, the strange undulations of the rotatory pair; they frequently hold each other only by one hand, and the lady places her idle hand on her waist, while the gentleman flourishes his gracefully either above his own or his partner's head, or assigns to it some resting-place no less extraordinary than its movements. In some circles in the south, elbow waltzing alone is permitted; the lady's waist is forbidden ground, and the gentleman is compelled to hold her by the points of the elbows, it having been held indecorous by these *Précieuses ridicules*,

> "That Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
> Should dare, in sight of all beholders,
> To lay his rude licentious hands
> On virtuous *damsels'* backs and shoulders."—Moore.

What miserable nonsense is often talked and written on this subject! as if amorous or improper advances cannot be made as well by a pressure of the hand, or a squeeze of the arm, as by encircling the waist, if one party dares to make, and the other is willing to receive them. It is an exact parallel to Madame de Staël's rebuke of some female's observation on the indecency of exposing a naked statue to view in the Louvre—"The indecency is not in the statue, but in the remark." I can understand a father or a brother objecting to a young girl's waltzing, though I differ from them in opinion; nay, I would respect a young lady, who, from a shrinking delicacy of character, refused to waltz at all; but when the answer is, "You must hold me by the elbows," or, "I only waltz with married men,"—Heaven preserve us from such humbug and prudery!

During my stay in St. Louis, I went several times down to the arsenal, where the amiable manners, unaffected *bonhommie*, and musical accomplishments of the fair hostess, "imped feathers to the wings of Time." It was delightful, in Missouri, to hear the beautiful compositions of J. Cramer, Herz, and Beethoven, played with a taste, feeling, and execution that would not have been lightly esteemed on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, or the Rhine; and my national prejudices were gratified that Mrs. S——n's mother (and teacher) had been a native of Scotland.

One evening I remained there with one or two friends, rather later than it suited the convenience of the hack-driver to remain; and when we inquired for our carriage, it had been gone two hours. We were obliged to trespass for the night on the captain's hospitality. It snowed very heavily for twelve hours; and on returning to St. Louis next day, we learnt that our independent driver of the preceding evening had overturned his carriage, and fractured his leg in two or three places.

At the little village of Carondelet, or Vuidespoches, I went to visit a strange old man, of whom I had heard frequent mention. As his name was Leichendorfer, I concluded he must be German; but he answered me in such a strange *patois* of that language, that I was soon convinced of my error. Upon cross-examining him, I discovered that he was from the Italian side of the Tyrol, and that his real name was Santuario, and the rest of the conversation was carried on in that language, which he spoke with tolerable accuracy and fluency. He boasts of speaking German, French, Spanish, Turkish, English, &c. all equally well. From the specimen I had heard of the first, I have no doubt that his claims are well founded! He was among the sharp-shooters in the Austrian army at Marengo, and still hates Bonaparte with laudable patriotism. He was some years at Constantinople, then he went to Egypt, and continued to render the Pacha some services in Arabia; after which he was employed by General Eaton, to assist in his expedition against the Bey of Tripoli, and was instrumental in restoring his brother the ex-Bey; for this he was made a colonel in the United States army, and lives now upon the proceeds of some land and an orchard, which he bought with the money gained by his services. He is a strangely prejudiced old man, but with a fine face, and the remains of a very athletic frame. He has had, and I believe has still, several wives in the various countries which he has inhabited, and owns to twenty-seven children. He is very busy writing his life, and preparing it for publication: if his brain is as prolific as his person, and his pen bears any proportion to his tongue, the world may expect soon to see the work appear in twenty-seven volumes.

St. Louis is certainly one of the least social and hospitable places that I have seen in the United States; nevertheless, there are some exceptions to this (as to every general) proposition.

I now prepared to leave the town with much regret. The frost had set in with considerable severity; and large floating masses of ice were scattered so thickly on the bosom of the water, that the navigation of the river became every day more difficult and dangerous. I was anxious to get as soon as possible to New Orleans, because I had desired all my European and other letters to be sent thither to wait my arrival.

I was fortunate enough to be able to collect a very pleasant little party, and we agreed to embark and keep together: it consisted of Captain S——, a cousin and old acquaintance of mine in Scotland, who had been above two years among the Indians, in and beyond the rocky mountains; my friend V——, and a Dr. W——, also from Scotland, a lively and well-informed companion. We took our passage on board of "The Far West," Captain Fox; her machinery had been newly put in, and, although several parts of it were rather loose and out of order, the boilers were strong, and the cabin-berths, &c. remarkably neat and cleanly.

We embarked on the 29th of November, and were obliged to cross the river to the Illinois side, in order to take in some freight. On the following day the ice ran so heavy and thick, that the captain dared not attempt to descend the river, and with much difficulty regained the landing at St. Louis. Here we were obliged to lie two days. The committee of insurance came down and warned the captain, that, if he started while the ice was so dangerous, he must do it at his own risk; and we began to entertain serious apprehensions that the river would close up, and we should be shut in for the season. However, the weather changed; and on the afternoon of the 2nd of December, we got off, and went down as far as Vuides-poches, about six miles. It was a bright moon, and fine frosty night, so V—— and I determined to gallop off to the arsenal, and spend one pleasant hour more with Captain S—— and his agreeable lady. The landlord of the tavern, a good-natured Irishman, lent us a couple of horses, and we set off at full speed over the snowy slippery road. As it was only four miles, we were soon at our journey's end; and the astonishment of our friends at our appearance was not small, as they thought us half-way to New Orleans. They received us with their usual kind hospitality; my ears got another Cramer feast, and our amiable hostess prepared a bowl of egg-nogg, which was to serve as a "*diachin dhorrish*," and to fortify us against the night air.

Bidding them another adieu, we returned to Vuides-poches, and went on board about midnight. Our landlord gave me a bottle of Irish whisky, and would not accept of a farthing either for that or for the use of his horses. How grieved I am, that the Irish people should tarnish the generous and noble qualities which they really do possess, by the violence and lawlessness of their habits! In explanation of this well-known fact, we are always told that it is owing entirely to the oppression and misgovernment of the

English. It may be *partly* so, but no more. The Irish in America—in every State from Maine to Louisiana, where they are certainly not oppressed, and are free from tithes, from heavy taxes, from ecclesiastical burthens, from want, in short, from every subject of complaint and grievance in Ireland, are still the most improvident, quarrelsome, turbulent population on this continent.

Nature has been liberal to Ireland in her soil and climate; she has endowed its inhabitants with humour, readiness both of conception and language, bravery and generosity; but she seems to have been less liberal in providing them with judgment and a just moral sense, the absence of which qualities, impairs or perverts the above endowments.

On the following day, December 3rd, we met with no accident; but were obliged to go very slowly, in consequence of the thick and heavy masses of ice which covered the river. On the 4th, however, our misfortunes began. We ran on a sand-bar at nine o'clock, A. M., but got off again, in an hour; at eleven we ran aground again and stuck fast till three P. M. We grounded again soon after dusk, and floated off about nine, without having any wood on board; and we had to drop down with the stream at considerable risk, for two or three miles, when we reached a wood-yard.

5th.—We soon found that the pilot either knew nothing of his business, or that he ran us aground on purpose; or else that the heavy descent of ice had altered the channel, and created new banks of mud or sand. We ran on a bar at nine A. M., and remained there all day. Several boats passed us: I went on board one with our captain, to request her assistance in hauling us off; her captain, however, was deaf to entreaties, and even to liberal offers of payment. To complete our ill-luck, the yawl in which we had boarded this boat ("The G. Clark,") was knocked under by her wheel and swamped, not half a minute after we had jumped out of her. She was held on by the painter; but we lost all our oars and two or three of the men's jackets. We had to bale her out with buckets, and with much labour towed her, half full of water, behind "The G. Clark's" yawl back to "The Far West." "The G. Clark" and her obliging captain then went off, leaving us in what might be called down-east, a "particular considerable unhandsome fix."

We contrived in a few hours to rig a couple of clumsy sweeps, baled out the yawl, and kedged our anchor, with the aid of which we hauled off the bar; and once more afloat, went down two or three miles to a wood-yard, where we lay-to for the night. We now thought that our troubles were over, as we had got through the worst of the ice; but, on the following day (the

6th), at half-past eight, we ran on a bar near a place called Devil's Island. Here, I almost believed that the gentleman in black had possessed our pilot; for he ran our boat right on a sand-bank, which a schoolboy might have seen and avoided, inasmuch as there was a great log of wood and a quantity of drifted ice lying upon it. We were going ten or twelve miles an hour, and the boat bounded, jumped, and made every exertion to get over, but in vain; her plunging only lodged her the deeper, and we, drawing five and a half feet, lay comfortably imbedded in mud and sand, with only three feet and a half of water.

We remained here several hours; it was impossible to drag her off by her anchor, and I began to fear that her fate was sealed, and that we (the passengers) must leave her by the first boat that passed. I was really grieved at this; for our captain was a most good-natured obliging man: it was his first trip since the complete refitting of his boat; and if she lay here long with her broadside exposed to the huge masses of ice that come down the river at this season, she must have gone to pieces in a few weeks.

After a few hours, a small steamer, named "The Indian," hove in sight: we hailed her, and she came alongside. Our captain agreed to give four hundred dollars if she would take some of our freight and tow us off the bar: after much time and trouble, she did so; and as soon as we floated, she went off down the channel, expecting us to follow immediately: we endeavoured to do so, but something went wrong in the machinery, and we could not make the right course; consequently we dropped down again upon the bank and became imbedded as fast or faster than ever.

The little "Indian," though out of sight, soon missed us and returned; and, in order to obtain her further assistance to get us off, our poor captain was obliged to give a thousand instead of four hundred dollars. Notwithstanding the united efforts of the passengers and both crews, we lay there all the next day; but about eight o'clock on the 8th instant, having put all our freight on board "The Indian," which was fortunately empty, we got off and made good our passage through this difficult channel. In the course of the day we found "The Indian" anchored in the middle of the river, having broken her paddles and otherwise injured her machinery: we took her in tow and brought her ashore; for which I trust our captain obtained some diminution of the enormous sum which she had exacted from him. We reached the mouth of the Ohio without further accident or difficulty; but the machinery was not in perfect order, owing to the illness of the engineer, who could not leave his bed.

There are several places on the Mississippi which are already increasing rapidly in population and wealth, between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio; as for instance, Herculaneum, thirty-five miles below St. Louis, and St. Geneviève, about sixty-five. The view of the junction of these two great rivers is one of the most beautiful specimens of fresh-water scenery that ever I beheld; so great is the extent, and so prettily is it indented with points and promontories covered with noble timber. After leaving the Ohio, the first town of any importance that we reached was Memphis, in Tennessee; but we could see nothing of it, owing to the high banks which intercept it from the river. I am told it is prettily situated. The shores of the Mississippi are very monotonous for several hundred miles, presenting nothing but a constant succesion of dreary cotton-wood timber, which at this season would look miserably gloomy, were it not somewhat relieved by the green undergrowth of cane, and an occasional log-hut and corn-field.

On the evening of the 11th* we passed the mouth of the Arkansas, the third tributary of the

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* I heard this day a west-country phrase that was perfectly new to me, and from its quaintness seems worthy of record. The captain went ashore at a wood-yard; and, on entering the log-hut, the housewife, a woman about thirty-five, seemed to recognise his features (they had once lived in the same neighbourhood), and she addressed him thus—"Why, you ar'nt Wilson?" He answered, "No, madam; my name is Fox." She replied (holding out her hand to him in the most friendly manner), "Why, Fox, *consarn your old skin!* is that you?"

Mississippi in point of size: it rises in the rocky mountains, probably fifteen hundred or two thousand miles from its junction with the Great River, where, by the by, it is much narrower than I expected to see it, as it does not appear to me more than four hundred yards broad; but it was nearly dusk when I passed it, so I may be mistaken in regard to its width. I had never seen its waters before, but I had been within sight of the timber on its banks during my excursion among the Pawnees.

On the 12th instant, we began to find a very perceptible difference, both in the climate and in the vegetation: the chilling breath of winter had not marred the verdure, at least the mantle of nature was not rudely torn off from the forest, although its green was changed to varying autumnal tints of red and brownish hue. The white and red oak, which line the banks of the Upper Mississippi, had disappeared, and were replaced by the cotton-wood and other species of poplar, the sycamore, the several kinds of gum, and the cypress; while in places where the banks attained greater elevation, the feathering outline of the pine towered above the rich and verdant foliage of the magnolia. Nor was the change in the plants of humble growth less discernible: the fertile alluvium of the valley was now laden with the graceful cane, still fresh and green; and where the hand of man had destroyed the natural produce of the soil, large fields of cotton, now ripe for pulling, seemed as if they were speckled with innumerable snow-flakes.

Nor are the houses of the settlers less distinct in their character from those of the northern region; for whereas the latter were chiefly composed of rough logs, those of the former are built of neat framework, frequently painted white, and surrounded by ten, fifteen, or twenty negro cabins, according to the size and produce of the plantation. I am not aware that I ever experienced so strange and pleasurable a sensation through mere change of place as in this descent of the Mississippi in the month of "dark December;" it is as if one had been endowed with the power, not only of arresting, but of reversing, the march of the year, and of making the soft and balmy air of summer succeed the cold and gloom of early winter,—as if old age had been permitted to renew the vigour and freshness of youth, to

"Forget his years, and act again the boy!"

On the night of the 12th we reached Vicksburgh, and I regretted very much that I had no opportunity of visiting it. It is a young town, pleasantly situated upon a gentle declivity, forming the base of the Walnut Hills, which rise above it gradually to the height of five or six hundred feet, forming one of the prettiest prospects in the course of the Lower Mississippi. This town possesses a neat little harbour, whence a quantity of cotton is shipped to New Orleans.

It obtained considerable notoriety last summer, by becoming the principal scene of the outrages committed under the name of Lynch Law; of which I gave an account in some remarks which I made at Dubuques.

On the morning of the 13th, we came to the most beautiful scene I had beheld since we left St. Louis. The place is called Big Black Creek, or Grand Gulf. The river here makes a great bend, and runs almost in a north-easterly direction; after which, making its way under some bold and wooded heights, it resumes its natural southerly course. Just at the corner made by this sweep, is situated a neat little village, on a gentle declivity towards the water's edge; on each side of it are two smiling valleys, and the undulating hills by which they are formed and crowned, were covered with gum trees, pine, and magnolia. The river here bears the appearance of a large inland lake, and reminded me strongly of some of the scenes in Cumberland.

In the evening we reached Natchez: the view on approaching it from the north is very fine, and the bold bluffs, on which stands the upper town, were all tinged with the golden beams of a setting sun. This place has been often described; and, as it was almost dusk before I was able to get ashore, I cannot pretend to add much to what is well known regarding it. There are two towns, Upper and Lower Natchez; of which the former is by far the largest and the most respectable. The lower town, containing little more than the buildings which necessarily grow up in the neighbourhood of a harbour where much shipping business is done, was considered, a few years ago, as the most abandoned sink of iniquity in the whole western country. It was the resort of the lowest and most profligate wretches of both sexes; and gambling, drinking, robbery, and murder, were the daily occupations of its population. But the respectable inhabitants of the upper town assembled last summer in considerable force, and, under the authority of Judge Lynch, and with threats of his summary justice (which they doubtless would have fulfilled), compelled some hundreds of the most notorious characters to leave the place at a few hours' notice. Their memory is not yet dead, nor has the lower town, though much improved, been able yet to acquire a very respectable name.

When I landed with my friend V——, and inquired of a quiet-looking citizen the way to the upper town, he concluded his directions with an *assurance* that we might go up without any risk of having our throats cut! With this encouraging information we toiled our way up the most miserable muddy road that I ever beheld, towards the top of the bluffs. Numerous drays were ascending and descending, most of which were up to or over the axle-tree, in the pure, unadulterated clay, of which the road is composed. Has it never struck the merchants of Natchez, that in one year they would save as much in horse-flesh, as would pay for the expense of an excellent pavement? But in these western cities there is no combination — no corporate feeling — the universal motto is "every man for himself." And it seems as if they thought that money, laid out in works of improvement, of which others might share with them the convenience or the benefit, was thrown away.

The upper town of Natchez is pleasantly situated upon an elevated platform, commanding a fine view of the serpentine course of the river; it contains several handsome buildings, and some streets well laid out. The inhabitants have had the good taste to leave many rows of trees standing, which afford an agreeable shade, and add to the freshness and cheerfulness of the town prospect. I saw two large hotels; the one which I entered to take some refreshment was very clean, and seemed to be in the hands of civil obliging people. I passed a church (I believe episcopal), which seemed, in the doubtful light by which I viewed it, to be a neat well-proportioned specimen of the Ionic style. There is also a very good Doric façade to the Agricultural Bank. The Masonic Hall is a spacious building, but cannot pretend to any architectural beauty. Many other buildings may be deserving of notice, which

I did not see, as the night closed in soon after my arrival, and I had not even the advantage of moonlight. There are many handsome, well-supplied shops; but the streets are in much the same condition, in regard to pavement, as those of the other western cities: that is to say, if you choose to walk after dark, you must depend upon the blue vault above, for "Nature's starry lamps," and take your chance of spraining your ancle, in holes and broken places a foot deep, or of stepping up to your knees into a gutter, or some equally agreeable receptacle of mud. The principal, if not the only, article of trade in Natchez, is cotton; and many of the wealthier merchants reside at villas, prettily situated on the undulating slopes by which the town is surrounded.

In the course of our evening ramble we entered the theatre, not so much as faithful disciples of Thespis, as for the purpose of observing the dress, manners, and appearance of the citizens and citizenesses. The theatre is of middle size, and not remarkable for elegance of decoration; the same may be said of the stage and scenery. The orchestra was certainly very good, and the various interludes played between the acts were selected with more taste than is usually shown in such cases; for, instead of giving vulgar jigs and "dashing white sergeants," or the opposite extreme of slow pieces of music, wanting both introduction and meaning (and generally interrupted by the bell), they played some very graceful and new German waltzes. The ladies in the boxes were neatly dressed, without any pretension or display of finery: as far as I could judge from costume, there were only three or four Frenchwomen in the whole circle. The men were in the usual stocked and cloaked attire of Americans in the evening; the pit was filled with noisy merry fellows, and the gallery was in the undisputed possession of some dozen swarthy goddesses, wearing upon their heads and persons all the several colours which nature has denied as ingredients in their complexion. The play was the "Fatal Marriage;" the part of Isabella by a Mrs. Clarke, a fine-looking middle-aged woman, with a pleasant voice, though not powerful enough for tragedy; she had a good figure, and good arms, and her movements were by no means ungraceful. She played her dreadful part with considerable energy and pathos, and though one or two points might have raised a sneer from some of the "sour hyper-critics of a King's Theatre stage-box," I found much more in her acting to approve than to condemn. The other characters were feebly supported, and the death of Byron was one of the most disgusting scenes of stage butchery that I ever beheld. It is indeed possible, that all the writhing, contortion of body, and stiffening of joints which were displayed, may be true representations of an agonizing death; but in scenes over which good taste and decency always throw a veil, a detailed and faithful representation becomes a transgression.

The dresses used on the stage were correct, and even splendid. Altogether, there are few country theatres in England which would gain much by a comparison with that in this small town, which (it must be remembered) was, a few years ago, a wilderness.

On returning towards the steam-boat, I saw with grief, two or three Indians completely drunk, rolling in the gutter, and affording a butt for the jokes, gibes, and even blows of a dozen vagabond negro boys. I believe they belonged to the Chickasaw tribe. I know not why it is, but there is no human being (except a woman) that affects me with such inexpressible pity and disgust, when under the influence of liquor, as an Indian. I know this is unphilosophical, because it certainly is a greater disgrace and debasement to a white man;—still, I then feel my pity lost in my disgust; while in the case of the Indian, (although I have lived too long among them to believe any more tales of their innocence, simplicity, &c.) my fancy fondly clings to the delusion of that state, "When wild in woods the noble savage ran." Thus, when I see him grovelling in the dirt, with a helpless body and a reeling brain, and uttering thick and half choked sounds, which no ear near him can understand, I cannot help thinking we have done this!—we, who boast of our civilization—we, who pretend to spread abroad the refinement of art and science, and the purity of the Gospel among the nations—we have reduced the eagle eye, the active limb, the stately form of our red brother, to the grovelling swinish animal which I now see before me! Of all the plunderers, thieves, and land-sharks on earth, there are none that I more detest, none that will hereafter have a heavier charge against them than those settlers and traders in the West (whether British or American) who cheat the Indians of three hundred per cent. in every bargain, by making whisky the medium of purchase, knowing, as they well do, that it leads to the degradation, the misery, and ere long the extirpation of the ignorant and unfortunate purchasers.

Leaving Natches at night (with much regret that I had not time to stay there a few days), I went on board our steamer, and we ran before morning past the mouth of Red River, one of the largest western tributaries of the Mississippi: it rises, I believe, somewhere not far from Santa Fé, and some parts of the valley which it makes in its descent are very fertile. The principal town situated on its banks is Natchitoches, which is two hundred miles from its embouchure. Steamboats ply thither from New Orleans.

This day, the 14th, we came into a summer country and climate. While the boat stopped to take in fuel, I went ashore, and, walking only a few hundred yards into the woods, stood still with delighted eye and ear: all was fresh and green, the canes in full bloom around me; while a few birds were chirping on the larger trees, and the merry woodpecker was knocking his sharp beak against the bark of the cotton-tree. Even while writing these notes, the door of my state-room was open, two or three flies were buzzing in it, and one mosquitto paid me a visit. Before me, as we glided smoothly along, was an ever-varying scene of forest beauty, now and then relieved by gentle ascents and pleasant valleys, and dotted with farm-houses and plantations. The forest was clad in all the varied habiliments of summer and autumn, while graceful willows adorned the bank and "bathed their leafy tresses in the stream." It occasions a most strange sensation, this renewing of the year, this finding, in December, all the warmth and verdure of the "*Gioventù del anno*," and to me it was productive of pleasure of the sweetest and gentlest kind.

As we approached New Orleans, the plantations and houses became more thickly crowded, and the river reminded me very much of the Thames below London, where the shores of Kent and Essex are low and flat. Our boat had received a great addition in mirth, in the shape of eighty or a hundred boys returning from Jefferson College, which is about a hundred miles above New Orleans, to spend the Christmas holidays in or near that city. They were most of them Creoles, and it did me good to hear their light and joyous laughter, after our dull and tedious voyage. We reached the southern capital of the United States without further incident or occurrence worthy of record.

CHAPTER IX.

First Appearance of New Orleans. — Lodgings. — Public Buildings. — Society. — Theatres. — Creole Ball. — Creole Beauty. — Cotton-pressing. — Motley Population. — The Battle Field. — Pont Chartrain. — Suburbs of the City. — Leave New Orleans. — Change of Climate. — A Polish Jew. — Dangerous Rocks. — The New Year. — Harbour of Havana. — Regulations on Landing. — Former and present State of Havana. — Military Force in Cuba. — The Town of Havana. — Public Ball. — Spanish Boarding-House. — Beautiful Italian. — An Excursion. — Visit to the Governor. — Performers at the Italian Opera. — The Theatre. — The Audience. — Effectual Police System. — The Garrotte. — Execution of Culprits. — Streets of Havana. — Idlers. — Manufacture of Cigars.

THE first appearance of New Orleans is not remarkably striking; the surrounding country is flat and uninteresting, and the only object which arrests the traveller's eye, is the forest of masts, such as may be seen in a large seaport in any country. On landing, I found great difficulty in procuring anything like comfortable lodgings; however, having called upon the British consul, I contrived, through his kind assistance, to establish myself in the same boarding-house in which he lived, where I got a clean bed, an airy room (to myself), a good table, and a very pleasant society, consisting of three or four Germans, one or two Creoles, and several English or Americans.

The town is divided into two "quartiers" or sections, the French and the American; the latter occupying its north-western, the former its south-eastern division. There are many buildings of considerable extent, and some new banks which are handsome specimens of Grecian architecture; still there is nothing worthy of peculiar notice or mention. In churches it is poorer and more deficient than any city in America; and in public buildings it is surpassed by many towns of less extent and wealth. The society, like the town, is divided into two distinct portions, the American and the Creole, and they do not mingle much together; the former, being composed mostly of persons actively and constantly engaged in making fortunes, have little time for gaiety; and although the younger and fairer portions of their families may amuse themselves with parties, assemblies, balls, &c. as elsewhere, I should judge, from what I have seen, that the gayest and merriest part of New Orleans is to be found in the Creole society.

There are three theatres, two American and one French; all respectably decorated, although it is scarcely fair yet to judge of the new American theatre, as it is not quite finished; but I had been told to expect a house larger than any in London, and as capacious as those of Naples and Milan: in this respect the New Orleanists deceive themselves and others very much. I know not what the comparative dimensions of the ground on which they stand may be, but as regards the interior, it appears larger than the Haymarket, and less than either Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Madame Celeste, known by the Anglo-domestic appellation of "Mrs. Elliot, of Baltimore," was drawing very full houses, and astonishing the natives with some Parisian pirouettes and *pas de Zéphyre.*

I soon became acquainted with several polite and obliging persons of different countries, and had an opportunity of observing that the style of living at New Orleans, though not so expensive as among the wealthier merchants of New York and Philadelphia, is very handsome and comfortable. During my stay here I received an invitation to a Creole ball, the first of the season. The house was small, but very neatly furnished; the music, which consisted of a harp, piano, flute, violin, and clarionet, was performed by amateurs, notwithstanding which it was excellent. On entering the room, and casting my eyes around me, I stood in admiration at the number of pretty faces and figures, and at the correctness of taste displayed in the dresses of the ladies.

The general character of Creole beauty is a dark but clear and transparent complexion, black eyes fringed with long eyelashes, and finely pencilled eyebrows; a nose neither Greek nor Roman, but delicately formed, and a very fine "*taille*," although apt to run rather early too far into the "*aimable embonpoint.*" In manners the Creole ladies are gay, lively, and unaffected, and altogether possess as much personal attraction as has fallen to the lot, even of the fairest average of the fair creation. They all have fine dark hair, and what is very remarkable, they all dress it nearly in the same manner: this *coiffure* is not *à la Grecque*, but of that character, and the hair is brought rather forward on the side of the cheek; they seem to pay very great attention to this part of the toilette, and I do not remember to have seen hair more beautifully clean, fine, and gracefully disposed; nevertheless, I must confess, that I should admire the taste of the fair Creoles more, if they arranged it with greater variety, according to the respective characters of their features.

Of course, the conversation was carried on in French, and the customs of the same nation were observed during the evening: according to these, I was privileged to address and to dance with any young lady in company, without going through the ceremonial ordeal of introduction; and it is impossible to conceive an assembly conducted with more *agrément*, and with less restraint, than this Creole coterie. I must also acknowledge that I had seen nothing so like a ball since I left Europe: the *contre-danses* were well danced, and there was waltzing without swinging, and a galloppade without a romp. The supper was exceedingly handsome, and in one respect superior to most of those given at ball suppers in London: namely, the wines were of the same description which our host would give to his friends at dinner; whereas, in the latter city, it is but too common a practice to give inferior wines on such occasions, and to poison the guests with Wright's champagne, upon the plea, that it is good enough for a ball supper. On the whole, I went away much pleased with the mirth and agreeable manners of Creole society.

A day or two after my arrival, I went to see the process of pressing the cotton, which is performed by the simplest steam-machinery. Some of the establishments for this purpose are very extensive, and are capable of pressing from five hundred to one thousand bales per day. They receive seventy-five cents, or about 3*s.* 6*d.* per bale, the expense of which is borne by the exporting ship. It is obvious that the ship-owners can well afford this, as they are enabled to take, at least, a third more cargo than they could stow away if the bales were unpressed.

The population passing in the streets, especially on "the Levée," and others adjoining the river, is the most amusing motley assemblage that can be exhibited by any town on earth. The prevailing language seems to be that of Babel—Spanish, Portuguese, French, English, mixed with a few wretched remains of Choctaw, and other Indian tribes; and all these are spoken in the loudest, broadest, and strangest dialects, especially in the markets.

As it was my good fortune to visit New Orleans in winter, I heard little, and saw nothing of yellow fever; consequently that subject, equally new and delightful, will find no place in these pages; and the land-crabs must also submit to the mortification of remaining unnoticed by me; they will probably receive their due meed of celebrity at the hands of any traveller who pays a summer visit to New Orleans.

Of course, I felt myself bound to go and see the battle-field, which is about five miles below the town. Accordingly, I hired a horse of a French liveryman, and begged him to give me one with some life and spirit. He looked me carefully over (I suppose to calculate how much battering my bones would bear), and said, "*Est-ce que tu montes bien?*" I told him, "tolerably well." He forthwith put me upon a half-broken animal, which had no describable gait, save a rough, high, slow gallop. The only spirit it evinced was, in shying at every trifle in the streets—sometimes turning round altogether; and I felt heartily glad when I got out of the town, having killed no child, and only lamed one pig.

The field of battle, and all around it, is completely level; on one side of it is the Mississippi, on the other swamps and woods: so that, with a simple narration in his hand, the most peaceable citizen can understand at a glance the locality, and the nature of the contest. Upon such a worn-out subject it is unnecessary now to remark anything, except, that it reflected the highest honour upon the courage of General Jackson and the few raw levies under his command, to wait steadily and face a regular and well-disciplined body of troops more numerous than themselves. In respect to the English, I have never heard but one account, namely, that, with few exceptions, they supported the murderous fire of their secure enemies, and advanced to almost certain death with a determined and obstinate bravery, worthy of themselves and their country. With regard to the conduct of the commander who placed them in such a position, it has been so often and so severely commented upon by military critics, that it is quite unnecessary for one who is no soldier to cast another stone.

In the neighbourhood of New Orleans, there is a very pleasant drive to the head of a long arm of the sea, called Pont Chartrain. This road is made entirely of shells, and is as hard and smooth as the best road in Britain. It winds along a little creek; and as you pass along, with the water on one side, and a variety of rich luxuriant shrubs on the other, the scene may almost be called pretty. Still all around are the monotonous level and the dismal swamp; and I sincerely hope I may never view its summer beauties. I passed three negro hunters, tramping through the mud and bushes after racoons. They had killed three, of which the gentleman who was driving me bought one, and carried it off in the pony-chair.

The suburbs of the city present a melancholy contrast to those at New York, Baltimore, and other great American towns. Many houses are shut up—some falling down—weeds choking the gardens, and stray pigs and mules walking at pleasure through the broken palings. At the American end there is more bustle, activity, and improvement. It is difficult to predict whether New Orleans will ever greatly extend its wealth and commerce. It is true, that the great valley of the Mississippi is daily increasing its enormous produce; still the canals and railroads running eastward, will, doubtless, become an important and secure medium of transportation.

I left New Orleans on the 29th of December, on board the brig "Rolla," a neat little craft of about one hundred and fifty tons. Having had the good fortune to collect a party of acquaintances, consisting of six persons, we took the whole cabin to ourselves, and had before us every prospect of a speedy and pleasant voyage. We were towed down to the Belize, near the mouth of the Mississippi, about one hundred miles below New Orleans, where the steam-boat left us to our fate, and to the mercy of the winds. Although the scenery around these last hundred miles of the course of the Father of Rivers, is low, swampy, and dismal in the extreme, I could not leave him without a sigh. I had spent so many days and weeks upon his broad noble bosom — I had rambled so long upon his swelling and forest-shaded banks—I had seen the youth, the manhood, and the termination of his gigantic course — his face had been so long familiar to me—that I could not part with him without many interesting recollections, mingled with regret. However, it is the fate of the traveller to break all the gentle local chains that would delay him in his course; and he must get hardened to it, and bear it either with indifference, or forced resignation, according to the composition of his character. Once more I was on the free and boundless sea; Old Ocean smiled upon me with the reflected beams of a brilliant sun, and seemed disposed to make me some amends for the rough and uncourteous manner in which he had treated me in 1834.

Oh, what a change of climate from that which we had left at St. Louis and Prairie du Chien! We now sat without a coat on the deck, and were not sorry to avail ourselves of the shade of the main or the try-sail. We whiled our time listlessly away, in reading, or in drinking some light hockheimer, of which we had taken a small stock on board. I provided myself with a Spanish grammar, and set resolutely to work, in order that I might understand something, and be somewhat understood in Havana, and lay the foundation for making acquaintance with Garcilasso, Calderone, and the Shakspeare of the world of prose, Cervantes.

We had on board an old man, whom Walter Scott must have seen before he drew his Isaac of York. He was a Polish Jew of about seventy years of age, with a beard as long, thick, and strong as a wild prairie horse's mane; he wore a little round cap on his head, and his person was enveloped in a black gabardine. He spoke no English, but tolerably good German; in addition to which, and to his own Slavonic mother-tongue, he jabbered a little wretched French. When I first came on board, I saw him standing by the booby hatch, wringing his hands, crying and whining in all the agony of Shylock's, "O my ducats!—O my daughter!" The sailors could not understand his grief or the cause of it, and were laughing at his strange appearance and gesticulations. As I heard that he was howling in German, I asked him (in that language) what was the matter; and I shall not soon forget the ludicrously piteous expressions which he poured forth. The old man was leaning over a wooden trunk containing all his goods and chattels, of which he had accidentally dropped the key down the hatchway among the packages in the hold, and his miseries were depicted in the following pathetic strain:—"O heavens!" said he, "I have lost my key!—my bread, my onions, my vinegar—my all is locked in this trunk, and I can get at nothing; and these d——d rascals and vagabonds, the sailors, keep laughing at me." I told him very gravely that we could easily break the trunk open; and oh! the grin of horror with which he received the proposition! his beard vibrated from root to point as he told me he would rather starve! I am happy to say that we found his key on the following morning, and he revelled luxuriously on his bread, onions, and vinegar. He was a complete old rogue, and afforded much amusement on the voyage, especially to me, and a German friend of mine, because we could hear him, whenever he was offended, abusing the sailors in every execrative term which that rich language contains, while the tars only grinned the more, in total ignorance of the nature of his harangue.

For two days and a half the breeze continued fair but light, and we caught sight of the distant heights on the north-west coast of Cuba. We had passed considerably to the westward of the well-known and dangerous rocks called the Tortugas, where so many hundred thousand dollars and so many brave fellows have been lost, but which are now less disastrous in consequence of the light-house which has been placed on one of them. They are, nevertheless, still perilous to a navigator unacquainted with these seas, as the currents among and around them, are so various, so rapid, and so irresistibly strong, that the greatest care must be observed, in order to prevent being carried away by them. Our brig was too light in the water by twelve or fifteen inches; so that, when we fell in with the easterly trade-wind, we made but feeble attempts to beat to windward. This was tiresome: however, on the 1st of January, we determined to be merry, and consequently we were so; we passed round the "many happy returns," according to good old custom; and our dear absent friends were, "in our flowing cups, freshly remembered."

How strange it seems, that when another year is added to the bygone portion of our brief span —when the thoughts and the deeds of another year swell the heavy catalogue of our responsibilities — when the departed year has borne with it, perhaps by the mercy of Providence, *not* many whom we loved, certainly many among whom we have lived and moved — in short, when Nature's curfew would seem to toll the knell of an important portion of life — how strange it is that we should choose this very season for an outpouring of gaiety and mirth! Still it is a blessed dispensation, that we are able thus to turn our eyes with hope to the new-born year — to hail its dawn — to gladden our spirits with its promises, and to dismiss from our breast any forebodings of the perils and the sorrows that lie hidden in its dark, and, alas! too fruitful womb.

But to return to Cuba, or rather to the head wind which kept us from reaching it. The brig was so light that she could not beat to windward; and had it not been for the current, which set in strong towards the east, we could have made no progress. However, after three or four days of tedious tacking, we succeeded in making the harbour of Havana. The navigation of this coast is rendered somewhat difficult by the extraordinary variety of opposing forces; the current runs from west to east, the trade wind blows from east to west; and from ten at night till eight in the morning, there seems to be a pretty steady breeze off the island, which is by no means favourable to a ship approaching it. The harbour is deep, extensive, and extremely well protected from every wind except a northern; the entrance to it is very narrow, and guarded by a strong fortress and battery, called the Morro, and a ship, on entering the harbour, is obliged to pass close under its rocky and threatening sides; as you advance, you are liable to be raked by two or three other batteries. Upon the whole, it appeared to me that it would be a matter of extreme difficulty for a hostile squadron to force an entrance; and, as a Spaniard remarked to me, "of much greater to effect an exit."

The Havana, originally founded by Diego Velasquez, in 1515, is a walled town, protected on the land side by several fortified heights, which I may notice more particularly hereafter. The impression of a stranger, on his first arrival, certainly is, that it must be a very strong place. The regulations on landing are very strict; passports must be sent in to the governor, and no person can leave the ship till his "permit" is obtained and sent on board. I scarcely understand how a man arriving here quite unknown and without a friend, could even disembark himself or his goods; as it is necessary, after the passport is sent in, for some resident in the town to apply in person for the permit, and give bail for the conduct of the new-comer during his stay. However, no one can find fault with these apparent restrictions, as they form part of the system of discipline introduced by Governor Tacon, which has wrought an extraordinary change in the state of the island.

A few years ago brawls, robberies, and murders were of daily occurrence in the streets of Havana: life and property were insecure, even in broad daylight, and after dark no peaceable citizen would dare to stir abroad; the town swarmed with gamblers and desperadoes, while bands of robbers and plunderers infested the interior of the country. Immediately on his appointment, Governor Tacon determined to work a total change in this state of things. He made no distinction of rank or station, but began by dismissing and imprisoning one of his principal officers for peculation; he then drove out all the gamblers, and made a complete clearance of the ruffian bands in town and country. He established a very strict system of police, civil and military; forbade the use, or even the wearing of pistols, swordsticks, or dirks; and every part of Havana was, at the time of my stay there, as safe a promenade at ten at night as St. James's-street.

The military force in Cuba is greater than I could have imagined, considering the state of its mother country: indeed, I very much doubt whether the Queen could bring into the field as large a body of troops in Spain, as her powerful deputy commanded in Cuba. As far as I am able to collect, he had nearly twenty-five thousand regular troops and forty thousand militia.* This large military establishment is doubtless requisite: the negroes form, probably, three-fifths of the population, and are a much more active, strong, muscular race of men than are now found in the coloured inhabitants of the United States. There are great and constant importations from Africa, which Spain (in defiance of all promises, treaties, and the several hundred thousands sterling, paid to her by a well-meaning but Quixotic personage, called John Bull) still connives at.†

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* In regard to the organisation of the militia, I could obtain no certain information; by the best accounts however, although numerous, it is not trained or exercised. It consists chiefly of the "monteros," literally "huntsmen;" but the name is here given to all the small country proprietors and farmers of Spanish blood.

† By the treaty of 1817, which was to take effect in 1820, England agreed to pay to Spain 400,000*l.* sterling, as an indemnity for the loss arising from the abolition of the slave trade.

The entrance into the town from the water is very striking: the stranger, after passing through one small street, comes upon the square called the Plaza de las Armas; one side of it is occupied by the governor's house, the other by the intendant's, or the financial minister. Neither of these edifices possesses any claim to admiration on the ground of architectural merit; but both are handsome as to size, and an appearance of age and solidity. The interior of the square is laid out as a shrubbery, protected by iron railings; and the public walks which surround and intersect it are paved. In the centre is a marble statue of Ferdinand VII, brought, I believe, from Rome. Three times every week the military band plays in the evening in this square, and then it is the resort of most of the beauty and idleness in the city. The ladies appear in their "volantes,"* in evening dress, and their heads unprotected by a hat or a kerchief (even on the 9th of January); others sit in the inner area; and the men parade around, either chatting with their fair acqaintance, or indolently smoking their Dos Amigos or Cabaños. The military band is tolerably good; and under the influence of a cool evening breeze and a bright moon, produces a very pleasing effect.

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* This word is, I believe, peculiar to Cuba, and is unknown in this sense in Old Spain. For the information of the uninstructed, I should explain that a volante is something like a large cabriolet (though a strict etymologist from Brighton would designate it a *fly*). It is an easy kind of carriage, swung entirely before the axletree; it has two wheels, which are extremely high and wide, and is generally drawn by one horse in shafts, who, moreover carries a negro (called a caleséro), and his boots, which latter come above his knees: I have sometimes expected to see the little wearer subside into them altogether. These carriages are very safe and convenient, except for two classes—the horses who draw them and the foot-passengers." In respect to these latter, they are considerably annoyed when two of these broad vehicles pass

The streets of Havana are regular; any house or square is easily found, although the buildings are quaint and irregular in their style of architecture; and many of them have large balconies of carved wood, which are handsome from their grotesque and massive character. Most of the large houses are built round a court, in the interior of which are galleries which afford constant shelter from the sun, and many families dine in them. You enter by a large archway, under which the "volante" is usually placed, the stable being at the back of the court. What strikes a foreigner most is, the extreme publicity here of domestic life: windows are unknown, at least the place of glass is supplied by bars, through which you can distinctly see the in-

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one another in the narrow streets, and the black postilions rattle their high wheels over the foot-pavement without scruple or mercy. In respect to the horses, I am completely puzzled how they contrive to draw the machine at all: they are but small animals, and are harnessed at least two yards farther than necessary from their ponderous load.

mates, their occupations, furniture, &c. from the street, especially after night-fall, when the rooms are lighted, and the young lady touches her piano, or wreathes her smiles for the benefit of every passenger. The style of furniture is generally showy and handsome, partaking somewhat of the character of the French *meubles* made a century ago.

Soon after my arrival I had an opportunity of seeing a public ball at a garden called Tivoli, about a mile from the town: it is the Vauxhall of Havana, of small extent, but agreeably situated; it was very numerously attended by the families of respectable merchants and tradesmen, but not by the aristocracy. Everything was conducted with the greatest propriety and decorum. The dancing-floor was shaded by a roof supported by pillars, some of which were the natural trunks of trees, and lighted by very pretty chandeliers. The prevailing dance is a kind of union of the waltz and the English country-dance; extremely dull and slow—more stupid, if possible, than a French quadrille in England. The only change from this dance was to the common waltz, which was performed with a deliberation suitable to the climate, as the thermometer, from the 5th to the 9th of January, averaged 75° Fahrenheit, in the shade, and the sun was intensely hot; but all the people in the town told me it was extremely cool and pleasant! Of course I was obliged to perspire, and be silent. I confess I was much disappointed not to see one pretty girl, or handsome woman, in this assemblage; although there were a few pleasing and expressive countenances. Many of the ladies dressed and moved with considerable grace.

Being anxious to acquire the language, I left my companions, and took up my lodgings in a sort of Spanish boarding-house, kept by one Don Juan Gonzalez. Among the lodgers already in the house I found an English gentleman, who had been fifteen years in Spain and Cuba, and three of the Italian Opera company, one of whom was a very pretty pleasing woman, with a very delightful pronunciation of her own beautiful language, and a pair of large, dark-grey, expressive eyes, which had within a year subdued her present husband, and which threatened to keep me awake at least half an hour after I retired, for the first time, to my new bed-chamber.

Having now begun to speak a few words of Spanish, my stock of which I was very anxious to increase, I found my brain altogether confused by the admixture of Italian spoken at breakfast and dinner: whenever I did not know a Spanish word I spoke an Italian one, two or three other guests did the same, and the conversation was carried on in the most beautiful matrimony of these two cognate tongues that ever was heard. I wish any grammatical purist of either country could have heard us; it would have driven him mad: *e. g.* "Segnor, haga me, v.m. il favor de dar me un poco di questo plato! Muchacho, da me qualche cosa da bebere!" &c.

On a succeeding evening, I availed myself of an opportunity, presented by the politeness of an English gentleman resident here, to visit a very pretty garden in the neighbourhood, which used to belong to the bishop; but has been since purchased by a nobleman, who still permits strangers to walk in its agreeable shades. We set off in a volante drawn by two horses; our postilion was a most frisky negro-boy, who made the little nags go over the rough and stony roads at a surprising rate. We went out of the gates to the westward; and leaving on our right one of the fortified heights to which I before alluded, called Castello del Principe, immediately at the back of the governor's villa, we turned down a by-road to the bishop's garden. Here I saw dame Nature in a dress totally new to me, and a very beautiful costume she wore. Orange trees, limes, bananas, &c. I had already seen in profusion at Fayal; but the vast varieties of pines and cypress, the palms, the cocoa trees, the almond, and many others, I saw for the first time. The plantain is cultivated to a great extent, and is an excellent vegetable when well cooked; there are two or three different ways of dressing it,—the decision on their comparative merits I leave to better-qualified judges. The garden is very prettily laid out; the roses were in full bloom, as I suppose they always are in this climate; and the soft breeze of the evening bowed the feathery and graceful branches, and leaves, of the palm and cocoa. There are several little arrangements indicative of the taste of the owner; accordingly, we observed a small artificial piece of water, an enclosure filled with tame rabbits, while a bear growled from one cage, and a bald eagle screamed from another; and while looking at this curious animal and vegetable medley, a little grinning negro-boy came, and, dropping on one knee, presented me a nosegay, saying, with a whine of ludicrous melancholy, "Ah! señor, quiere usted estas rosas? Ah! señor, da me un medio."* I took the bouquet, gave the little urchin his sixpence, and he went off, expressing a hope (doubtless, more sincere than disinterested) that I would revisit the garden. It was growing too late for me to be able to distinguish many of the smaller varieties of flowers; accordingly, I was obliged to defer that pleasure for another day; and, jumping into the volante, was, in half an hour, safely deposited in the city.

Soon after my arrival I was presented to the governor by the British consul. The interior of his residence corresponds with what I have before remarked of its exterior; it is large, cool, and convenient, without any pretensions to architectural beauty; but I was not able, on this visit of ceremony, to see more than two or three of the apartments. The governor received me with much courtesy, and the conversation was carried on in Spanish, although he understood French perfectly well. He told me that, as I was learning the former language, I must practise it constantly, and speak nothing else. Although this arrangement confined me to the very few phrases which I knew, and rendered me almost a mute upon many topics, he did it so good-humouredly, that I went on boldly murdering her Catholic Majesty's Spanish without fear or hesitation.

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* *Medio*, short for *medio real*, is a half-real. One real is equal to a *bit*, in the United States, or nearly sixpence sterling.

In person the Governor is below the middle size; and his countenance, though not striking, is indicative of the calm firmness which distinguishes his character. He is courteous without formality, and his manners are dignified without haughtiness or reserve. As brevity is the essence of a ceremonial visit, and his time is extremely occupied, I prepared, in five minutes, to take my leave; before I did so, he very kindly offered me a seat in his box at the opera which was given for the first time on the same evening, and desired me to make use of it at my pleasure, during my stay. Of course I availed myself of this invitation, which was the more agreeable, as the house was extremely crowded.

The company of performers, which had lately arrived from Italy, was very numerous, and contained much vocal and instrumental talent; among the former was a sister of the celebrated Malibran; but owing to indisposition, she did not sing this evening. The opera was Bellini's Romeo e Giulietta: the contralto and soprano parts were very well sustained by Signoras Pantinelli and Rossi; the rest were feeble performers. The orchestra was good, and was led by one of the best violins that I have heard since Paganini's notes "crept in my ears." I am not very partial to this production of the highly-talented young composer; one great fault appears to me, that the first act is by far the best.

The house is spacious and extremely high; the decorations are neat and in good taste; but the exterior of the building is the most villainous ugly barn that ever was seen or imagined; the pit is all divided into arm-chair seats, called here "lunetas," as in England "stalls;" and almost all the boxes in the first and second tiers are private. The assemblage of fair spectators was very respectable, both in regard to dress and beauty; a few of the first families on the island were present, but a great proportion of them were at this season on their country estates, superintending the making of sugar, &c.

From those who were in town I received many and great civilities; horses and volantes were offered to me every day, and invitations to the country houses of their relations, of which I proposed ere long to avail myself. My first introduction to them I owed to the kindness of the gentlemen resident here, on the commission for carrying into effect the provisions of the Anglo-Spanish slave-treaty, and to that of one or two English residents.

At this time the police system of the present governor had been so effectual, that robberies in the town were almost unheard of; however, one had been lately committed in open day, by a negro, aided by a mulatto, and the culprits had been detected. The former was condemned to death, the latter to two hundred lashes and ten years' labour in the galleys. The sentence was carried into execution shortly after, in the following manner:—The negro was taken to the scaffold early in the morning, and placed in a kind of arm-chair, to the legs and arms of which his hands and feet were firmly bound; a priest attended to perform the last offices of religion; and as soon as these were terminated, at a given signal, a kind of tourniquet was applied to an iron collar fastened round the criminal's neck, and in a minute he ceased to exist. This machine is called by the Spaniards a "garrote" (Fr. *garrot*), and is possessed of immense force and certainty. It appears to me one of the best contrivances for capital punishment imaginable; and is free from the sanguinary accompaniments of the axe, as well as from the possibility of protracted suffering, but too well-known in executions by hanging. After death, the body of the criminal was left till two or three in the afternoon, *in terrorem*, when it was claimed and buried by the monks, on whom that duty devolves.

The mulatto culprit was paraded backwards on a mule through all the streets (also *in terrorem*), and received his two hundred lashes at different intervals, so many at each appointed place. I saw him in the course of his progress: though a very dark man, his lips were of pale blue, from shame and fear; and the guard which accompanied him was followed by a vast concourse of negroes, idlers, &c. I believe his punishment, and the method of inflicting it, to be extremely well calculated to produce its intended effect in a population such as that of Havana.

Although the style of the houses in Havana is irregular, that of the streets is not so, and a stranger finds his way about the town with the greatest ease: in fact, the portion within the walls is not more, if it is so much, as that which may be called suburban. The walled town is in form nearly oval, of which the point of land protected by the guns of the Morro, and other batteries, form the northern apex, the curve of the bay and the walls forming the sides. The pavement is generally very bad, but during my stay a great number of vagabonds, and condemned blacks, &c. were employed in M'Adamizing many of the streets in the town.

There are more idle people in Havana than I ever saw in any place of the same size: there seem to be hundreds of respectably dressed persons who have nothing else to do than to smoke cigars, and play at dominoes or billiards. There is a very large café, called the Longa (or the Exchange), where are half-a-dozen billiard-tables, and as many for dominoes, and these seem surrounded by players and expectants from morning till night. Another thing strikes a British traveller's eye as singular and amusing, namely, that most of the shops have a sign, or a *nom de guerre*, placed over the door, which has not the least reference to the character of the articles sold therein: for instance, he will see "Modesty," —"Truth,"—"The Fair Nymph,"—"Patience," &c. over a grog-shop; "The Sportsman," the "Indian Warrior," &c. over a silk or riband warehouse, and many similar incongruities.

I must now come to one of the most important subjects which Havana presents to a *philosophical* foreigner; namely, the manufacture of cigars. In spite of the great increase of their consumption in England, it is surprising how little is known about them, and what errors prevail regarding them. It is generally believed that one has nothing else to do than to go to Havana, and that the best cigars can be found in every quarter:

this is a great mistake, and I have no hesitation in saying, that those of the English gentry who can afford to pay a good price to the best dealers in London and Liverpool, smoke better cigars than the average of the inhabitants of this city. The reason is sufficiently obvious; the demand is so great, that no manufacturer can keep a stock by him; they are sold as soon as made, and are generally smoked quite green and raw, whereas, they should be made at least two or three months before they are used. However, I do not think that the very finest qualities go to Europe, and for the very simple reason that they are not fashionable: they are generally dark coloured, and the public in the old world prefers a lighter coloured, smoothly rolled cigar, to the strong and highly flavoured rough looking ones, which are most held in estimation among the Havanese. Indeed, some of the best which I ever tasted in my life, were given me by an English gentleman, who had sent them to a friend in Liverpool, and they were returned, as being too coarse and ugly! The voyage twice across the Atlantic had ripened them, and they were the most perfect vade-mecum imaginable for the meditative philosopher.

The greatest manufacturers are Cabaños, Hernandez (known to the smoking world under the *nom de guerre* of Dos Amigos), Silva, and Rencureuil who exports chiefly to Holland and France:

but besides these, there are hundreds of manufacturers, who make from ten to one thousand per day. The cigar is composed of two distinct parts, called here the "tripas" or "inside," and the "capa," or "cover;" for these, two different kinds of leaves are used, of which the latter is generally finer in texture as well as more pliant. Those leaves which are to be made upon Tuesday are damped on Monday evening, and allowed to remain so all night, and when rolled, they are placed on a large table, where they are divided into the various qualities of first, second, third, &c. and priced accordingly. Those which are most carefully and beautifully rolled are called "regalias," and are sold at twenty-two, twenty-three, or twenty-six dollars a thousand, while the second best, which are of the very same tobacco, and made by the same man (only with a little less attention to symmetry of form), are sold at fourteen dollars; others again at twelve dollars, and some as low as six dollars: these last do not find their way to England, as the duty would amount to more than the prime cost. D. Hernandez (Dos Amigos) employs about fifty men in his manufactory. Of the best common cigars a good workman can make a thousand in a day; of the regalias, six hundred; so that the daily issues from this immense *fabrica*, are about thirty thousand cigars, which, at fourteen dollars per thousand, would give nearly 100*l.* a day. They pay an export duty of half a dollar per thousand, and an import in England of nine shillings. Allowing for freight and insurance, twenty per cent. profit to the importer, and twenty more to the retailer, the best Havana cigars should be sold in London at *5l.* per thousand, which is 18*s.* per lb. or about 1¼*d.* a-piece, instead of which they are generally charged 30*s.* to 40*s.*, and sometimes 60*s.* per lb., and from 3*d.* to 6*d.* a-piece.

The best tobacco in the island is grown in the Vuelta Abaja, or lower district, to the west of Havana, between that capital and Puerto del Principe.

CHAPTER X.

Tour in the Country.—Our Cortége.—The Road.—Aspect of the Country.—Changes of Soil.—Equipment of Equestrian Farmers.—Singular Mode of Travelling.—Arrival at our Journey's End.—Don Dionysio Mantilla's House and Sugar Plantation.—Preparation of Sugar.—Distillation of Brandy from Molasses.—Village of Marielli.—Fine Prospect.—Friendly Reception. Aquatic Excursion.—District of St. Marc's.—Mr. C——'s Plantation.—His Hospitality.—Coffee Plantation.—Tenure of Property in Cuba.—Return to Havana.—Another Excursion.—Family of Montalvo.—Strange Inconsistencies.—A Cuban Dinner.—The Dessert.—Rambles in the Neighbourhood of San Ignacio.—Journey to Matanzas.—A pretty Village.—Specimens of Spanish Beauty.—Rustic Ball.—Arrival at Matanzas.—My Host.—Cure for Fever.

On the 19th of January, I availed myself of an opportunity offered by the politeness of some of my Havana friends, to make a short tour in the country to see some coffee and sugar plantations. I started at five in the morning, accompanied by a Spanish gentleman, who had many acquaintances in the district which I proposed to visit. Our cortége is worthy of record: it consisted of a volante, to which three mules were attached, one in the shafts, and two outriggers, on the left one of which sat our caleséro, a negro of considerable size, but so strangely dressed that he seemed all boots and hat. My servant rode behind the carriage on a grey rosinante, and a negro perched on two huge packages placed across a mule brought up the rear, and acted there the somewhat incongruous part of guide.

Our place of destination (which lay to the west of Havana), was a plantation near St. Marc's, belonging to a gentleman named Don Dionysio Mantilla, who, according to the very liberal customs of Cuban hospitality, furnished the guide, the volante, and the mules or horses requisite for bringing us to his house. The road for the first two leagues was tolerably good; about that distance from Havana we passed the reservoir, which, through the medium of an aqueduct, supplies that city with water. We also passed the line of a railroad, leading towards the interior; for the construction of which the labour is chiefly furnished by four or five hundred Irish, then lately arrived; and the iron was imported, not from Britain, but from the United States.

I soon began to experience a practical verification of the accounts which I had received of the roads through the island; but I was obliged to be much consoled by the assurance that I was passing over them at the very best season of the year, and that few were as good as the one over which I was then bumping. Under these circumstances, of course, I viewed with proper indifference the stones of half-a-yard high, and the ruts of half-a-yard deep, through which the mules and the wheels were scrambling, and which afforded the best illustration possible of the old proverb of "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

The country through which we passed was extremely interesting to me from its novelty, especially as I remembered that it was now the very depth of winter. Fields of maize and plantain were stretched all around, interspersed with palms, cocoa, mango, guayava, and a hundred other varieties of trees, most of them fructiferous; the hedges were speckled with flowers of the most brilliant hues, and even the palings which fenced the fields contributed to the beauty of the scene, as they were mostly made of living poles, bound together by thongs of bark, and placed very near each other: these are made of a wood called "almasigo,"[*] and whenever it is cut and thrust into the earth it takes root and sprouts, forming thus a verdant fence, through which neither a Scotch schoolboy nor an Irish-educated cow could gain admittance to the fruits which it guarded.

The changes of soil were also strikingly numerous. On first leaving Havana, it was light both in quality and colour; after passing the reservoir, it became more and more red, till at last it was like a field of dark brick-dust; then again, on the hills, it was silicious, and soon after the stratification of lime under the form of coral became evident.

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[*] The hedges are sometimes of almasigo, which is a red-looking wood, but they are more commonly made of piñon, which rather resembles a young poplar than a willow, and is the tree to which I allude above.

We passed a great many huge unwieldy waggons, drawn each by three yoke of oxen, and about a dozen farmers mounted on the indefatigable little horses peculiar to the island: the riders were armed with a pair of pistols in holsters, a long sword, an enormous pair of spurs, and a formidable whip made of twisted leather and heavily butted with silver; moreover, they sat upon a sort of cushion-saddle, from which depended two large canvass-bags, full of I know not what, and from each of these again, about a score of miserable fowls were hung by the legs, cackling their death-song, on the road to market![*] At a tavern five leagues from the city, we found a relay of mules, also provided by our host; and having with some difficulty persuaded them to start, we recommenced our journey. I had here to make a remark similar to that which had occurred to me once or twice in America, and which, however strange it may sound, is indubitably true in many parts of both countries; namely, that the farther you can get from the road in travelling, the better for you. I believe it is a local law in Cuba, that a proprietor must either keep the public road running by or through his plantation in passable order (English, not French, passable), or he must allow the traveller to find the best of his way through his fields. The latter plan is almost invariably preferred; so that when you find in the road an obstacle too deep, or too high to be surmounted (which is of very frequent occurrence), you desire your calesero to dismount and to take his observations; having done which, he begins deliberately to pull down a wall, and as soon as he has effected a breach large enough to admit his muly trio and the volante, he drives coolly into the field, pursues his journey, and of course pulls down all the fences that obstruct his subsequent progress. It is natural to suppose that these proceedings sometimes lead to an exchange of incivilities between the wayfaring man and the owner; but the latter does not put a rifle to his shoulder and shoot the former, as he most probably would do under similar circumstances in the western States of America. If the Cuban farmers had the wit or the industry to add to their fence a small ditch, either the roads in the island must be improved or the inhabitants must give up travelling otherwise than on horseback.

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[*] The farmers here described are the Monteros, before alluded to.

After a pleasant peristaltic drive of three or four hours, we reached Don Dionysio Mantilla's plantation. The house was a neat square building, in the cottage style, and on the front, and at one side was a small garden-plot of flowers, wearing in this delightful winter the holiday costume of a European summer. The comforts and decorations of the interior, bore witness to the advantage derived by our host from European travel. Opposite to the front of the house, and at a little distance from it, was an extensive range of buildings, containing all the apparatus required in the various processes of sugar making, and now echoing to the cries and shouts with which the negro men and boys accompany and cheer their labour.

In the course of the day I went all over the establishment; and, although the subject is probably familiar to many readers, I will give a short and simple description of it, because the plantation from which I took it is more than usually neat and compendious in its arrangement.

Under an immense shed, around which are piled large heaps of sugar-cane, are two mills, each turned by six pair of oxen (the black urchins who sit upon the arms of the machine to drive them, keeping up an endless clamour). This portion of the operation is frequently, and more advantageously, performed by steam. By each of these mills three large cylinders or rollers are made to revolve, a very small space being left between them; two or three negroes supply them constantly with cane, which they instantly crush and express all the juice, while other men or boys remove the torn and broken remains of the cane. From these rollers two pipes conduct the saccharine liquid into large receiving vats, where it undergoes several processes of boiling; during which the scum and refuse rising to the top is removed by negroes armed with large flat ladles. When sufficiently purified by this process, it is filtered through bags of woollen texture,* and afterwards placed in large vases formed like a flower-pot, where it is mixed with a peculiar kind of clay, which contains, among other ingredients, some lime. These vases are placed in holes arranged in great numbers along the floor of a kind of barn, below which a number of inclined pipes conduct the molasses which drop through the pierced bottoms of the vases into other large vats; when the molasses are thus drawn off the vases are reversed, and the sugar is separated from the clay: the brown sugar-loaf which remains is now divided into its respective qualities; the best is that which formed the base of the cone, and it gradually deteriorates towards the apex.

The sugar is then spread for several days to dry in the sun; after which it is packed in boxes, containing each eighteen arrobes, or about four hundred weight, and is ready for exportation. In the mean time the molasses are either submitted to another process, for sale in that condition, or are carried on to the distillery, where they are soon reduced to brandy, at the option of the manufacturer. In the course of all these operations nothing is lost or wasted; the dregs, &c. are used to fatten or feed the pigs and cattle; and the bruised rind of the cane, when withdrawn from the rollers, is placed under an enormous shed, where it is allowed to dry, and becomes admirable fuel for supplying the furnaces for the boilers and distillation. The brandy made from the sugar is by no means bad; indeed, I tasted some from the vats of my host which was very much better than the average "real French brandy," sold in the taverns in England or the United States.

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* Filtering is not usually performed on the "ingenios," or sugar plantations, in Cuba.

In order to distil brandy from molasses, the custom is here to mix the ingredients in the following proportions: — Guarapo (or unrefined syrup), eight; molasses, three; water, three. A little lime is of course added to these, under the process of fermentation. The average price of the aguardiente, or sugar brandy, is twenty-five dollars a pipe (*i. e.* the price given to the manufacturer by the merchants); the pipe contains about one hundred and twenty-five gallons, which would give a rough average of one shilling sterling per gallon for this spirit, which is very pure and strong. If the price remained for any length of time at the same height as during my visit, the sugar planters must accumulate immense fortunes; some of them were making annually four thousand boxes, of which the profits, after deducting one-third for expenses, were calculated this year at upwards of sixty thousand dollars. One or two on the island make annually from seven to ten thousand boxes.

On January 20th, sugar was selling at twelve reals the brown, and sixteen reals the white, per arrobe (twenty-five pounds); a box contains about seventeen arrobes. Be it remembered, that, whatever may be the price of sugar, it is the custom in the Havana market to keep the white at four reals per arrobe above the brown.

After spending a day with my host, I went, accompanied by him and his lady, to pay a visit to his brother at a village called Marielli. The day was beautiful, and the continued variety of the soil, and of its productions, made me indifferent to the jolting and shaking which I received on the road. At length, we reached the top of a high hill which commands the said village of Marielli. I have scarcely ever seen a more glorious prospect than that which I here enjoyed. All around me, in the fore-ground, were the royal palms, coccas, guayavas, and hundreds of other trees, some bearing fruit, and others clustered with flowers, even in January.* Below me was the noble bay, wider and longer than that of Havana, and rendered more beautiful by the gentle curve with which it sweeps round the wooded and fertile promontories forming its seaward opening. Four or five schooners, and a few smaller and more picturesque vessels were lazily slumbering on its tranquil bosom, while its inland margin was enlivened by the passing and repassing of many teams of oxen carrying boxes of sugar, &c. down to the quay. The little town itself is neat and cleanly; and, from the distance at which I viewed it, the open balconies and scattered palms gave it quite an Oriental appearance. Behind it to the westward and southward, the hills rose with a gentle slope, interspersed here and there with fields of maize or sugar; while the distant back-ground was filled up with a wild and rugged mountain outline, without which, according to my opinion (or rather prejudice), no landscape prospect can be perfect.

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* It would appear from the text, that the climate of Cuba is very similar to that of Corfu, as described by the most eloquent and graphic writer of old. (*Vide* Hom. Odyssey, η. 115.)

After contemplating this scene for some time, we descended the hill, and soon found ourselves in the house of my late host's brother. We were heartily welcomed by our new host, who resembled very much, both in plain hearty manner as well as in personal *embonpoint*, an English country gentleman. I was introduced to his wife, a very pretty little woman, apparently about thirty, but even for that age remarkable in Cuba for her clear complexion, fine teeth, and general youthful appearance: my astonishment was extreme on learning that she had been the mother of fifteen or seventeen children; of these only five were living, but (judging from her appearance) I thought it not improbable that she might have fifteen more.

After dinner, and just at the close of the day, we went down to the water-side, and, with a considerable party both of males and females, jumped into a boat and pushed off into the beautiful bay. We had dismissed the negro crew, and amateur rowing was the consequence; this may not have increased our speed, but it certainly tended much to our comfort. Sitting on a bench close to a negro rowing, would poison the most spicy breeze that could be wafted from the shores of Araby, and would disturb the sweetest moonlight rêverie into which a lover could fall. But I must not forget to boast that my rowing excited much admiration: I could both feather my oar and bend my back, neither of which performances were comprehensible to my amateur companions, although one or two of them nearly broke both oar and back in endeavouring to achieve them. The moon was bright, the scene lovely, the party very gay, and though my thoughts did wander a little now and then from them, they strayed to subjects and to scenes sweeter and dearer to my contemplation than even the beautiful bay, through which our little bark now made its rippling way.

On the following morning I went out before breakfast to see a pottery, which was extensive and apparently well-managed. There was little amusing or worthy of record, excepting a certain simple forcing-pump lately arrived from England: it was found that the roof of a small temporary shed impeded the movement of the lever, and two Spaniards and half-a-dozen negroes were employed in taking it down. This operation, which would have cost two English labourers three minutes, occupied an hour, at the end of which, the roof of the little shed, instead of being taken off whole, to be replaced at pleasure, was broken into a dozen pieces. It is probable, judging by analogy, that this roof had cost the same number of persons two days' labour in its construction.

From Marielli, we proceeded in a southerly direction to the district called St. Marc. Our road led us for some miles over a rough and broken country; we passed a few sugar estates, but the scenery in general possessed little interest or variety. After travelling about twelve or fifteen miles, we came to a high-elevated plain of extremely red soil, and my companion informed me that we were now entering the district of St. Marc. Our volante went smoothly along for many miles through the most beautiful garden that ever I beheld: the term may appear strange; but it is indeed true, that the whole district alluded to is one continuous garden. The sides of the road were lined with noble palms, and the hedges were of neatly trimmed lemon; every quarter of an hour we passed some large, double, iron gate which formed the entrance to a plantation, called here a "cafetal,"* and the eye was constantly reposing on a variety of luxuriant verdure, enlivened even at this season by many fruits and flowers.

At length we came to the plantation of Mr. C——, the gentleman at whose house we proposed to spend a day. We found the family at dinner; and after the usual form of introducing me had been gone through, we were invited to sit down at the table. There was neither ceremony nor ostentation, but much politeness and hospitality. Our venerable host was one of the most extraordinary instances of a gay and healthy old age that I ever saw. The exact number of his years was not ascertained, but they were known to exceed eighty-six. He rises in the morning at four or five, goes all round his estates on foot, eats a hearty breakfast, and spends the greater part of the day among his trees, fruits, &c. I believe he is of French origin, and was a resident in St. Domingo till the revolution in that island, since which he has been in Cuba. His conversation is lively, and is the most amusing mixture possible of French and Spanish. As far as I could discover, his prejudices do not lean to either language, and in every sentence he uses nearly an equal number of words belonging to each. The rest of the party consisted of his son and daughter-in-law, a very pretty pleasing woman, with two or three beautiful children.

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* The Cuban estates, or country-seats, are variously denominated according to the produce raised upon them: thus, a sugar estate is called an "ingenio;" a coffee plantation, "cafetal;" a farm for the cultivation of yucca, maize, corn, &c. "estancia," or "sitio;" a park for breeding and rearing cattle and horses, "potrero."

After dinner we drove out to see a "cafetal," called Ponton, which is one of the finest in the island. A short description of it will serve to illustrate the general disposition of these garden-estates. Indeed, one or two particulars which I shall introduce do not occur in this plantation, but as they are usual in the district, I shall include them, as the object is to give an idea of the general character of a plantation in St. Marc's. You enter by a magnificent avenue of palms, from fifty to a hundred yards wide, on each side of which are two narrower parallel avenues, like those of the long walk at Windsor. Through the intervals of these palms you see a boundless range of verdure: below are the coffee plants, not very unlike the Portugal laurel in Britain, only more regular in form, as well as more delicate in appearance; above this, the huge leaves of the plantain spread their shade, and wave their feathery tops in protection of the more precious shrub from the rays of the sun; numberless trees of various kinds, mostly fructiferous, are scattered in every direction; and the eye experiences nothing like lassitude. The avenues before mentioned vary much in length, some being half a mile, others as much as two miles.

On arriving at the house, which is generally a low comfortable building in the cottage style, you see before it, and divided by a lawn, a large range of buildings for the reception and stowage of the coffee, for the husking it, and several large areas of hard-baked clay, surrounded by low walls, where it is dried in the sun. A little from this there is generally a square or an oblong space, round which the negro huts are built: these have their doors and windows opening on the inside, and the square is fastened at night by a high iron grate. In addition to these securities, there are generally one or two watchmen, and some large dogs which are only loosed at night, and which would pull down any negro whom they could come at. However, in spite of these precautions, many have escaped to the mountains, where they live in bands, in accessible fastnesses and jungles, existing miserably upon wild fruits, and upon the scanty gleanings of robbery or hunting that may now and then fall in their way.

To proceed with our plantation. Around the house is generally a parterre of flowers; in that of Ponton there is a very neatly finished little labyrinth of lemon, in the centre of which is a marble statue, which, as I could not make out what deity it was intended to represent, is probably the goddess of puzzles. Many of these must be extremely beautiful in spring, for even at this ungenial season, there were a great variety of sweet odours and colours.

On the opposite side of the house from the above-described entrance, is another avenue leading in the contrary direction, composed of mango trees, which form an impenetrable shade; and from the wings of the house, at right angles to these approaches, are two other avenues of almond, lemon, and orange trees, all bending under their load of fruit. You drive on through these avenues till you come to the extremity of the garden, which is at the extremity of the estate, and you enter another similarly beautiful. Nothing but water and mountains are wanted to make it an Eden.

Most of these estates have pretty names, as it appears to have been a graceful and usual compliment among the Spanish nobility and gentry, when they married, to call the estate after the Christian name of the bride; *e. g.* in the neighbourhood of my present tour were several, with "La Matilda," (the property of the Marquis of Arcos,) "La Catalina," — "La Seraphina," &c. written in iron or gilt letters on the entrance.

This district of the island will soon be even more beautiful than it is now; for it has been lately discovered that the coffee can scarcely be too much shaded, and I passed through one plantation where it was reared under the natural timber: thus, the whole estate was a continued wood of every variety of fruit and forest tree. Among these were scattered a great many plantains, and below all a continuous dark green sea of coffee. In the spring and summer, when this last is in flower, I defy the most aromatic imagination to conceive the effect.

The tenure of property in Cuba is not very dissimilar to that in England. Most of the estates in the best families are "vinculados," or entailed. This entail is even more strict than that of Scotland; it can be broken by no family arrangement, nor by any court of law, but only by decree of the king of Spain. Besides the tenure of actual property, there are also some rights of seignory, which arose in the following manner:—The king formerly made grants of land in this island; these were always measured by the radius of a circle of certain dimensions, drawn from a certain spot mentioned as centre. These estates so granted were usually of one or two leagues radius, or, of course, two or four leagues in diameter. The former are called "corrales," and the latter "haciendas."* The grantees, either from living in Spain, or from other causes, being unable to cultivate their large tracts of land, divided them into smaller lots and re-granted them; at which time they were valued, and upon this valuation the original grantees received a percentage, which, as established by law, must be not less than five and not more than six per cent. per annum.

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* The *generic* term for all these is Hacienda.

As long as these fines are duly paid, all the right or interest of the original grantees in the land ceases; but upon non-payment they may bring a suit of ejectment, (a "pleyto de lanzamiento,") and re-enter upon them.* It may be easily imagined, that, with the carelessness with which royal grants of colonial land are usually made, and the imperfect state of maps and surveys in the island, these circular grants frequently intersected each other, and two grantees of a hacienda found themselves, with the centres of their respective domains, only one league instead of two apart. These cases have afforded an ample field of employment for the lawyers; a race of worthies, who, if I am rightly informed, yield to none of their brother land-sharks in any part of the world in pettifogging, and every branch of licensed roguery. The centres of these circles are called the "asiento," or seat; and in addition to those above-mentioned is another estate called "hato," which is of a radius of three leagues; but these are extremely rare.

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* I am not quite clear as to the law on this point, as one proprietor assured me that the grantor could not re-enter, but could force a sale under warrant of the court; and that his claims had precedence of those of all other creditors, even supposing the king or government to be among them; of course, the purchaser becomes bound in the same terms.

After spending a day and a half in this delightful district we prepared to retire to Don Dionysio Mantilla's. Accordingly, we committed ourselves to the tender mercies of our calesero, who unfortunately had taken brandy enough to make him insensible to the dangers and perils of ruts, stumps, stones, &c. In despite of our entreaties, he gallopped over these most execrable roads, and we were half inclined to believe, that he had laid a wager that he would break our volante, and a few of our limbs, before he returned. There was no alternative for us but to submit, or shoot him; we preferred the former plan, and bore our shaking with Christian philosophy. Thanks to Providence, and *none* to the calesero, we did arrive in safety, and on the following morning returned to Havana.

I there found that some of my obliging friends had completed their arrangements for taking me to see another part of the island, to the south-east of the city, called here the Vuelta Arriba, in contradistinction to the Vuelta Abaja before-mentioned. Accordingly, we started in two volantes, and reached before dinner the sugar estate of a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made in Havana. This was a large establishment, but different in nothing from that before-mentioned, excepting that the cane was pressed by a steam-engine; this last, however, was not quite completed, and it was, of course, the constant theme and occupation of those interested in the "ingenio." Accordingly, I got very tired of the machine, and agreed willingly to the proposal of one of my friends to visit a Spanish family a few leagues distant.

The scenery which we passed through on this little excursion, was as different from that of St. Marc's as the highlands are from Kent; but to my taste it was more beautiful, because it was a varied succession of wooded hills and large valleys, dotted with palms, and rich with endless fields of sugar-cane. To say anything about the roads is useless; words worse than "execrable" are not pretty to write, and even when written might convey but a feeble notion of the state of the roads in Cuba.

The family of Montalvo, which I was now about to visit, is one of the first and most wealthy in the island. They received me with the same hospitality which I have universally experienced here, and I was glad to obtain so good an opportunity of observing the domestic manners and country habits of the best Criollo society. There were many ladies in the family, two or three married, but most of them young, and there was no steam-engine; so that we had a chance of general conversation. One of the most striking features of the domestic economy of this, as of all other large establishments in Cuba, is the immense and apparently useless number of house servants. I learned that between a hundred and a hundred and twenty mouths were daily fed, and yet the waiting at table was not near so convenient or so efficient as that of an English country gentleman's house with a butler and two footmen. Black boys and girls were hovering around the room, yet they never anticipated a want on the part of the guests, scarcely ever supplied it when expressed. To get some salt was often the result of five minutes' reiterated entreaty; and after dinner, when the coffee was served, the whole company, more than once, waited ten minutes before they could procure either sugar or milk.—These mixtures of the magnificent, and the "mesquin," these strange inconsistencies, are among the remarkable features of society in this Spanish island. The doors are all open; windows, there are none; the mastiffs, curs, and puppies, roam at pleasure through the tile-paved saloons, and when one of the young ladies sits down to play or sing at the piano-forte, half-a-dozen slovenly dressed black girls loiter near the instrument to listen, while two or three others, belong to the nursery, bring their squalling charge to disturb and drown the music. The quadruped domestics of the family are upon a similar scale to the biped establishment: *e. g.* I need only say that, in a small enclosure near the house, were ninety volante horses and mules, fattening upon maize and the various parts of the sugar-cane which are allotted for their use.

The average routine of a Cuban dinner is as follows: — First, a soup, either of vermicelli or vegetables, generally containing a good deal of bread; then comes the pride of Spain, the olla, a kind of boulli, which is eaten with a mixed dish of vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, cabbage, and a kind of pea,* which last, is apt to be large, yellow, tough and dry; then come several dishes of hash and "emincé,"† mostly dressed with eggs, and flavoured with garlic and onions; fried plantains, yams, Irish or Guernsey potatoes, are on the table; two large dishes of rice occupy an important place, one plain-boiled, another flavoured with the gravy of two or three fowls, which are boiled in it, and also seasoned with garlic. Among the favourite side-dishes, are dried beef,‡ grated and served-up warm with a sauce;

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* Spanish "garbanzo."

† Picadillo.

‡ Tasajo, imported from Buenos Ayres when wanted for the consumption of the negroes, and brought from a place called Cayo Romano, on the north-eastern part of Cuba, when intended for the use of their masters.

côtelletes de mouton; a dish of boiled and seasoned tripe, or "pied de veaux;" and small croquettes of brains, which last are very good.

When all these trifles have been disposed of, the attention of the company is called to roast guinea-fowl, roast turkey, and sometimes a dish of fish; unless the house be close to the sea, this last is rarely presented, as it is impossible, owing to the climate, to keep it fresh many hours — of course, I need not add that, in a Catholic country, there are also several modes used of serving it up salted; then (after all these skirmishes have been disposed of) comes the tug of war, in the shape of a joint of beef at the top, and another of roast mutton at the bottom, and a large salad in the middle. The beef is generally but poor in flavour; the mutton is excellent, although they commit the error, common to the whole western world, of killing it too young, and although they are generally obliged to eat it a few hours after it is killed; notwithstanding these disadvantages, it is sweet, tender, and well-flavoured. If the dinner is given after the real Criollo fashion, the party here breaks up and retires for a quarter of an hour to the garden, or to the shady wooden galleries round the house; the gentlemen light their cigars, and the ladies chat among themselves.

After this quarter of an hour's rest, the black major-domo again summons the guests to table, when the dessert is served, generally accompanied by a cheese from Old or New England. Here the richness and fertility of the island is fully displayed; the number and variety of the sweetmeats is perfectly astonishing. It is useless to record the names of all these fruits, even if I knew them, because many of them are totally unknown in Britain, and untranslateable into our language.* I have tasted them all, and have found none so pleasant to my palate as the one so familiar to sweetmeat lovers in England, under the name of "Guava" jelly. (We have treated this word with much leniency, considering our usual habits, when we naturalise names, as we have only lopped one syllable, its proper designation being Guayava.) Other dishes there are, however, the very sight or description of which might make the youthful habitants of a nursery, or the mischievous tenantry of a boarding-school, male or female, lick their lips for half an hour;

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* Some of these fruits are as follows:—

Mammei,—about the size and shape of a small melon.

Guanavana—a large fruit with prickly rind (chiefly used in making ice or sherbet).

Sapote—called in Jamaica, star-apple, something like a brown Beurré (commonly called in English, "Bury" pear).

Caimito—a small fruit containing a sweet, brownish, purple pulp, and two or three stones.

Papaya (Pawpaw of Jamaica)—this fruit is similar to, but ten times as large as, that which goes by the same name in America.

Naranjas de China, and other varieties of oranges, as well as sweet lemons and limes.

such as "sweet cakes of maize, to be eaten with the purest extract of sugar, resembling molasses" (called here "miel"); "grated cocoa-nut bathed in lemon or citron syrup," a kind of marmalade made from a fruit called mammei; various preparations of "ciruelas," or plums preserved; and many others which I am unwilling to note down, lest some unfortunate young master or miss should happen to cast his or her eye on this page, and "pine with vain desire" for these transatlantic sweets. The desert being disposed of, coffee is served, generally without milk, and the lords of the creation again betake themselves to their philosophy—I mean their cigars. Such is a tolerably correct description of an average Cuban dinner-party.

There is one part of the dietetic system in this island, which, although perfectly new to me, pleased me after the first few days very much: the dinner is generally about half-past two or three o'clock, and after it nothing more is eaten till bed-time, when a cup of hot "café au lait" is offered to those who choose it. This plan of abstinence during the later hours of evening is extremely conducive to health; it renders sleep light and refreshing, and the sleeper wakens early in the morning with a cool head and a clear eye. How far preferable to the late dinners in England, or the heavy suppers in America! yet I must own that I have never, even at this cool season, known in Cuba, what it is to feel the keen healthy appetite, which has been my almost constant companion in other countries; nor do I think that any reasonable inducement, except being in love (and that is not one), could prevail upon me to spend a summer there.

I took some long rambles in the neigbourhood of San Ignacio (for so is Don Juan Montalvo's "ingenio" named), and enjoyed many scenes of beauty. All around was a little undulating world of woods, covered with every variety of foliage, and sugar-fields studded with palms; while from the summit of one commanding hill, I caught a glimpse of that magnificent ocean which has existed ever since old Time began his course, and will exist until he ends it—the theme of every poet, and the field of meditation for every son of earth who has a heart to feel or a mind to reflect.

I visited, in company with my hosts, many of the neighbouring sugar estates, on one of which was a steam-engine: to my great relief I found that it required neither repair nor amendment; it performed its duty perfectly, and squeezed out as much saccharine juice, for its satisfied lord, as could have been expressed by twenty yokes of oxen. The engine, engineer, and all the apparatus were English; and the owner, who had been some years in Britain, had made a very neat and efficient dam on a small stream near his house, which supplied abundance of water. From this we visited a "cafetal" belonging to my hosts, where they reside a few months of every year. The house is beautifully situated on the summit of a hill, on both sides of which were extensive hanging-gardens, laid out, originally, with much taste: there were also long green sward walks, terminating in arbours and bowers of roses, even now in full flower; but the bowers wore a deserted appearance, and the neglected roses seemed to mourn the absence of the "Catalina" or "Conchita" who should tend and support them.

After spending two or three days very pleasantly at San Ignacio, I resolved, although my kind hosts pressed me to stay longer, to proceed to Matanzas, a well-known seaport about seven leagues distant from their "ingenio." The roads were too bad for a volante; I was accordingly furnished with a pony, and my guide, a negro boy of about sixteen years old, carried my small portmanteau on a venerable rocinante, which apparently had considerable advantage of his rider in point of age. The day was fine, and I ambled slowly along, for three very good reasons:—first, my horses could go no faster; secondly, the scenery was beautiful, and induced its natural accompaniments of alternate musing and admiration; thirdly, I had contrived to pick up a kind of low fever, or general feeling of pain and oppression, which, although not alarming, was unfavourable to rapid movement or violent exertion.

Having given these three excellent excuses for riding slowly, I will pursue my easy way.—I I was obliged to call up my guide repeatedly, for even my moderate amble seemed to distress his rocinante; and the road made many turns, and often branched to the right or left to avoid the abrupt hills through which we were travelling. On these occasions the negro urchin generally contrived to steal a march upon me: he allowed me to choose my own road; I looked back to him from the one which I pursued, and receiving no sign in answer, concluded that all was right. When he arrived at the place where the roads forked, I saw him coolly following a different one: of course, I had to return and overtake him; and when I endeavoured to expostulate, and explain to him that he ought to have directed me better, I received a satisfactory and voluble answer in some African language, whether Congou or Mozambique I am not learned enough to decide.

At length I came to a very pretty village, about half-way of my day's journey. The houses were neat and newly whitewashed; just above them rose the verdant side of a wooded hill, and below, a little winding brook stole quietly along through its sugar-clad banks. While riding slowly down the single street, I passed a house before which stood two figures which I shall not easily forget: they were those of two girls, one might be sixteen, the other eighteen; they were dressed plainly in white, and a few wild flowers were mingled with their black and braided hair. I have never seen two such specimens of Spanish beauty. The younger and smaller one had an oval face with pencilled brows, eyes that looked the very soul of mirth, and a dimple on each cheek, that might have been a cradle for the Muse of l'Allegro to sleep in. Her taller companion, with hair and brows as beautifully black, had a more expressive face; her eyes were larger and more lustrous, their lashes much longer, her nose more regularly formed, and her rich full lips were just parted enough to display their pearly treasure. Her neck and bosom were in the fullest proportions of youthful beauty, and it seemed a wonder how so glorious a figure could stand secure on the taper little pedestal which peeped from beneath her gown. If her companion was the goddess of mirth, she seemed the goddess of pleasure; and though these words are often considered as very similar, if not synonymous, he who has passed the age of boyhood and still considers them so, is very much to be pitied, or, as some philosophers might argue, very much to be envied. The complexions of both were of clear and transparent olive, to which the last crimson rays of a setting sun lent a warm and glowing tint.

I involuntarily reined up my horse, and looked, perhaps, more admiringly than politely; my tongue seemed to be under the same spell as my eyes, for I said in the best Spanish of which I was capable, "Good evening, Señoritas!" and "oh! how lovely!" Each looked at the other, both blushed, and both laughed. I had no excuse for longer stay, so I urged forward my steed; but I am afraid that my spell-bound eyes lingered still on the spot where they stood, and that I rode out of the village like a mountebank, with my head to my horse's tail. Strange is the power, the fascination, the mystery of beauty! Byron is right, and his much criticised line, "The music breathing from that face," is sense as well as poetry. Among the many connecting links between beauty and music, not the least powerful are those of harmony and association, which belong equally to both; and thus I found myself musing for many lazy miles, not so much over the faces and and forms which I had just left, as over those far more distant both in time and space which they suggested; the chord was touched, and its vibrations trembled even to my heart's core.

I will pass over my musings for the next hour or two, which went on undisturbed, under the favourable influence of a bright moonshine, a lazy horse, bad roads, and beautiful scenery. I was awakened from my rêverie by the sounds of music: these I could never pass unnoticed; I found that they proceeded from a house by the road-side, where thirty or forty of the country people were dancing to a guitar and flageolet. Jumping off my horse, I entered the ball-room; and have no hesitation in saying that my entrance occasioned as great a sensation as that of the young duke at the country ball in Yorkshire. I happened to have on my head a Scottish bonnet; the rest of my apparel was of the linen usually worn in Cuba. The dancing ceased, and I was immediately surrounded by the whole contents of the room, male and female. All spoke at once, and inquired in macadamised English (*broken* is too feeble an expression), scraps of French, and various dialects of *nigger* Spanish, who and what I was, whence I came, whither was I going, &c.

I was baited by this motley circle for about ten minutes; but as I did not get angry or vexed as they expected, but puffed my cigar slowly the whole time, they insisted upon my dancing. I said I did not understand their dances, but that I would join them in any kind of English dance. Of course, I did not expect to be taken at my word, when to my horror they led up to me a *young* English dame of forty, who expressed her willingness to "take the floor" with me.

Accordingly, she ordered the musicians to strike up, which they did, and produced a most outlandish tune, to which it seemed to me impossible to adapt any dance, English, Scotch, or Irish, that ever I had seen. My fair partner looked at me with a confidential air of triumph, saying at the same time, "You know that tune?" I guessed what a storm my reply would raise; but prompted by my love of truth, I mustered a due proportion of courage and humility, and answered "No, madam." She elevated her nose and eyebrows, in supreme contempt, and said, "Then you know — nothing." I replied in the same tone as before, "Madam, I never made any pretensions to much knowledge." In spite of my humility, she tossed her head in disdain and left me.

Having thus lost my fair ally (who, by the by, was an American and not an Englishwoman), I was again assailed by my merry group of tormentors, among whom was a young man whose vocation it was impossible to mistake, and who pressed me very much to dance a hornpipe, setting me the example by capering about the room himself. This youth seemed to be a little superior in rank to his companions; he was dressed in a straight cut sporting-coat with gilt buttons; his trousers of linen, fitted so close to the leg as to show its form, which unfortunately was none of the straightest; he had a riding-whip in his hand;

and on his head a low-crowned broad-brimmed straw hat, cocked a little on one side, betraying thereby that the wearer's hair, though a Spaniard, was as fair as that of a Norwegian. Who does not recognize even this rough imperfect portrait? Other professional characters it may be sometimes difficult to distinguish, but the spruce clerk in a counting-house is the same in England, Germany, America, and Cuba.

After performing several little evolutions *à la Taglioni* to encourage me, the dandy happened to inquire where I proposed to stay or lodge in Matanzas. When I told him "en casa del Don S. D——," astonishment, not unmixed with confusion, was visibly depicted on his droll and good-humoured visage, and I soon gathered that he was a clerk in Mr. D——'s employment. He now used his influence to prevent his companions from carrying their jokes to any length that might be unpleasant to me. I was invited to take a cup of coffee, and having accepted this "cup o' kindness," bade the assembly farewell, and pursued my ride to Matanzas.

On arriving there I presented my letter, and was received by Mr. D—— with great politeness. I became an inmate of his comfortable house, an arrangement which was the more desirable, because the taverns or lodging-houses in the town are mean and scant in their accommodations. I found in my new host one of the most agreeable and instructive companions whom I had met on the island; his practice as a merchant, as well as the management of several sugar and coffee estates belonging to his family (which is one of the wealthiest in Cuba), rendered him perfectly familiar with all practical subjects interesting to a stranger, while I found his mind cultivated and enlarged by travel, as he had resided several years in Germany, and nearly a similar period in England, America, and Mexico; moreover, he had a very fine voice, and touched the guitar and pianoforte with much taste. With such a companion it may be easily believed that I passed my time very pleasantly. My enjoyment, however, was much damped by the continuance of the fever which I had caught in the country: I felt still weak and chilly, and a sort of aching seemed to have taken possession of all my joints. Indeed, the weather was said to be colder than had been known for many years in the island; a strong north wind blew, and its effects were by no means diminished by the construction of the houses, in which you are perpetually obliged to sit between four open doors, with your feet on a cold stone-floor. Whatever was the cause, I must say that I felt the cold much more severely than ever I did in America when the thermometer was from 15° to 20° below zéro, though I do not believe it could have been here below 55°.

To cure myself, I adopted a regimen for which the London faculty would have sent me to Bedlam: I ate very little, drank a pint of London porter daily, and in a few days I recovered.

CHAPTER XI.

Town of Matanzas. — Excursions on Horseback. — Fertile Valley. — Day-dreams. — Cock-fight. — Lofty Mountain — Ascent to its Summit. — Magnificent Prospect. — Forest Trees. — Trails of runaway Negroes. — Different Tribes of African Slaves imported into Cuba. — Congou musical Instruments. — Negro Suicide. — Return to Havana. — Mercantile Excitement produced by a sudden Rise in the Price of Sugar. — Management of a Sugar Estate in Cuba. — The Carnival. — Bull-Fight. — The Italian Opera. — Tertullias. — Gay Scene in the Plaza de Armas. — Commerce and Statistics. — Treaty for the Abolition of Slavery. — Dinner with the Governor. — The New Prison. — Masked Balls. — Leave Havana. — Sail for Charleston. — A Storm. — Arrival in the Harbour. — Hospitable Reception. — Letters from Home.

The town of Matanzas,[*] which lies about sixty miles south-east of Havana, is situated at the extremity of a bay six miles long, into which fall two small rivers which supply the town with water, and one of them being navigable for some distance for flat boats, is very useful as a medium for the introduction of timber, tiles, vegetables,

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[*] There are some curious caves, one or two of very large extent near Matanzas, and it is more than probable that this town took its name from the "carnage" or "slaughter" of the last unfortunate remnants of the aborigines of this island, who had fled to these caves for refuge and concealment.

&c. On the north and west, the town is sheltered by high hills, and on the east by a low sloping wooded eminence. Few buildings of any importance, public or private, are in Matanzas; there is only one church and that a small one; in truth, sugar seems to be the god of Matanzan idolatry, and a great deal of business is done, because the land in its neighbourhood is more fertile than that near Havana. The sugar estates in that district have but a short distance to send their produce; consequently, sugar is frequently half a real lower than in the city: moreover, it is a better port to sail from for America, because it lies sixty miles to windward of the other.

Among the common shrubs in the gardens near Matanzas, I found the arrow-root, the caoutchouc or Indian-rubber tree, various kinds of pepper, and the Palma Christi from which the castor-oil is extracted.

I made several excursions on horseback, in some of which I enjoyed several beautiful views; one in particular struck me as most remarkable. I went to the top of the high ridge, which I mentioned as rising on the north-west of Matanzas, whence I could see the town, the bay crowded with shipping, and a broad expanse of ocean, its nearer margin easily tracked for a great distance by the white line of surf, and the promontories jutting into its bosom; while on the seaward horizon a few specks, with the sun shining brightly upon them, completed the picture; yet was each of these specks a floating building, carrying with it a certain proportion of happiness, misery, and wealth. Thus are we all—all our schemes, our plans, our trifling misfortunes, our still more trifling pleasures,—all are mere specks on the great ocean of Eternity; and yet, viewed through the microscopic glass of self-love, how important do we seem!

But to return to my prospect. On the inland side of the high range on which I stood, was a deep and fertile valley, loaded with palms and sugar-cane, sheltered by an amphitheatre of hills. I never saw a quieter or more inviting spot. As I rode along I allowed my fancy to create many scenes in this valley, and turn it to all her own quaint purposes: first, it was a kind of Eastern paradise, with mosques, sloping gardens, &c.; then it was the scene of Boccaccio's tales, and I imagined myself and my companions in cap, plume, and slashed satin, hanging over a guitar, lazily stretched at the feet of our "Donne leggiadre," listening to the fate of the parrot sacrificed at the altar of love, or some of the other legends of that immoral and exquisitely written work. This idea was soon banished to make way for one more brilliant: the valley was made for a tournament; already it was waving with scarfs and feathers; it resounded with the clang of armour and the neighing of steeds; the sloping hills around were alive with spectators; in a pavilion at the end of the valley were the lords and ladies of highest degree. The jousts begin, the lances are shivered, and an unknown knight in black armour and bearing on his shield, without device or ornament, the simple words, "The Wanderer," bears down all before him and is proclaimed hero of the tournament.

Under the excitement of these dreams, I put spurs to my horse; and giving a shout, that was a sort of medley of the Norman war-cry, the fox-hunting view-halloo, and the Pawnee yell, I charged at full speed along the ridge. The road made a sudden turn, and I almost overthrew an unfortunate peasant who was coming in the opposite direction with eight or ten loaded mules. I ran against one or two of them before I could pull up my horse; then came a thought of Don Quixote, a hearty laugh, and an apology to the paesano for disturbing his convoy. How much finer are the castles in the air built by a younger brother, than the proudest edifices raised in London or Yorkshire by the wealthiest peer or *millionnaire!* Moreover, they require not the aid of any fashionable architect; they are removeable at pleasure, and can be pulled down as soon as built up; an object which some proprietors seem to have considered as the more important of the two.

On the 7th of February, I went with Mr. D—— to make a short tour in the country. At a village, called La Moche, I went into a tavern for a few minutes to see a cock-fight. It is well known that this is a favourite amusement both in Cuba and Mexico. Indeed, since the governor of this island has broken up "monti," and other kinds of public gambling, the Cubans have reserved all their betting energies for the cockpit: they frequently wager one thousand dollars a-side on a single cock, besides the by-bets which may be made. I am told that the cocks here are very good, and remarkably well trained. The best breed all come from England, and go by the name of Lord Derby's breed; of these every planter boasts the possession of one or two; the original importations do not succeed in their combats, probably owing to their not thriving in this climate.

In regard to the cock-fight itself, I need only say that it was the first I ever saw, and I sincerely hope it may be the last. I could take no interest in it, neither could I observe any skill in the combatants. I have seen many a quarrel between two black cocks in Scotland over a few grains of corn, which was much better worth seeing, in respect to the size, strength, and beauty of the feathered heroes.

A few leagues from Matanzas is a mountain, well known to all mariners who approach the island from the north, under the name of "Pan de Matanzas" (from its supposed resemblance to a loaf). It is a good landmark from the sea, and is not to be mistaken, on account of its height and peculiar form. This mountain is covered with wood to the very summit, and affords a retreat to considerable numbers of "cimarrones," or runaway negroes. Except these worthies, I understood that few of the inhabitants of the island had ever been on the top of it. Thinking that it must command a splendid prospect, we determined upon ascending it; and accordingly we took with us a couple of negroes, two Spaniards, one an *employé* in a sugar estate, the other a cattle-dealer, who often amused or employed himself in hunting "cimarrones," for each of whom, when taken, he received four or five dollars. As these fellows are numerous, and live only by robbing, it was not considered prudent to go altogether unprepared; so they took two or three swords, and I had with me a brace of small pocket-pistols.

The principal difficulty we had to encounter was the brushwood, which was so thick in some places that we were obliged to cut a path through it with the swords. When we got about halfway to the summit, we found some very precipitous rocks, and were obliged to scramble on hands and knees, and to follow many windings to get above them. At this elevation the whole stratum on which we walked, was broken stone in large loose masses. It was difficult to conceive how the various beautiful trees and plants which surrounded us, could find root in such a bed of stones; and an active imagination might have found a parallel in the virtues and good actions which will sometimes break out in the most hardened and ungenial natures. All the stones and rocks around seemed of the same coral or lime formation, and among them were many sweet little miniature valleys, of thirty or fifty yards in length, carpeted with rich herbage, shaded with various trees, and protected from the rays of the sun, and from the rude breath of the winds, by the precipices which overhung and surrounded them. In these we saw many recent marks of the "cimarrones;" and I could not deny that they had shown some taste in the selection of their abode. What would I not have given for such a bedroom on many occasions, during my ramble among the unsheltered barrens of the western desert!

After about an hour's walking and clambering we reached the top, without difficulty or fatigue. As usual, I found that the height, steepness, and other obstacles had been greatly exaggerated, and I have frequently crossed two or three mountains higher than this, in the course of a day's deer-shooting in the highlands. However, it must be confessed that the lungs, the sinews, and all the corporal functions are much more feeble and relaxed in this climate, and a Scotchman not acclimated, will find that a walk of ten miles in Cuba is about equal to, and much more rare in occurrence than, one of thirty miles at home.

In order to get a clear view from the summit, we were obliged to climb a tree, and to cut all the leaves and branches which hid the landscape from us. It was then, indeed, a magnificent prospect! On one side, a waving sea of sugar-canes and palms; on the other, the ocean, indented with numerous bays and promontories; not the least interesting object being the town of Matanzas, with its shipping, and the two winding rivers which fall into the harbour.

I took the opportunity of my ramble to the top of the "Pan de Matanzas," to cut some sticks from the most curious and durable kinds of trees. I numbered them as follows:—

1. "Caimito," or "Caimitillo."
2. "Yaya"—an elastic wood, sometimes used as a negro-whip.
3. "Dagalbi"—often used for making wheel-carts.
4. "Malajú"—a very hard wood; a kind of gum is distilled from it, which is extremely healing in cases of cuts or wounds; it is also used as a preventive against spasms, lock-jaw, &c.

On the same day I also brought in a coffee-stick, and one of a singular wood called "Yaiquage." It has this peculiarity, that when first cut, and the rind peeled off, it is quite white, and after being exposed to the air a few hours it becomes of a rich mahogany colour. It is useless, except in pursuance of a scientific object (to which task I am not competent), to attempt an enumeration of the forest trees of this large and fertile island; their variety seems endless; but I will mention a few of the names of those most esteemed.

1. "Quiebra-hache"—literally, "break-axe;" *Anglicè*, Iron-wood.
2. "Yava"—a hard wood, with narrow leaves.
3. "Jocuma"—of the same character.
4. "Frijolillo"—do.
5. "Chicharon."
6. "Carne di Donzella"—very hard wood.
7. "Cuajali."
8. "Roble"—this word ought to designate an oak; but I have seen the tree, and it seems to me to be a kind of Ilex.
9. "Caopa"—*Anglicè*, mahogany.
10. "Cedro"—of this kind of cedar most of the doors and roofs of the best houses are built.
11. "Majagua"—*Anglicè*, lance-wood.

The above are all hard woods, and those most commonly used by carpenters and joiners. Among the trees most admired for the beauty of their flowers and blossoms, are—

12. "Ceiba" (Bombax ceiba).
13. "Jobo" (Spondias myro-balanus).
14. "Caimito" (Acropia pellata) — mentioned before, &c.

With the exception of Nos. 8, 9, 10, I am not aware that any of the above names are familiar to Old Spain.

In our descent we found many recent tracks of the "cimarrones," who had been doubtless disturbed and alarmed by our voices, and by the noise which we made in forcing our way through the brushwood. Of course, it was much more easy to trace them than it was during the ascent, because a man in running down a hill selects the softest place for his footing; whereas, in climbing it, he puts his foot upon the projections of rocks, stones, and the hardest spots that he can find. I was astonished at the quickness and skill with which our negro attendants followed the trail of their countrymen; it reminded me of my Indian companions in the West, and surprised me the more, from their dulness and stupidity in every other operation of mind or body. It is very natural that they should be eager to re-capture their runaway brethren, because these vagabonds live chiefly by stealing their pigs, fowls, and whatever other fruits of their industry may reward the employment of their leisure hours.

It may not be uninteresting to some of my readers if I make a short digression, to give some account of the different tribes of African slaves imported into Cuba. They may be classed as follows:

1st. The *Congoes* negroes from the neighbourhood of the Gold Coast. Of these there are several tribes known among the slave dealers; *e. g.* the

Congou-reales, Congou-loaldo, Congou-mondongo, &c. Their general character is lazy, mischievous, and apt to run away; but lively in their amusements, as music, dancing, &c.; very much given to lying, thieving, and all roguery.

2nd. *Lucumi*—also from the west coast of Africa; very proud and haughty; they are brave, and are often known to commit suicide, under the irritation of punishment or disgrace.

3rd. *Mácua* tribe — from the Mozambique coast; generally quiet, docile, and lazy; not very numerous in Cuba.

4th. *Caravali* tribe—from the western coast of Africa; very industrious and avaricious; also choleric and hasty in temper. Most of the free negroes in the island who are rich belong to this tribe.

5th. *Mina* tribe—also from the west; lazy, stupid, and of no marked character.*

6th. *Gangás*—also from the west; very mild and docile, but lazy. The greatest number of the Cuban slaves are from this nation.

7th. *Avará*—also from the west; of no peculiar character.

8th. *Mandinga*—from the western side; general character, quiet, obedient, and honest.

The Congous have a singular method of conversing, by means of their simple and rough music, of which they are very fond: two of them meet on a road, one begins to sing, the other

* Of this nation, there is a branch called Mina-po-po.

catches up the strain and answers in it; and thus they converse for a period of an hour or two. I heard one of them play on an instrument, which certainly, in simplicity of contrivance exceeded any that I had ever seen. It is composed entirely of two substances, the one a kind of "guira" or gourd; the upper extremity of which is hollowed out with a knife, so as to answer the purpose of the SS holes in a violin. From the top to the bottom of this fruit are stretched about a dozen horse hairs; the bow is also formed of horse-hair, stretched on a bit of bent cane. On this instrument, our black Paganini played several quaint and not unmusical airs; in their style and character they bore a wonderful resemblance to some of the highland pibrochs, and the sound of the instrument was not unlike that of our pipes, heard at a distance.

There is another instrument on which they play, which is constructed on a principle something similar to a Jew's-harp: it is made of a hollow and elastic cane, to which is attached, at one extremity, a small piece of a gourd, to the other a string, which they draw tight by means of the elastic stick, and placing it in the mouth, and before the teeth, produce a sound by the vibration of the air, giving more or less breath, according to the effect which they wish to produce. Some of these tribes are tattooed on the arms, cheeks, &c. like the North American Indians, or the savages of the Pacific Islands.

While I was yet Mr. D.'s guest, a messenger arrived from his "ingenio" to announce to him that one of his negroes had hanged himself: on inquiry, he proved to be a young man of the *Lucumi* tribe, mentioned No. 2. He had not been in the island above nine or ten months, and had never been punished, nor had he complained of any ill-treatment. He committed this suicide under the circumstances which Mr. D. informs me usually accompany such an action among the negroes: he asked for his new suit of clothes, which happened to be due to him at this time, and put them on; he then took his pig, his "machete" (a kind of bill-hook with which they cut sugar-cane, wood, &c.), and whatever little moveable property he possessed, and gathering it all into a heap under a tree, hung himself over it. This is doubtless owing to a superstition prevalent in his tribe, that in the world to which he was going, such articles would be useful to him. I have before noticed a belief, very similar to this, as common among some of the North American Indians.

The following day I bade adieu with sincere regret to my agreeable host, and putting myself on board the "General Tacon" steamer, arrived in six hours at Havana. I found the whole mercantile population in great excitement. The prices of sugar had advanced with unexampled rapidity, and instead of 11½ and 15½ reals per arrobe, they had risen in one week to 13½ for brown, and 17½ for white. One merchant of my acquaintance sold fifty boxes on the 18th of February for 19 reals. Some speculators realised immense sums in a few days; others again were afraid that the European demand would not warrant such extravagant prices, even under the favourable circumstances of a small crop in Jamaica, and a still smaller in Louisiana, Alabama, and other southern districts in the United States.

It may not be uninteresting to some of my readers if I give an account of the management of a sugar estate in Cuba, with some additional particulars regarding the expenditure, produce, and profits. This information I am enabled to give with accuracy by the kindness of a proprietor, who showed me his books and explained the details to me on the spot. I have before mentioned that most of the nobility and wealthy proprietors on the island have several sugar estates and coffee plantations. In these cases the management is intrusted to a steward, called an "administrador," who makes a weekly return to his employer of the quantity of cane cut, the number of cart-loads brought in, the number of pans or loaves made and sold, the hogsheads of molasses extracted, together with a report of the health of the negroes and cattle. (A literal copy of one of these weekly returns will be found in the Appendix.)

The best season for cutting and pressing the cane is in March or April, when it yields twenty per cent. more sugar than if cut in the winter; but generally the process of grinding cane continues in different parts of the island, from the beginning of December until the end of May. The estates are divided into so many "cañaverales," or cane-fields, each of which contains on an average, seventeen acres.

The "ingenio" which I am now about to describe, is worked by two hundred and seventy slaves, one hundred and seventy male, and one hundred female, exclusive of children; it produces fifty-nine thousand five hundred arrobes, or three thousand five hundred boxes of sugar, calculating the box at seventeen arrobes. In 1836 the average price was 17 reals per arrobe for brown, and 13 for white sugar, which gives a mean of 15 reals per arrobe. A real is one-eighth of a dollar: thus the total revenue arising from the produce as above stated, will be 111,562 dollars. The annual expenditure on this "ingenio" is 24,000 dollars, including an *ad valorem* calculation of two per cent. for the loss of negroes, and four for that of cattle; deducting this sum from the gross revenue above-mentioned, there remain 87,562 dollars as the profit of the sugar on this "ingenio." There are also to be added one thousand hogsheads (bocoyas) of molasses at 12½ dollars, and the profit of two dollars on the boxes allowed by the merchants to the growers: these additions bring the clear revenue of this estate, in 1836, to 107,000 dollars, or about 21,000*l.* sterling. As I have before mentioned that some proprietors in the island make seven or eight thousand boxes of sugar, and one or two make ten thousand, the reader may form some opinion of the revenues accruing to them during such years as 1836.

Under these circumstances, the carnival was most gaily kept; hearts were light and purses heavy, and as the governor had put a stop to the public gambling in the island, the overflowing spirits and pockets of the Cubans exhausted themselves in balls, masquerades, theatres, and every kind of show. Among these last I went to see a bull-fight which was given about a mile from the town: it was an imitation of that so well known and so often described in Spain; it had its "picadores," its "matador," and all the other ministers of torment and death to the unfortunate bull; but the imitation was so bad, that nothing belonging to it is worthy of record: two horses were killed, and two men nearly so; the bulls were wild and alarmed, but not savage, and it required all the galling and provocation of barbed darts and fire-works to make them attack. The spectacle was numerously attended, as it had not been seen in Havana for two or three years: few women were present and no ladies.

The musical world were all discontented at the ill success of the Italian Opera, which was partly owing to accidents which could not be foreseen: two of the prima-donnas were confined to their bedrooms with bad colds; and there was not one tenor or bass voice in the company qualified to take a first part. As regards the ballet, the dancers could walk or run if required, but could not dance! and thus all went wrong at the opera. I amused myself, on some of the evenings, in calling at the houses of my Spanish acquaintance, and became a frequent guest at those little *soirées*, called here "tertullias." At one of these, the owner of the house was a complete pianist; his daughter had a very fine voice, and sang with much feeling and taste: she was usually accompanied by a cousin, who sang a good bass; and I passed many hours most agreeably in this house. Perhaps I am bound to add that the Señorita was very pretty and amiable, as well as musical.

I now began to accustom myself to the Spanish habits, and could offer or request a light for a cigar without being taken for a Bœotian.* I strolled lazily about the promenade of fashion, a kind of boulevards called the "Alameda;" and in the evening, after sipping my sherbet, and eating an ice in the Lonja, enjoyed my cigar in the Plaza de Armas, observing the assemblage collected from all parts of the earth, and the gay volantes passing and repassing, charged with sundry mantillas or dark veils, from behind which a pair of lustrous eyes now and then ventured to emerge. This scene, under the influence of a mild air, and a crescent moon, with the addition of a military band of music, was certainly sufficient to drive all wintry associations from the mind. During the day I entered into conversation with all persons, whether native or foreign, from whom I could glean any useful information respecting the commerce and statistics of the island: in this manner I became gradually more familiar with the language, and learnt to express myself, if not correctly, at least with sufficient fluency to be understood.

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* In this act of asking or giving a light for a cigar, a Havanese will at once recognise a countryman, a Mexican, an American, or an old Spaniard.

The commerce carried on between this island and the United States has increased to an extraordinary extent within twenty years. In 1813-14, the yearly exports from the United States to all the Spanish islands did not amount to three million dollars; and in 1833, their exports to Cuba alone exceeded fifteen million dollars. These consist chiefly of flour, beef, pork, dried fish, and lard; besides a variety of domestic manufactures, such as hats, leather, soap, gunpowder, household furniture, &c. The exports from Cuba to the United States are chiefly sugar, coffee, and molasses; of these the amount in the same year (1833) was, of sugar, forty-eight million pounds; of coffee, thirty-nine million pounds; and of molasses, ten and a half million gallons. I do not find in the official returns of that year, any statement of the quantity of tobacco exported to the United States; but in the statistics of the island, published in 1830, the amount exported from Cuba was 606,000 pounds.*

According to the census, published in 1827, the population amounted to 704,493; of whom 311,051 were whites, 106,500 free (coloured), and 286,942 slaves; but it is probable that a considerable increase has taken place since that date. I have before mentioned that the treaty made in 1817, for the abolition of slavery, came into operation in 1820; and it is a singular circumstance, that the value or price of an able-bodied negro is 20 or 25 per cent. lower than it was before the ratification of that treaty. Certainly, all *à priori* reasoning would lead to a conclusion directly opposite, as we should be inclined to suppose that in an island, the cultivation of which has been greatly extended, while the supply of negro labour has been limited, if not checked, by British cruisers, the price of slaves would have proportionably increased: as the reverse is the fact, it is to be feared that the exertions made for the suppression of the slave-trade, however strenuous and praiseworthy, have been hitherto almost ineffectual; neither can it be expected that they ever will be effectual until it is considered and declared piracy by the great naval powers, and a force of cruisers maintained on the African coast sufficient to destroy all the hopes and profits of those concerned in this inhuman traffic. If it could be thus checked for a few years it would, in a great measure, be destroyed; for the negro chiefs, who now carry down to the seashore the unfortunate wretches whom they have kidnapped or taken in war, even from the most remote inland districts, would soon abandon that practice when they found that there was no market for them; and thus it is probable that ere long this stain upon humanity might be finally effaced.

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* Estadistica de España, por M. de Jonnés. Barcelona, 1835.

At present the profits of this traffic are so high, that the speculators in it laugh at the means employed for its prevention. If they can bring one cargo out of every three safe into port, they can well afford to lose the remaining two; and there is reason to fear, that, in defiance of the precautions hitherto adopted, at least two out of three reach their destination. Even when captured off the coast of Cuba, many abuses take place which the commissioners are unable to detect or prevent; especially in the case of those negroes who are intrusted or apprenticed to proprietors on the island. But this branch of the subject would lead me into details too minute for a work of this kind, which only pretends to narrate faithfully those particulars which came immediately under the writer's personal observation. I will therefore conclude it with one additional fact, too important to be omitted: *i. e.* that, during my residence in this part of the world, the value of an able-bodied negro in Louisiana, and the slave States of the United States, was about *double* that of the same individual in Cuba, being from 450 to 500 dollars in the latter, and 900 or 1000 dollars in the former. Can any one believe that the cupidity of Spanish slave-dealers on the one hand, and the speculative enterprise of Americans on the other, will leave such a lucrative field for smuggling unimproved?—or that, if the authorities at New Orleans and Charleston conscientiously prevent the importation of slaves, the mouths of the Rio del Norte, the Sabine, the Brasos, and other rivers, flowing through Texas and the adjoining regions, do not afford ample opportunities for landing the human cargo, and thus transporting it across the frontier into the United States?

On the 14th and 15th of February I dined with the governor. His style of living was, like his manner, plain and unostentatious. The conversation was carried on exclusively in Spanish, and my imperfect knowledge of that language rendered me a scanty contributor to it. The topics canvassed were all on general subjects; and I could not help observing, that the governor's aid-de-camps and officers spoke as freely and unrestrainedly as if he had not been present. His character was such as to command respect, and he had too much real power to care about idle forms. After dinner he took me in his coach to see the new prison, which he was then constructing. It is a plain solid Grecian building, of the Doric order, and capable of containing a great number of prisoners. It is built of stone throughout; and, like the roads, the street-paving, and all the other public works in progress, is carried on at small expense; because the workmen employed consist of runaway slaves, white malefactors, and some bands of Carlist prisoners sent over from Spain.

On the two evenings before alluded to, were masked balls, which I attended. They were much the same as those in New Orleans, or in London; they amuse a stranger for half an hour, and then become exceedingly tiresome; but to one who knows a lovely face hidden behind an ugly mask, and a full fair figure beneath the uncouth bundle of clothes before him, there is, doubtless, much pleasure and excitement to be found, especially as chaperons and duennas are exposed to constant ambushes, and words may be exchanged which would die on the lips were the mutual faces unmasked. Nevertheless, it appears to me that the reign of Comus over the civilised world is nearly at an end.

I saw many handsome women in the room, and an exclusive admirer of eyes might here have enjoyed a feast. There were also two or three very pretty young ladies from America, who had come to pass the winter. On hearing the monotony of the Spanish country dance interrupted by a French cotillon, I asked one of these to dance: we stood up and I was astonished to see the formality of the circle formed round our quadrille; but, fortunately for us, there was a larger *set* at the other end of the room, who occupied the attention of the greater part of the spectators. Astonishment was turned into horror, when I learnt that the quadrille in Havana is considered a theatre for the display of capering: the spectators were ranged like infantry in line of battle, the front row kneeling or sitting, the middle standing, and the rear mounted on chairs, clapping the *entrechats* with the vehemence of a Drury-lane gallery. I cared nothing for myself, as I philosophically resolved to walk through the figure as quietly as if I were in London; but I really felt for my partner, who, though a very pretty dancer, was too modest and feminine to approve of this exhibition. I saw, from the sudden changes of colour on her countenance, that she was nervous and uncomfortable; and I sincerely regretted having been unconsciously instrumental in placing her in such a predicament. To add to the *agrémens* of our situation, we were so far from the music that we could not hear a note, nor a sound, except the hand-clappings which accompanied the "light fantastic toe" performances in the larger quadrille. I was very glad when it was over, and made a resolution not to be caught again by a cotillon in Havana. I can only hope that my fair partner bears no malice against me for my share in the transaction.

The following day was my last in Havana, and I bade adieu to many in it with sincere regret. I embarked on board the steam-boat to Matanzas, where the brig was lying which was to convey me and one or two of my friends to Charleston. She had not got in all her cargo: so I found myself again for a couple of days the guest of Mr. S. D——, who received me with the same kindness and hospitality as before.

At length, our brig's lading was completed, and we set sail for Charleston. I had to complain of being grievously cheated by the Spanish port officers, and was made to pay sixteen dollars for passports, for myself and servant. The two might have been included in one paper, and the proper charge was four dollars. Our little vessel, though deep in the water, was an excellent sea-boat, and she ran swiftly and safely through that difficult sea between the Bahamas and Florida, which owing to strong and ever-varying currents, sudden storms, and hidden reefs of rock, has caused the wreck of more craft than any other corner of old Ocean's tide.

We met with neither trouble, storm, nor accident, until we were within fifteen miles of the bar off Charleston, when a kind of ominous fog came on, mixed with a cold drizzling sleet. As this cleared off the whole heaven to windward became covered with clouds as black as night, separated by long horizontal streaks of a blood-red hue. I never remember to have seen so wild a sky; large sullen drops of rain descended at irregular intervals, and a line of foam came driving over the vexed bosom of the deep. So threatening was the appearance of the coming storm, that our captain took in every stitch of canvass, leaving nothing but the ropes and masts to abide its fury. It came with a rushing whirling sound, as if it had only just burst from the cave of Æolus, and for a few minutes all the rigging and spars seemed to creak, bow, and groan beneath its force; but the stout brig remained unhurt, the mingled rain and spray dashed over her low black sides, and a good ducking was the reward of those whose curiosity prompted them to appear on deck. The squall was of short duration, and was succeeded by the same cold wind and sleet which had preceded it; the fog continued brooding over the sea, and no pilot came out to take us over the bar, which is situated in one of the most sinuous and dangerous channels of any harbour in America. Our captain determined upon the bold measure of piloting her in himself, very properly judging that, if the fog thickened, or the wind rose again, he might be blown off shore, and, perhaps, have to remain two or three days more at sea. The event justified his decision; he brought us safe into harbour. The succeeding night was very tempestuous, during which were several snorting squalls from the north-west, which might, had we been at sea, have driven us almost to Nassau.

I had been but very few hours on shore when I met several old acquaintances, made during my tour in the north and east, and began very early to experience symptoms of that warmth of hospitality for which Carolina is so celebrated. I found also a large packet of letters from home, in the charge of the British consul. I had received none for two or three months; with what haste did I shut myself into my room, and devour the welcome contents! The wax was all *red*,—death and disease had spared my paternal roof, and for more than an hour I enjoyed the luxury of intercourse with those most loved on earth, and felt deeply grateful to the merciful Being who had preserved them to me.

CHAPTER XII.

Charleston. — Hospitality of the Inhabitants. — The Carolinian Character. — Change in the Law of Primogeniture. — Education. — College at West Point. — Republicanism of Charleston. — Tone of Society. — Saintly Newspaper Editors. — Sail for Norfolk. — Arrival there. — A Race. — Passage from Norfolk. — American Seamen. — Night Scene on board the Steamer. — Arrival at Washington. — Debates in Congress. — Diplomatic Dinners. — General Jackson. — Mr. Van Buren. — Mediation of Great Britain between the United States and France. — Proceed to Baltimore. — Commerce of that City. — Philadelphia; its Society and Hospitality. — Route to New York. — Indian Excitement. — Threatening Aspect of Indian Affairs. — American State Militia. — Streets of New York. — Dinner given by the St. George's Society. — Races on Long Island. — Visit to a Friend's Country Seat on the Banks of the Hudson. — Return to New York.

I SHALL not attempt to give a description of Charleston, which is nearly as well known to the civilized world as Bristol or Liverpool. Every one knows that it is a commercial city, situated on a point of land made by the junction of the rivers Ashley and Cooper; its longitude being about 80° west, and its latitude about 33° north. Its population is probably about 35,000, of which, one half is coloured. It contains no remarkable buildings, either as regards size or architecture, although there are many well-endowed public institutions, especially a library and an orphan asylum, which do great credit to the liberality and charitable disposition of the citizens. The hotels are small and mean, the streets not so handsome as those in other of the Atlantic cities, and the private houses, even of the wealthier planters, are smaller than would appear consistent with the gaiety and hospitality which reigns within their walls. In regard to the latter, I can only say that during the twelve days which I spent in Charleston, I had a dinner invitation for every day, and I believe the same would have been the case had I remained another month.

A gentleman must be very difficult to please if he does not find the Charleston society agreeable: there is something warm, frank, and courteous in the manner of a real Carolinian; he is not studiously, but naturally, polite; and though his character may not be remarkable for that persevering industry and close attention to minutiæ in business, which are so remarkable in the New England merchant, he is far from deficient in sagacity, courage, or enterprise. Altogether, with due allowance for exceptions, I should say that the Carolinian character is more akin to that of England; the New England, to that of the lowland Scotch. These affinities (supposing that I am justified in observing their existence) are by no means to be wondered at, if we consider the original elements of which each of the colonies was formed, and the additions which they subsequently received from the mother country. Moreover, the southern colonists, who were mostly episcopalians, and many of them members of the oldest and noblest families in Britain, retained till very lately a predilection for institutions which were little regarded by their northern brethren.

That which may be cited as most important and influential in the formation of their character, was their habitual preference of an English collegiate education for their sons. Before the year 1770, almost every planter sent his boys to Oxford or Cambridge, where he had been himself educated; the necessary consequence of this custom, was a partial adoption of the manners, tastes, and perhaps, too, the faults of the British youth of the higher classes. Hence, they imbibed a fondness for horses, and hunting, and other gay amusements, as well as a share of the light accomplishments of the day; all of which tended to make them averse to the drudgery of business. This disinclination was increased by the nature of their property in Carolina, which being cultivated by slaves, under the inspection of a *factor*, left them little of the business of a proprietor, excepting the yearly or half yearly audit of accounts. As I before said, there were many exceptions to these remarks: men who waged war in person with the ancient forest, and with their own hand or under their own eye, planted, in its place, maize, rice, and cotton; men who attained wealth by hardship and perseverance: but these instances, though not rare, formed the exception, not the rule, as may be gathered both from colonial history, and from the internal and more certain evidence of character above described.

Since the declaration of independence, many causes have been in operation calculated to change the manners and character of the Carolinian; but they have only partially effected this change, and a close and attentive observer can very plainly recognise in the quality of the stream the fountain whence it flows. The most obvious change is that of education, for which it is no longer the fashion to select Oxford or Cambridge. Connected with this is the change which has taken place in the laws of succession to real estate: these used to be conformed to the English law of primogeniture; whereas now, a division of property among all the children takes place, and the planter, with his own portion of the paternal estate, can no longer send his sons to an English university; they are accordingly educated at some college near home, or more usually in the eastern states. My opinion of these, as compared with Oxford or Cambridge, would not be believed unprejudiced, even if it were entirely so; let the science and scholarship of the young men whom they respectively send forth, decide the merits of each. I take it for granted, that, in respect to classics and pure mathematics, the Americans would not care to contest the point, because, from the limited attention which they bestow upon these studies, it cannot be expected that they should make the same progress as students who devote to them several years of intense labour, in order to take a first class or a wrangler's degree; but whether they do not at the different colleges in the United States receive an education as well suited to the objects which they are destined to pursue in after life, is a different question. The best that I have seen is West Point; that establishment has sent out many young officers well grounded in the lower mathematics, and the other branches of science required in an engineer.

To return to Charleston. This city affords a very singular spectacle; the planters are generally impoverished by the division of property; they have lost many of their patrician notions (call them, if you will, prejudices); the increased commerce has raised to affluence, and consequently brought into fashionable society, many merchants with whom the planters would not associate on terms of intimacy fifty years ago; and thus, while the society of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York is daily becoming more exclusive and aristocratic, that of the Carolinian capital is becoming more republican.

The tone of society, which here, as elsewhere, is under female control, struck me as being very agreeable: there is nothing in it of that formality or ostentation which I had been led to expect. The very noblest and wealthiest houses in London might take example, in one particular, from Charleston; namely, in the refreshments offered at balls, and other evening parties. On these occasions I have known many instances in the British metropolis where the dancers and other guests have been offered gooseberry champagne, vin-du-pays claret, Marsala sherry, and Cape madera; while the other arrangements of the evening were conducted upon a scale of extravagant magnificence. A Charleston gentleman offers his guests as good wine at his supper as at his dinner-table. I know the excuse is ready, that the parties in London are so numerously attended, and upon such an immense scale, that similar arrangements would not be practicable there. This is but an excuse, and a lame one. If a gentleman cannot afford to give good champagne, let him give good sherry; and if not that, good negus; but no man's ostentation should lead him to poison his friends.*

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* I made a similar observation during my visit to New Orleans, but it is *true*, and will bear repetition.

I spent ten days most pleasantly in Charleston; and though some of the saintly newspaper editors wrote furious tirades against the waltz, scarcely an evening passed of which we did not spend a part in that charming importation from Germany. The wrath of these consistent worthies amused me very much. To slander, vituperate, and if possible, to ruin the character of a political opponent, is a matter of daily practice among them; but a dance, the only impropriety of which is in the mind of an improper *thinker*, is anathematized without mercy. This subject is worn threadbare; but nowhere is it treated with less candour, or with more exaggeration than by a writer, whom I and all the world must concur in admiring for his pure English and amiable sentiments, in the "Sketch-book," and for the quaint description and satirical humour of "Knickerbocker."

I parted with much reluctance from some of my fair partners in this condemned dance; they were pretty, agreeable, and intelligent, and in one respect have an advantage over most of their northern sisters (if the judge is to be a person accustomed to English society),—I mean as regards voice; they have not that particular intonation and pronunciation which I had remarked elsewhere, and which must have struck every stranger who has visited the other Atlantic cities.

There is one subject connected with Charleston on which I am afraid to venture, lest I be suspected of being a confirmed gourmand—I mean the madera; which is so soft, so delicate, so fragrant, that one fancies it fit only for the fairy banquet of a Calypso, or an Armida, and to be poured forth by Hebe, and not by the good-humoured, grinning, black Ganymede, in whose hands methinks I now see it before me.

After a fortnight agreeably spent in the hospitalities of Charleston, I sailed for Norfolk on board of the "Pocahuntas;" she was extremely crowded, and I was so fortunate as to have in the midst of the confusion a few friends who were bound like myself for Baltimore *viâ* Norfolk. We were almost constantly in sight of land, but saw nothing of interest on the coast, which is low, flat, and sandy; while the navigation is unpleasant to sailing-vessels from the number of shoals and currents. We arrived without accident at Norfolk; and as it was evident that the small and scant hotels in that town could not afford lodging to half our passengers, we all gathered to the side of the steamer, and prepared for a *race* as soon as we should be near enough to jump ashore.

It happened that the best tavern (the same at which I had stayed the previous year) was nearly a mile from the wharf, and as it was a sweepstakes for all sizes and ages, it promised excellent sport: some carried weight in the form of a great-coat or cloak,—these were soon "shut out;" and the other running-horses made play up the main street, to the astonishment of the quiet citizens, who stared and cleared the course. The stout and pursy competitors soon began to fall into the rear; then followed those who had been the most successful at the late scramble for dinner, and had swallowed that meal in unreasonable quantity and still more unreasonable haste! Although I by no means consider myself a good runner, it would be very hard if a man trained among the hills in Scotland, and having passed the last summer in the western prairies, could not be tolerably placed among such heavy cattle as I was now opposed to: accordingly, I and a young friend who accompanied me arrived first, and secured sleeping apartments, and then went out to see the remainder "come in." Some were distanced, others had "broken down," and some had bolted and taken to smaller taverns by the way, which offered a tempting halt to panting and perspiring travellers.

I called upon my old acquaintance, the British consul, and was glad to find him and his family in good health. The town was little changed since I left it, and as I walked among houses and shops, every one of which I remembered, I could scarcely believe that I had been more than two or three weeks absent.

In the morning, before the Charleston boat started, I paid a visit to a young lady, whose acquaintance I had made on my former tour, and whose beauty was known to every one in the town except to herself. She had been in delicate health all the winter; and though her friends assured me it "was only a cough, and that she was now better," I could not help fearing that the most wily and insidious of fiends, consumption, already lurked beneath the hectic flush on those soft cheeks, and the too lustrous beaming of those deep blue eyes. I know nothing more painfully interesting than to witness this silent and unconscious withering of the fairest flower in the garden of beauty, for it is generally upon such that he lays his deadly grasp, adorning his victim at the same time with graces more tender and delicate than are usually bestowed upon the votaries of health, and strewing the cheek with roses, while he is poisoning the secret springs of life within. Most sincerely do I hope that I may have erred in applying these remarks to the amiable being who suggested them.

The passage from Norfolk to Baltimore was yet more unpleasant than that of the preceding day, and the steam-boat more crowded. There were neither berths nor even mattresses to be had, and the dinner-table was laid and cleared twice before any person could procure a meal who did not choose to risk a torn coat and bruised shoulders. The only amusement was on the upper deck, where one or two hundred seamen, fresh from a man-of-war, lately paid off, were dancing, shouting, drinking, and frolicking with all the uncouth merriment peculiar to these Tritons when newly released from restraint and discipline. However, I must say that the American sailors, although they handle a ship and a thirty-two pounder as well as any seamen in the world, do not dance as well as the British tars. Philosophers may inquire into the cause, and possibly (as it does sometimes happen) before they have ascertained it, the facts may be reversed.

When the night set in it was most amusing to see the various expedients for slumber to which the passengers had recourse; in the fore-cabin, where I and my companions had engaged berths, we found two or three drunken sailors in each; and the steward fairly told us that the ship's company was much too feeble to attempt to dislodge them. I saw the truth of this, and as my mattress was an unattainable blessing, I contrived to extract my pillow from below two or three drowsy, shaggy, and growling heads, and marched off with it in triumph. On reaching the after-cabin I found the berths there all full, the tables strewed with sleepers, and the floor so crowded that Cinderella herself could not have stepped over its tenants without treading on arms, legs, and noses. I found a young man with whom I was slightly acquainted, roaring lustily from his berth for a pillow, saying that he could not sleep without one. As I still held my prize under my arm, I called out to him that I would toss up with him whether I should give him my pillow or he give me his mattress. He agreed: I won; so I hauled the mattress up on deck, sat down upon it, lighted my cigar, and by the smoky light of a lamp, began to play *écarté* with a young friend from New York. The weather became intensely cold; and after playing half the night, I betook myself to my plaid, he to his cloak, and we tried to sleep. In the morning we found that it was a hard frost, and a brisk north-wester had been flirting with our ears and neck towards the dawn; this freak cost me a cold, and a stiff neck for forty-eight hours.

I proceeded immediately to Washington, and with great pleasure found myself once more under the same roof with my old companions, friends, and countrymen in the British legation.

I remained here about ten days enjoying the society of many esteemed and valued acquaintance, attending also, occasionally, the debates in Congress. In these last, there was nothing at the time under discussion which possessed much general interest, neither did I hear any great efforts of any of the more eminent speakers; but I was confirmed in my opinion of the preceding session, namely, that the general tone of manner, eloquence, and debate, is beyond all comparison more gentlemanly, as well as more business-like, in the Senate than in the House of Representatives. In the circle of my own friends (for it is gratifying to me to believe that in Washington I had and have friends whom I most highly regard), the hand of the Destroyer had been more than once lifted up during my absence; the scenes of former social mirth were now houses of mourning; and, though balls and evening parties still went gaily on, and were adorned by new and attractive faces, I missed some of those which had been most familiar to me, and their absence dulled my enjoyment of the passing festivities.

As an admirer, however, of good cheer, I had arrived at a most auspicious period, for the new British Minister had just made his first appearance, and I was invited to the diplomatic dinners which were given to him on his arrival by the President, the Vice-President, the Secretaries of State, &c. Gen. Jackson appeared to me much more infirm than when I had last seen him; a tendency of blood to the head which obliges him to have frequent recourse to the cups and the lancet, had doubtless contributed to reduce and enfeeble his system. The Vice-President I found as agreeable as ever; and whatever opinion I or others may entertain of the general conduct of his supporters and the measures pursued by his party, no man who is acquainted with Mr. Van Buren can fail to discover that he is a shrewd and able statesman, and a well-read and well-informed man, whose manner is polite, and whose conversation is both amusing and instructive. I confess also that there was something gratifying to me in the language which he always used when speaking of Britain. He seems to have been treated in London with kindness and distinction, and to feel grateful for attentions which were indeed due to his accomplishments, as well as to the diplomatic station which he held.*

I was much pleased with the light in which all the more liberal and enlightened Americans viewed the mediation of Great Britain between the United States and France in their late dispute and threatened war: the manner in which it was offered was doubtless honourable to Great Britain; nor was the manner in which it was received and acknowledged less creditable to the United States' Government.

As to France, she may explain and comment upon the transaction as she pleases; but to any disinterested spectator, her conduct throughout appears weak and shuffling. If she was insulted by the President's message of 1834, she ought to have gone to war at once (and most fatal would it have been to the interest of the United States had she done so); but, after withholding for a year the payment of money which she had acknowledged to be due, and demanding an apology for insulting or threatening language used by the President; after calling back her own *corps diplomatique* and dismissing that of the United States; she gave up at once all the points which touched either her honour or her avarice, and agreed to pay the required indemnities on receiving the President's message of 1835, which repeated the spirit and tenour of his former language, with the addition, "that he would not tarnish his own or his country's honour by offering either explanation or apology."

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* Since the text was written, Mr. Van Buren has become President of the United States. Many other political changes have occurred, but I have left my Journal exactly as it originally stood. In a narrative of this kind, I prefer relating faithfully the impression produced on my mind at the time, to giving an opinion formed upon subsequent occurrences.

Did the bigotted sovereign who was driven by force from the throne of France, ever dare so to humble her in the eyes of the world? Nations, like individuals, should follow old Polonius's advice.

> "Beware of entering into quarrel, but, being in,
> Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee!"

From Washington, I proceeded to Baltimore, by the railroad, which is as rough and ill constructed as any I ever travelled upon; the distance is about forty-five miles, and we were considerably more than four hours in performing it. In this thriving and admirably situated town, I passed a few days very agreeably. I went to a few small parties, and saw some specimens of the beauty for which it is so justly celebrated; but the beautiful vision which I had seen the year before, at Tam o'Shanter's exhibition, and which still lived in my thoughts, never blessed my eyes again.

The mania of speculation which has prevailed to such unparallelled extent in New-York, Chicago, &c. has not yet reached this city, and the price of land seems to me as unaccountably low here as it is absurdly high elsewhere. The commerce of Baltimore is great; it is the most central and the nearest of all the Atlantic cities to the great marts of western produce, and is the nucleus of almost all the railroads in the United States. Unless I am much mistaken, building lots in Baltimore will rise nearly a hundred per cent. in the course of the next five years: there is a chance for the speculators—but they must be *Americans*, as the laws of Maryland prohibit aliens from holding and inheriting real estate. Such regulations may be wise, but I have yet to learn wherein their wisdom consists, when applied to a country which wants no elements of wealth and prosperity, but population and capital.

From hence I went on to Philadelphia, which has always been my favourite of all the American cities: there is here more quiet and leisure, more symptoms of comfort, than elsewhere. It contained many of my friends, and, in the beauty of its women, it yields to no place that it has yet been my lot to visit. With this I feasted my eye. My ear was entranced by the very sweetest and most powerful harpist whose fingers ever swept the chords. Madera poured forth for me her thousand choicest vintages, and every culinary temptation, from the rich Pennsylvania butter to the luscious terrapin, wooed my stay. Moreover, I had made the acquaintance of several literary men, whose conversation was most agreeable; among others, the venerable M. Duponçeau, whose name is well known to Europe's literati, and who is deeply versed in a subject to which I have given some little attention, namely, the dialects, construction, &c. of the various Indian languages. However, as my time pressed, I determined to be blind to beauty, deaf to the harp, and insensible to all other temptations. Accordingly, at the end of a week I continued my route to New York, not without some difficulty and regret. Here again, I found myself among old acquaintances, many of whom thought that I had gone back to Europe a year ago, others that I had been scalped by the Pawnees. Indeed, it was most fortunate that I returned from those treacherous Indians in the autumn, for they thought proper this spring to join themselves to the Camanches, a numerous and warlike tribe in the south-west, in conjunction with whom, and upon some slight provocation, they attacked a small trading station called Coffee Fort (garrisoned by about sixty men), which they took, and killed all the garrison except one! Had the Seminole war and the other causes of Indian excitement, occurred while I was in the West, it is probable that I and all other whites, who were in their power at the time, would have been destroyed. Indeed, Indian affairs in general began now to wear a very threatening aspect. The war-belt has passed in secret from the Seminoles to many northern and western tribes. The American army was too feeble in number to protect one quarter of the frontier; and although the government proposed to increase it to ten or twelve thousand, it would still be totally insufficient, unless some of the State militias are called out. These bodies of men are (except in defending their own home) always more troublesome and expensive, and less efficient, than regular troops; and the raising such a force must be a very great inconvenience in the Western States, where every man's labour is required on his farm or settlement.

The weather in New York at this season (the latter end of April) was extremely changeable; and as the streets had not been cleaned since the winter, we experienced the most *agreeable* alternations of dust and mud that I ever remember to have seen. Indeed it would be no exaggeration to affirm, that the principal streets were more filthy and more impassable from clouds of dust, than the worst alleys and by-streets in Glasgow or Manchester.

On St. George's day we had a great dinner, given by the St. George's Society, a benevolent and charitable institution which assists destitute Englishmen who find themselves without friends or money in this city. The company at dinner consisted of a hundred and fifty or two hundred persons, including many of the most respectable gentlemen in New York. The dinner, wines, and music, were good; and the toasts were all thoroughly English, and given with English feeling; nor do I believe that King William's health was ever drunk at the Thatched House or London Tavern with such unbounded, uproarious, and long-continued cheers, as at this transatlantic meeting. My blood warmed, and my spirit was stirred at hearing the names, the sentiments, the songs, associated with my youth and childhood, "familiar in men's mouths" so many thousand miles from home; and I felt pleasure in hearing from many sons of Britain present, that, though their lot, with that of their wives, brethren, and children, is now cast in this Western continent, they look back with affection upon their Parent—with reverence upon her institutions, and upon her glories with pride. Long may the feeling be cherished—widely may it be spread—and never may any temporary causes of disagreement again make the nations forget their identity of language and blood!

During the first week in May, I went down one day to the races on Long Island. The running was not remarkable in point of time, but a trotting match between three first-rate horses made ample amends; it was admirably contested, and the speed exceeded anything which I had ever seen: the winner, "Flying Dutchman," performed his first two miles in five minutes eighteen seconds; his second, in five minutes seventeen seconds, in harness! The second horse was not more than a few lengths behind.

About this time I went up the Hudson River to pay a visit to a friend at his country seat, called Danskamer, on the western bank of the river. It is a most beautiful situation, elevated about two hundred feet above the water; the grounds are undulating and varied. A new house was in progress which promised to be one of the best country-houses in America, being built of solid stone; the ornamental parts, as the columns, pediments, &c. of the portico, were of granite. The site commands a beautiful view of the Hudson, covered with hundreds of boats and sloops, bearing the produce of the different farms and villages down to New York; beyond is the gentle and highly cultivated slope of Duchess County, while the back-ground is filled with the outline of the highlands stretching eastward into Connecticut. I found that much attention was here paid to agriculture and to sheep; of the latter a great many were of the Merino and Saxon breeds, as the sale of wool has lately become the object of much lucrative speculation in New York.

After a few days spent in these agreeable country quarters, I returned to that city.

CHAPTER XIII.

Institutions and Society in the United States. — Importance of the Labouring Class. — Non-existence of Pauperism. — State of Crime. — Education. — Political Institutions of America. — Slavery in the United States. — Contradiction in the Theory of American Government. — Expedient for the gradual Extinction of Slavery. — Its Non-efficiency. — State of Religion in America. — The Voluntary System. — Religious Sects. — American Society. — Education. — Style of Oratory in Congress. — Officers of the Army and Navy. — American Ladies. — Intonation of Voice. — Academics. — Independent Manner and Opinion of American Ladies. — Marriage. — National Vanity.

During my stay in New York, I occupied myself in collecting and compiling the rough notes which I had from time to time sketched of the leading features that mark the character of the institutions and society in the United States. It is with much diffidence that I now lay them before the reader, being well aware that in the course of my rambles I have devoted too much time to pleasure, and have too often culled the flowers of amusement when I ought to have been engaged in gathering the fruits of useful information. There is one consideration, however, which materially diminishes my unwillingness to enter upon a subject so full of difficulties; and it is, that, after a serious and unsparing self-examination, I can conscientiously affirm, that I came to the United States without prejudice or predisposition of any kind, and have formed my judgment from what I have seen, and not from anything that I have read.

In examining the structure of society in any country, it would seem natural to commence with that class which forms its basement or foundation. If such be the proper course in examining the condition of other countries, more especially must it be so in America, where the operative or labouring class is possessed of privileges and power so great as to render it, in fact, master both of the government and of the constitution. I am well aware that the phrase "labouring class" is distasteful in the United States to those to whom it is applied; but that is of little consequence, so long as the reader understands that I use it in reference to all labourers and artisans, and to those in general who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. It is this class, this broad basis of society, which strikes the traveller in America with the greatest surprise and admiration, and of which the native American may be justly proud. Pauperism, that gaunt and hideous spectre, which has extended its desolating march over Asia and Europe, destroying its victims by thousands, even in the midst of luxury and wealth, has never yet carried its ravages into the United States: this is a blessing of which it is to be feared that few appreciate the magnitude, and which is, of itself, a preponderating weight in the balance of national happiness.

Among the thousands and tens of thousands whom the tide of emigration annually pours into the Atlantic seaports, and many of whom arrive without money or friends, or health, or skill wherewith to procure subsistence, great numbers suffer the extremities of hardship and want, especially in the neighbourhood of the towns where they are set ashore; but these cases can have no reference whatever to the internal condition of the United States; and it is a fact no less surprising than pleasing to record, that, during two years spent in travelling through every part of the Union, I have only once been asked for alms, and that once was by a female who was very unwell, and who, although decently dressed, told me that she wanted a bit of money to buy some food.

The labouring class are fully aware of their own power in the State, and have, more than once, formed themselves into associations, under the expressive, but plebeian, name of "Workies," which have proved extremely unmanageable in endeavouring to force an increase of wages, and in similar infractions of the privileges of other classes in the community.

It will be seen from the foregoing observations, that crime ought to be of comparatively rare occurrence in the United States, as the two chief incentives to its commission, *i. e.* want of food, and want of employment, are almost unknown. Nevertheless, here as elsewhere, human nature displays its innate predisposition to vice, and I do not find that the proportion of the latter, if estimated upon the census of population, is much less than in Great Britain. There is, however, another circumstance which has a gradual, and I trust, a certain tendency to diffuse an improved morality throughout the Union; I refer to the advantages of education enjoyed by the children of the poorest class in every inhabited part of the country.

If a practical statesman was required to point out two principal *à priori* tests of the permanent prosperity of a nation, I think he could scarcely select any preferable to those here adduced:—first, that every adult should be able to read and write; secondly, that every able-bodied man willing to work should find employment, at a rate of wages sufficient to insure him the necessaries and conveniences of life. Both these propositions, allowing for the exceptions necessarily incidental to any broad political statement, may be generally affirmed in respect to the United States.

Having thus briefly adverted to the great advantages enjoyed by the labouring classes in the

Union, it seems proper to inquire how far they are connected with or derived from the political institutions of the country. Here it is that the admirers of democracy, Europeans as well as Americans, have fallen into the error of begging the whole question at issue: they have argued that, because America under these institutions has advanced more rapidly than any other country, in commerce, in wealth, in population, and in every element of national prosperity, that, therefore, they must be in themselves the wisest and most suitable to be adopted by other nations in the civilized world. It would be just as logical reasoning were I to infer, because I had never found my bodily health and strength more complete than during my stay among the Pawnees, when I was overfed one day with several pounds of half-dressed meat, and perhaps on the next, had no food at all, and scarcely a draught of water, that, therefore, such a diet would be advisable for a person residing in New York or London.

In this latter case it is obvious, that the health I enjoyed was owing, not to the diet, but to constant exposure in pure air, and to the severe exercise and excitement which rendered the system able to gain strength under any diet whatever. Just as clear is it, that the prosperity of America is not to be attributed solely to her political institutions, but to the circumstances under which they have operated, which are briefly these: a people, emigrating from the most enlightened and enterprising nation in Europe, obtain possession of a territory boundless in extent, unequalled in variety and fertility of soil, and watered by lakes and navigable rivers, such as are known in no other part of the world. Separated by an ocean from the hostilities and territorial jealousies of other civilized nations, they have ample leisure and opportunity for the uninterrupted developement of their immense natural resources: under such circumstances, unexampled in the previous history of the world, population and wealth must for a length of time advance, without any aid whatever from peculiar institutions or forms of government.

It must not be supposed that I intend, from the preceding observations, to draw any argument *against* democracy; were I to do so I should fall into the error that I have been endeavouring to expose. A republican form of government *may be* the best and most faultless that human wisdom can devise; my present purpose is only to show that such a proposition cannot be affirmed and inferred from the general prosperity of the United States.[*]

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[*] Since my journal was written, M. De Tocqueville's valuable work has been published. That distinguished author has so completely exhausted the subject of the political institutions of the United States, in respect of facts and details, that they must be familiar to every general reader; I have, accordingly, omitted the

While considering the condition of the labouring class, it is impossible to omit all mention of that extensive branch of the productive industry of the Union included under the head of slaves. It is true that they are denied the rights and privileges of citizens; nevertheless, their number (amounting to upwards of two millions scattered through twelve southern and western States) renders them too important to be omitted in any faithful sketch, however slight, of the moral and political condition of the United States. I wish I could pass it over, for no subject can be more disagreeable or more painful to reflect and comment upon, than the continuance of slavery in this country, which boasts of being the most free and enlightened upon earth.

The first proposition of the celebrated Declaration of Independence, the foundation of the United States' Constitution, declares that "all men are *created equal*, and that among their *inalienable* rights are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of

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notes which I had prepared during my travels, relative to the same subject-matter; as I am conscious that they could add nothing to the stock of information already before the public. I limit the above observation to "facts and details," because I am not prepared to say that I can always assent to the principles upon which M. de Tocqueville has based his propositions, or to the conclusions that he may afterwards have evolved from them. Such an argument would be misplaced in a narrative like the present, even if I felt equal (which I do not) to enter the lists with so powerful an antagonist.—1839.

happiness." The first assertion, namely, the equality of man, is true, in comparing mankind with the Creator; and the second proposition, regarding the inalienable rights of persons, is also undeniably true; yet both these fundamental axioms are directly contradicted by the practice of half the States in the Union, whereby two millions of their fellow-creatures are debarred of every right above declared inalienable; and so far from being considered as *equals*, are treated and esteemed as domestic cattle in the slave States; and if they have by any accident acquired their liberty and wandered into New York, or other of the free States, the curse of their colour still clings to them; and not only are the doors of liberal employment and society closed against them, but even in the theatres, churches, and other places of public resort, they find themselves separated, as if by a leprosy, from their fellow-creatures.

This foul stain upon the honour, humanity, and justice of the United States cannot long continue; the disease is deeply rooted, its ramifications extend even to the vitals of the body-politic, and the remedies to be applied are proportionably difficult and dangerous; but they must be applied, and that too at no distant date, or the gangrene will have spread beyond the reach of medicine.

I am well aware of the topics urged by the slave-holders in their defence: they argue, that "slavery is a system not introduced by them, but handed down to them by their British ancestors;" that "the property therein is a 'vested right;'" that "the crops of cotton, sugar, and rice, could be raised by no other kind of labour;" that "the slaves are better fed and taken care of than many of the free labourers in Europe;" and, lastly, that "the amount of capital invested in slaves is so enormous, that a general act of emancipation would bring general ruin upon the southern States." All these arguments are plausible, and some of them difficult to gainsay. It is certain that, although they cannot be allowed to outweigh the obligations imposed by the laws of God and man, they are of sufficient force to entitle them to serious and patient investigation.

Various are the expedients which have been devised for liberating the Union from this depressing and demoralising infliction, all of them, of course, liable to one or other of the above objections. The only proposal (of which I am aware) that has ever assumed a definite shape before the legislature, was that made by Mr. King in the Senate (1825), which was honoured by the approbation of the highest legal authority recognised in the United States, namely, Chief Justice Marshall, who was not only the most eminent judge that has sat on the American bench, but was himself a citizen of the slave-holding State of Virginia, and therefore completely master of the subject.

The purport of this proposal, embodied in the form of a resolution, was, that as soon as that portion of the funded debt of the United States for the payment of which the public land was pledged, should be paid off, the whole remaining public land, with the moneys arising from future sales thereof, should form a fund for the gradual extinction of slavery, by the purchase and emancipation of slaves, their removal to other regions, &c.

This proposal was declared by Chief Justice Marshall, to be "the most unexceptionable and effective that could be devised." Without presuming to offer any opinion on the subject, I think it may be reasonably asked, why (since the funded debt secured on the public land has been liquidated) has the above proposal never been revived nor discussed?

The above observations on the abolition of slavery, seem naturally to lead to a short consideration of the state of religion in America. This is a subject on which it is very difficult to lay before the reader an accurate or satisfactory statement, because, in the first place, it cannot be embraced by fiscal or statistic returns, and in the second place, it varies exceedingly in different parts of the Union. I must confess, however, that, upon the whole, I have been disappointed in the religious aspect of the United States. There certainly never existed a country so favourably circumstanced for the growth and prosperity of Christianity: the complete toleration of all creeds; the general ease and pecuniary comforts of the people; the diffusion of education and knowledge among the labouring classes; the distribution of the inhabitants over an ample extent of territory, in place of their being collected and huddled together in myriads and millions, as in the manufacturing districts of England; all these advantages, great as they must be admitted to be, are neutralised by the pernicious influence of the "voluntary" system. There is no part of America where sufficient provision is made for the religious instruction of the people, or for the maintenance of a well-educated clergy; some districts are much better provided than others, but in all it is changeable and uncertain.

The fact is, that our republican brethren have carried their dislike of an alliance between Church and State to such a height, that they have hurried into the opposite extreme; and while they admit that religion, as the basis of all sound morality, is essential to the well-being of a State, they have most unaccountably left it to chance, or to the popular whim of the day, whether it shall be fostered and encouraged, or neglected altogether. I remember to have seen a passage in the Quarterly Review, in which the absurdity of applying to morals the principles of free trade and of the reciprocity of supply and demand, was not badly illustrated by the following question:—"It is true, that the more hungry or starved a man is, the more will he call for bread; but does it thence follow, that the more wicked and ungodly he is, the louder will be his cry for religious instruction?"*

The practical evils resulting from the voluntary system, as exemplified in America, appear to me to be the following:—

1st.—The dependence of the clergyman on the caprices of his congregation for his subsistence, so that he must either sacrifice his daily bread, or refrain from conscientiously preaching to them unpalatable truths.

2ndly.—And connected with the former, is the insufficient income *usually* accruing to Christian ministers from their labours: the average remuneration does not repay the trouble and expense of a proper clerical education, and (setting aside the enjoyments and luxuries of life) does not afford the means of bringing up a family in decent independence.

3rdly.—It has given rise to a variety of sects without end, some of them the most absurd, others the most extravagant, that have hitherto appeared in the civilized world; and as nothing is so gratifying to ignorant pride as this right

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[*] The above is quoted from memory, and there may be an alteration or omission of a word, but I am confident of the general accuracy of the quotation.

of "choosing its own religion," so is it exercised with the most thoughtless indiscretion, and those who *ought* to go to church to learn the doctrines and rules of faith, do actually go to censure and criticise the preacher.

Were I to pursue this subject further, it would lead me into a discussion which ought not to be introduced into a work of this kind; I will therefore add only one other observation, namely, that if the voluntary system, as exemplified in the United States, is now insufficient for the support of religion, its insufficiency will be more and more evidently shown as population increases, and with it the number of poor, who, though unable to contribute, will be entitled to expect its benefits and consolations: how these are to be accommodated, when the pew rents do not even answer the present demand, remains to be proved hereafter.

Of the different religious sects, the most numerous is, probably, that of the Baptists, subdivided into minor denominations too unimportant to require notice. Next to them are the Wesleyans. These two sects number in their ranks almost half the population of the Union. Next to these are the Presbyterians and Independents, or Congregationalists. The Episcopalians and Roman Catholics (exclusive of the coloured population) are about equal in number; but the latter are increasing more rapidly, especially in the Western States. Certainly, there are two qualities which distinguish the Roman Catholic religion beyond any other, and those are, first, the plastic readiness with which it adapts itself to the circumstances, habits, and political opinions of mankind; so that, although it has been for centuries, in Europe, the most powerful engine in the hands of despotism, its tendency seems in America to gather beneath its banner the most democratic republicans. The second quality above referred to, is no less remarkable; namely, the zeal and enterprise with which it inspires its priests to toil, travel, and endure every kind of hardship in spreading its doctrines and gaining converts. In this labour, especially among the negroes and Indians, they put to shame the zeal and exertions of all other Christian sects; nor do they labour without effect. During my stay in Missouri, I observed that the Romish faith was gaining ground with a rapidity that outstripped all competition.

Besides the sects above mentioned, there are a numerous body of Universalists, subdivided into Mennonites, Tunkers, and Shakers; and also the Mormonites and other fanatics, whose extravagant tenets and disgraceful immorality of practice render them undeserving of the name of sectarians.

Having given this imperfect sketch of the religious condition of the United States, I proceed to make a few observations on the tone and leading characteristics of American society. This is a task much more difficult for a British traveller to perform with accuracy and impartiality, than to delineate the same subject in any other country in the world. Minute shades of difference are apt either to escape observation or to offend some prejudice, whereas, manners altogether new and distinct, are in some degree pleasing from their novelty, and are easily represented to the reader.

As the Athenians used the same expression to designate "foreigners" and "barbarians," so are the English very apt (especially in reference to America) to designate as "vulgar" all that differs from the usage of polite circles in London. One instance, out of a thousand that might be adduced, will suffice to illustrate this point. An author who certainly has the merit of ability, and who claims that of impartiality, in commenting upon the custom frequently observed at an American breakfast-table, of eating an egg out of a glass, instead of eating it out of the shell, calls it "a nasty and disgusting practice."* I never ate an egg thus, neither is it a mode to which I am partial; but surely such expressions as the above are altogether misplaced, in describing a custom which is, indeed, unusual in England, but by no means deserving of epithets so coarse.

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* Men and Manners in America, vol. i. p. 25.

There is another cause besides the one above assigned, for the difficulty experienced by a traveller in faithfully depicting the manners of the upper class of society in the United States, which is, that the said society is composed of individuals who meet indeed at Washington, and at the watering-places in summer, but who come from countries and climates as distant and different as London from Rome. There are many features of character in which a Carolinian planter bears as much resemblance to a Boston or Salem merchant, as a Spanish grandee does to a Flemish burgomaster. I trust, therefore, that the reader (whether English or American) will bear in mind, that, although the observations which I hazard upon society in the United States are as generally faithful as I can make them, the number of exceptions must, for the above reasons, be very great.

The education of young men in America is not usually such as to give them a taste for the fine arts, or for classical literature. The course of study adopted is too extensive, and embraces a field which it would require many years to cultivate, even to produce a moderate proficiency: the result is what might be expected, that, although the American colleges can now boast of the names of many Professors of deserved celebrity, the young men who have been educated at them come forth into the world with a considerable quantity of superficial attainment, but not with that deep-laid foundation of knowledge which can resist the business and dissipation of life. The number of well-read scholars in America is very limited. I know not whether I should have noticed the circumstance, had not my attention been called to it by the puerile vanity which leads so many of their speakers and periodical writers to introduce stale quotations from the Latin authors.

It may be urged in answer, that a classical education, such as is given at the English Universities, is not desirable in America. That may be true; but it does not meet my objection, which is, that the course pursued is calculated to give a smattering of various branches of knowledge, rather than to extend the range of sound learning or useful science. If Homer and Plato are not worthy that so large a portion of early life should be devoted to them, at least the moral and political wisdom of Aristotle and Cicero deserve to be studied. Or even granting that these, too, are antiquated and unenlightened in their views, Bacon and Montesquieu, Newton and La Place might be made the objects of careful and profound study. Whether any of the above authors are so studied as to exercise an influence upon the habits and tastes of the higher classes in America, beyond the walls of their colleges, I leave it for themselves to determine.

I think it principally owing to the above causes that the young men in the United States, who are the sons of wealthy parents, and in independent circumstances, are so apt to seek their amusement in racing, billiards, trotting horses, &c. They are not sufficiently grounded in literature to love it for its own sake. There are no galleries open to them, containing the attractive and immortal works of the great masters in statuary or in painting. Can it excite wonder, especially if they have not the opportunity and advantages of travel (which it has been the absurd practice of some of their authors and critics of late to deride), that they shall seek for pleasure in such pursuits as are within their reach?

It is a singular circumstance that, as the law is the gate through which all must pass who hope for high civil employment or distinction in the United States, it does not seem to be a fashionable or favourite profession with the class of whom I have been speaking; nevertheless, I believe I am justified in asserting that of the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress, as well as in all the legislative bodies in the respective States, three-fourths are or have been lawyers. This observation may appear inaccurate to those who have travelled hastily through the States, because they may have remarked the extraordinary number of majors, colonels, and generals, whose names appear in the representative and senatorial lists throughout the Union, and they may thence have been led into the error of believing that those bodies contain a large proportion of military men; but upon closer inquiry it would have been found that the parties bearing the above warlike titles were, for the most part, peaceable militia civilians, and limbs of the law. If any American reader were to take the trouble of investigating the point, and were to inform me that I had much understated the proportion, and that instead of three-fourths, I should have written five-sixths, I should not be surprised; at all events I have not been guilty of wilful exaggeration on the subject.

The result is what might naturally be expected; the members of the State legislatures, who are there preparing themselves and sharpening their horns for Congress, are more familiar with the details of business, and much more conversant with local interests than the individual members of the British Parliament; but being, for the most part, less liberally educated, and furnished with less general information, their views are confined, although they are most ingenious in carrying them into effect. To this same cause may be traced, in some measure, the declamatory style and interminable length of the orations delivered in Congress. It is true that no reasonable auditor would complain of listening, even for three or four consecutive hours, to Messrs. Clay, Webster, or Calhoun, because, when these eminent men speak, important facts are adduced, and important principles illustrated, in a strain of eloquence, different in kind, but excellent in degree; yet there are speakers (whom it might appear invidious to name) without commanding powers or attainments, who frequently inflict upon the house a speech of two or three days' duration, wherein every public question that has been, or that may be brought forward, is vaguely discussed, and wherein the original subject of debate is so completely submerged by foreign matter, that the most attentive listener must be at a loss to know whether the question under consideration is a railroad bill, or the currency, the recognition of Texas, or the Newfoundland fisheries.

As the greater part of the practical business of the country is transacted in the State legislative assemblies, the General Congress continues (in deference to that sovereignty of which the several States are so jealous) to tolerate these rambling and tedious orations, the chief object of which is to fill a certain number of columns in the newspaper, to be duly circulated in the neighbourhood whence the speaker is delegated. It seems to be a kind of understanding or unwritten compact between the orator and his audience, that he be allowed to talk without interruption as much as he pleases, so long as they are not called upon to listen to one word that he utters. Accordingly, during the delivery of one of these triduan discourses, the Senate of the United States wears the appearance of an orderly well-regulated reading-room; the members being comfortably seated in their arm-chairs, some looking over and answering private letters, some exchanging a few words in a low whisper with each other, or with friends in the strangers' gallery, others reading a newspaper, and all evincing the most philosophic indifference to the tedious harangue and exhaustless lungs of the orator. I have often admired this patient endurance of an infliction which would in the British House of Commons have called forth a storm of groans and coughs; but I could not imitate it when (as it happened more than once) I had gone to the Senate on purpose to hear Clay or Webster, and found such a talker as above described "in possession of the floor:" hour after hour did I wait, in vain, expecting him to cease, and at length left the house, muttering old Horace's distich:—

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum!"

As far as my acquaintance with American society enables me to judge, I am inclined to believe that the officers of the army and navy afford a more favourable specimen both in respect to manners and attainments, than the average of young men who either follow mercantile pursuits, or those who, if nominally engaged in business, devote the greater proportion of their time to amusement. The education at West Point, although it may be faulty in some respects, is more concentrated in its objects, and therefore more complete, than the course pursued at other American academies. Much attention is paid to the mathematical department, and the engineer officers are, generally speaking, thoroughly conversant with the science and practice of their profession. On the other hand, the naval officers are justly proud of the high reputation that they have acquired even in the youth of their country, and are honourably desirous of maintaining it. I am sure that their brethren of the sea, whether British or French, will do them the justice to say that they are a body of officers calculated to do honour to the service of any country.

The young Americans, especially those who have not travelled, are in general, very deficient in those lighter accomplishments, whether of mind or body, which ought to accompany the more essential studies in every gentleman's education. An acquaintance with the current literature of the day, a taste for music and poetry, skill in modern languages, are attainments of secondary importance indeed; yet they lend an illusive charm to the daily intercourse of society, and rescue the conversation of the drawing-room from the insipidity of gossip. Even dress, and dancing, and the many trifling niceties which tend to impart grace to the motions, and politeness to the manners, are deserving of more attention than they have met at the hands of the American beaux. I have been upon several occasions rather amused than surprised at hearing them complain of the bad taste of some of the young ladies, who prefer the society of foreigners in the drawing-room or at the ball. The fact is, that the said belles possess the quick perceptions peculiar to the sex; and if they find the foreigner a better waltzer, or more agreeable in conversation, it is not to be wondered at, if they lay aside their patriotism for the amusement of the moment, and a pleasant partner.

The American reader will probably think that the social lights and shadows here introduced are illiberal and unjust. A film in the eye of the observer will often be mistaken by him for a spot in the object observed; such may be my case at present: meanwhile, I set down my remarks as they occur to me on the spot, haply without sufficient deliberation, certainly without intentional misrepresentation.

The difference between the American ladies and their sister rivals in Britain, is more easily seen and felt than expressed in words. All travellers have agreed in extolling the beauty of the former, their classic outline of feature and delicate grace of expression, while all have lamented the fleeting and transient duration of those charms which they so much admired. Without pretending to decide upon so critical a subject, I have yet seen enough to convince me of the general accuracy of the above remarks. The distinguishing traits of American beauty are a low pale forehead, a well-pencilled eyebrow, a fine nose remarkable for the transparency and expressive arch of the nostril, a short delicate upper lip; all which features are harmoniously disposed in a face remarkable for the classic grace of its contour. The points in which they usually fall short of the beauty of Englishwomen are in whiteness and regularity of teeth, in brilliancy of colour and complexion, as well as in the full developement of bust and figure.

There is another point which must invariably strike the ear of an Englishman, namely, the intonation of voice common to Americans of both sexes: it varies in its character in the northern, western, and southern States; but in all it is quite distinct, and may be called a national peculiarity: it has no reference to pronunciation, and is observed by French and German travellers as well as by the British, though of course the latter are more sensible of it from the language being their own. There are many exceptions to this, as to every general statement, and more among the men than among the ladies.

The accomplishments of the American ladies are also very different from those of the fair sex in England. This difference may be traced partly to their education, and partly to the customs that prevail in society. The great majority of young ladies in the United States are brought up at schools; many of these are seminaries for the instruction both of boys and girls, until they attain the age of ten or twelve years. I have more than once been told by a young lady in reply to my inquiry whether she were acquainted with some particular young man whose name had accidentally been mentioned, "Oh yes; I used to know him very well; we were school-fellows!" An answer which surprised me very much at the time.

After leaving these early schools the girls are sent to academies, exclusively devoted to French education: these academics so far resemble the American colleges, that they embrace a very wide range of acquirement, and therefore have a strong tendency to give a superficial knowledge of the variety of subjects presented at once to minds which cannot be expected to be disposed for laborious study. The result is such as might be expected: the American ladies are more conversant with metaphysics, and polemical and speculative writings than Englishwomen. In history and geography their acquirements are more upon a par; but in those accomplishments which are considered in Britain more peculiarly feminine they are less advanced, namely, dancing, drawing, music, and needle-work, as well as in the modern languages. It must be remembered, however, that in these last, and also in some of the other branches above-mentioned, it would not be fair to institute a comparison, because they have not the same advantages of instruction from the best masters that Europe can produce.

Young ladies in the United States "come out," or "enter company," at seventeen or eighteen years of age; sometimes even before they have left school. This last practice I cannot help considering extremely pernicious; it distracts the young mind from all study, and introduces similar subjects of conversation among still younger girls who are not destined to go out into the world for two or three years to come. A young lady whom I knew in one of the Atlantic cities, the daughter of a gentleman in a high situation, and remarkable herself for *naïveté* and quickness, told me, that when she was at school, some of the elder scholars used to go out frequently to evening parties, and when they returned, they described to the younger ones the partners whom they had danced with, and whatever had afforded them food for observation and amusement. The accuracy of the account given to me was indubitable; for my clever informant mentioned to me the sobriquets by which several of the young men in society were known among her school-companions, and they were droll, but faithfully descriptive. This system may be considered harmless by some people and dangerous by others: without investigating the subject too minutely, I think all must agree that it has a tendency to unsettle the mind for serious study.

Young ladies enjoy much greater liberty in America than in England or France; they walk unattended by a servant, and frequently receive the visits of gentlemen in the drawing-room during the morning: thus, either in the house, or in walking, or in riding, a young lady can enjoy as much of the society of an agreeable friend as their mutual inclinations may dictate, without the restraints of the presence of a mother or any other third party. This habit of life gives an independence to the character which forms its most striking feature in the eye of a foreigner. Neither are their opinions nor their studies subject to very severe maternal scrutiny: I have upon several occasions heard a young lady openly maintain Unitarian opinions with a Calvinistic mother in the room, and discuss some of the doctrines of Hobbes or Voltaire with much quickness and freedom.

Notwithstanding the numerous exceptions to the above remarks, they are generally applicable; and

I doubt not that the inference drawn from them by an English mother would be, that a woman so educated must be lax in her moral and religious principles. Such an inference might probably be correct, if one individual were so brought up in England, under a system different from that generally pursued, and therefore uncontrolled by the incalculable power of custom and public opinion; but it would be altogether inapplicable to America, where the standard of female virtue is at least as high as in any country in Europe. On the other hand, if it be inferred from these observations, that I prefer the system pursued in America to that observed in Britain, the inference will be also incorrect; for, although exercised within the bounds of propriety, that very independence of manner and opinion to which I have before alluded, as forming a striking female characteristic in America, tends in a certain degree to impair that modest reserve, that gentle bashfulness, that "coy submission" and "sweet reluctance" which I have always considered as the most attractive and endearing attributes of woman. This is a point upon which I may be peculiarly sensitive; but it has occurred to me more than once, when enjoying an agreeable *tête-à-tête*, either in the drawing-room, or in the summer-evening stroll, that the concession of such a privilege to an ordinary acquaintance is an infringement of those rights which are in England reserved for the most select friendship, or for the nearest kindred. This feeling would force itself upon me; but it must be owned that there is something charming, and even flattering, to a foreigner unaccustomed to these habits, in the innocent fearlessness with which a young maiden confides herself to his society and protection. Any attempt to avail himself of that opportunity for doing or saying anything that a mother's presence might not sanction would, doubtless, be met with deserved resentment and scorn.

As it may be presumed that a happy marriage is the "consummation devoutly to be wished" by most young ladies, it would not be uninteresting to inquire, whether the British maternal and governess watchfulness, or the American system of liberty is more favourable to its promotion; but I have not leisure to enter into such speculations here, especially (as in Sir R. Coverley's argument) where so much might be said upon both sides; suffice it for the present to observe, that probably each system is suited to the condition of its respective country. In England, a marriage contracted without a prudent regard to pecuniary considerations and to due provision for a family, is generally productive of much annoyance and unhappiness, and consequently the advice and control of parents is highly desirable. In America, such is the abundance of unoccupied soil, so wide is the field for employment, and so great is the return obtained for capital judiciously invested, that any spirited and intelligent young man may, by his own exertions and with a very small original patrimony, maintain a wife in comfort, and ere long in affluence; so that this eventful era in life does not require so much worldly providence and calculation as in countries where the most estimable character, and the most devoted exertion, may sometimes strive in vain to win for the wife the same comforts and luxuries as those which surrounded the maiden.

Another obvious remark arising from the consideration of the above-mentioned systems, is that the very freedom of intercourse, supposed to be so favourable to courtship, and conducive to matrimony, is often productive of effects directly opposite. These travellers along Cupid's high road, viewing their destination so plainly, and so long before they reach it, frequently become weary of the journey, and either turn back, or wander for repose and refreshment into a hotel kept by Friendship; whereas, in the restrictive system pursued in Britain, the stolen interview, and the opportunity snatched with difficulty, often lead the unconscious pair by abrupt and unknown paths to the temple of Hymen. No one acquainted with the obstinate peculiarities of human nature, can have failed to remark how many an unhappy marriage has been fostered by ill judged opposition. The flame of earthly love, like that of religious zeal, burns most brightly when fanned by the breath of persecution.

The matrimonial condition of American women is not less different from that of Englishwomen, than are the respective habits of the unmarried ladies as above described. In England, a young lady, by marrying, extends her liberty; and, in fact, although it may sound paradoxical, increases her independence. She escapes from the thraldom of a governess, and from the surveillance of a chaperon; her husband's name, and her own propriety, are all the protection that she requires; and she can receive at home, or visit abroad, whom and when she pleases. This is precisely reversed in the United States; where a lady's freedom of action and independence is restricted, instead of being extended, by her marriage. If she were to be seen walking, or riding, or driving, or receiving the morning visits of the same individual who might have been her companion on such occasions before her marriage, the impropriety of her conduct would be the talk and scandal of the town. I have been frequently taken to and from a ball, by one or two young ladies in their carriage, without comment or remark being excited in any quarter; but if a married lady were to offer a place in her carriage to a gentleman on such an occasion, her conduct would be unsparingly censured. It is not my wish or object at present to determine according to the customs of any nation, what are the exact limits of propriety in respect to such matters; but I certainly cannot approve of the line drawn as above described in the United States.

There remains one more American characteristic, frequently noticed by travellers, on which I wish, in conclusion, to offer a few observations. I allude to the national vanity with which the Americans are usually charged by English writers. Its existence and prevalence I admit; but I am very far from viewing it as a heinous offence, or as deserving the animadversion which has been so generally bestowed upon it. In truth, I know not any nation that has ever been distinguished in history, where this has *not* been a national characteristic; and certainly it never has been carried to a greater height than in Britain. There is not a popular poem, or ballad, or proverb, in which our unequalled superiority over every other people is not set forth; neither is there a sailor in our fleet who does not believe that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen, as certainly as that three and one make four. Look again, at the gallant nation last named, and see in their drama, in their ballads, in their proclamations, whether it is not assumed as an indisputable fact, that, of the habitable earth, France is the mistress—Paris the capital.

No reader who is even slightly acquainted with the literature of Germany and Spain, or of ancient

Rome and Greece, can have failed to observe the prevalence of the same characteristic in all those countries, especially in that last mentioned. The Athenians, not content with asserting their superiority in arts and arms over all the nations which they designated as "barbarous," would not even admit of competition with the rival community of Lacedæmon. The philosophic Thucydides prefaces an eloquent speech, which he records of Brasidas, the Spartan commander, with this parenthesis: "for he was not a bad speaker, so far as a *Lacedæmonian can speak*."*

On the above grounds, I am disposed to view in a more favourable light that national vanity with which Americans are charged by most travellers. Sometimes vanity will adopt the motto—"Esse quam videri," and then it becomes one of the noblest impulses that can animate the breast. If I were an American, I confess I should be proud of my country—proud of its commercial enterprise—of its gigantic resources—of its magnificent rivers, and forests, and scenery—still more proud should I be of its widely diffused education and independence, and of the imperishable memory of its heroic father and founder!

I have already allowed this discussion to lead me too far astray, and I must forthwith return to my narrative and to New York.

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* No English words can give the epigrammatic and contemptuous force of the original expression—οὐ γὰρ ἀδύνατος ἦν, ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος, εἰπεῖν, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

Vexatious Disappointment. — Sail for Elizabeth-town. — Proceed to Plainfields and Flemington. — Beauty of the Country. — Addition to our Party. — Journey towards the Alleghanies. — Nation of the Delawares. — The River Delaware. — Immense Forest. — A Rattlesnake. — Valley of Lackawana. — Anthracite Coal. — Valley of Wyoming. — Coal Mine. — Return to Flemington. — Purchase of Live Stock. — Embark for New York. — Gambling Excitement. — The great Racing Match. — Excursion to the West. — Stay at Newburgh. — Start for Albany. Poughkepsie. — Wedding Party. — Hyde Park. — Glorious Landscape. — Kinderhook. — A wet Ride. — Albany. — Dutch Church. — Falls of Cohoes. — The Patroon's House and Family. — Lake Otsego. — Hyde Hall. — Cooper's Town. — Dinner with Mr. Cooper the celebrated Novelist. — Prosperity of the Towns between New York and Buffalo. — Terms of political Abuse. — Oneida Indians. — Canandaigua. — Journey resumed.

On the 17th of May, I prepared to leave New York, and to accompany a friend on an excursion into the western part of Pennsylvania. I agreed to meet him on board the steam-boat which was to convey us to Elizabeth-town, in New Jersey. I was very busy this morning, and had allowed myself the exact time requisite for reaching the pier at the appointed hour: accordingly, with only five minutes to spare, I got into a hack-carriage, and in going down Broadway, found myself jammed into an apparently interminable mass of vehicles, with half-a-dozen drays before me, as many huge carts piled with cotton behind, and waggons and omnibuses on each side. Never did I view with so evil an eye the flourishing business and commerce of New York. Escape was impossible: I saw the cruel minute-hand, on a great clock, quietly approaching the fatal hour, and I knew that the inexorable steamer would not wait five minutes for President Jackson and all his cabinet.

At length I contrived to leap from the carriage, and running at full speed to the wharf (on a very hot day), had the satisfaction of seeing the boat go off when I was within a hundred yards of her. She carried off, too, my companion and my luggage, which was all on board. These are the real occasions for exercising philosophy, especially when a man is hot, dusty, vexed, and disappointed; and I will appeal to any reasonable man whether my conduct on this occasion was not worthy of Socrates or Plato. Having ascertained that another boat sailed in three or four hours, I went and paid a morning visit to some young ladies who lived at no great distance, in whose agreeable society and conversation I soon forgot my steam-boat sorrows and disappointments.

In the afternoon I sailed, and leaving on the left the neat villas and sloping gardens of Staten Island, soon found myself at the port of Elizabeth, about two miles from the town, which

I reached before six in the evening. Here I rejoined my companion and my portmanteau. Elizabeth-town is rapidly increasing in population, and in the value of real property, and if the proposed internal improvements are carried through in New Jersey, it will, at some future period, be one of the principal places of deposit for western produce passing to New York, with which city it will ere long be connected by a railroad.

Not finding any stage about to start in the direction in which we wished to travel, we hired a carriage and pair, and drove to a place called Plainfields; there we slept, and proceeded in the morning to Flemington, a village about fifty miles to the west-south-west of Elizabeth-town. The country through which we passed was generally flat, although, to the north, we could descry a bold outline of wooded upland. Nature was in her fresh spring attire, and although the snows and rigours of winter had been unusually severe, the gentle May had begun to assert her vernal rights; the orchards were all powdered with blossoms; the meadow-lark hovered blithely over the sweet young clover, in which

> New-born flocks in rustic dance,
> Frisking, plied their feeble feet;

the lilac, the sweetbrier, and the sweet grape perfumed the air; and harmonising with the sounds which filled the ear, and the landscape which pleased the eye, inspired the heart with that "vernal delight" which our great poet has so beautifully described as "able to drive all sadness but despair."

The village of Flemington is prettily situated on a gentle slope, rising above the plains of New Jersey; and to the south of it is an extensive amphitheatre of heights, commanding a fine prospect of the fertile and wooded valley, watered by the southern branch of the Rariton. Here we added to our party a gentleman who was to accompany us into the west of Pennsylvania, and who was concerned in the management of a copper-mine which has been successfully explored and opened not very far from Flemington. With a rough waggon and two stout active ponies we began our journey towards the Alleghanies. The road led us through a variety of beautiful scenery, the country being generally well cultivated, with all the advantages of wood and water, and sprinkled with farms, villages, and some thriving towns; of the latter, the most promising through which we passed were Somerville and Belvidere, which last is on the eastern bank of the Delaware.

That river now divides Pennsylvania from New Jersey, the valley of which was once the favourite resort of the bravest and most powerful of all the Indian nations, the Lenni Lenape, commonly known under the name of the Delawares.

Alas! I have seen the remnant of that tribe which once numbered its warriors by thousands. The white man has pressed and pushed them gradually westward, and their small village is now near the junction of the Kanzas with the Missouri, some hundreds of miles to the north-west of St. Louis. In dress and agriculture they are half civilised, but in heart and spirit they are still Indians, still brave and haughty; and being better armed than the western tribes, and more accustomed to the use of the rifle, a small party of them go annually to the Rocky Mountains to hunt, and they have given several signal defeats with unequal force to bands of the Pawnees, Rickarees, and Blackfeet, by whom they have been attacked. I do not believe they could now muster two hundred warriors. Human nature cannot help giving a momentary sigh at their gradual approach to extinction; yet they are but following in the track of nations greater and mightier, and apparently endued with stronger elements of vitality. Instead of meditating with too much regret on their fate, which is the natural result of savage force opposed by science and discipline, we should first inquire what has become of the race who bled at Marathon and Thermopylæ, and who immortalised their land by the faultless proportions of the Parthenon, the breathing marbles of Phidias, and the yet more glorious efforts of Homer, Plato, and Aristotle? Or, if we do not wish to recede so far in the history of the world, let us ask what has become of the respective tribes, who, in the middle ages, ennobled by their courage, talent, and enterprise, countries now sunk in idleness, cowardice, and vice? Where shall we look in Portugal for spirits bold as those who first opened the spices and treasures of the eastern seas to European commerce? Where, among the intriguing chiefs and bandits now devastating Spain in civil war, shall we look for the heroic and chivalrous patriotism which, from the time of Roderick till that of the Great Gonzales, rendered Castile, Arragon, and Granada, glorious in the annals of history? Where are the descendants of the enterprising mariners who once bore to the harbours of Genoa and of Venice the wealth of Egypt and Asia Minor? Can we recognise their children in the present divided, indolent, enslaved inhabitants of their land? Or can we believe, when we look upon the gaudy colours and exaggerated designs of the modern Italian school of painting, that these men are indeed of the same nation, have seen the same temples, vineyards, and olive-groves, and have been warmed by the same sunny sky as shone upon Correggio, Raphael, Da Vinci, and Titian? If it is the destiny of many civilised nations thus, in so short a time, to degenerate, and die a moral and political death, can we spare much either of our surprise or regret when we see tribes of Indians "melting like snow from the earth?"*

To return to the river Delaware:—it has forced its way through the Blue Ridge at a point called the Watergap: this passage through the mountains appears to have been made by the pressure of an enormous body of water, and many conjectures may be formed respecting the date, extent, and other properties of this supposed lake; but being neither a speculative nor a practical geologist, I shall not venture to give any opinion on the subject. I must not forget to mention that the sides of the rocks, at several hundred feet above the present bed of the river, bear distinct marks of the action of water, and that in the small dells and inequalities of ground on the side of the mountain, are numbers of round stones such as are usually found in the channel of a river, and of a different formation from the rocks near which they now lie. At a prominent point in the gorge called the Watergap is a neat comfortable tavern, standing in a most picturesque situation, and commanding a fine view of the Delaware, winding through a confused mass of precipices and mountains wooded to their very summit, while the eye can scarcely follow the track through which this watery serpent steals into the plains below.

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* This expression is borrowed from a speech of an Indian warrior, in which he applied it to his own tribe.

Leaving the Gap, we pursued our journey west-north-west through a rough country, the more elevated portion of which formed what are there called "pine-barrens," and where a few grouse are still left to reward the sportsman's toil. The whole lower range is an immense forest of oak, birch, cherry, white pine and spruce, hickory and other nut varieties, and every species of maple. I must not omit to mention the most frequent, as well as the largest produce of these woods, namely, the hemlock. From some of these, planks might be cut of sixty feet in length, and three in breadth; the wood is very inferior to the white pine and some other timber trees; nevertheless, it is cheap, and useful for various purposes. On the road we found a rattlesnake; as we approached, he reared himself on his tail and offered battle; there being no superstitious Pawnee to plead for him, one of my companions got out of the waggon and killed him with a stick; but he proved extremely tenacious of life, and it was difficult to make what is called "a handsome corpse" of him. On a *post-mortem* examination we found that he had eight rattles, and the fatal and curved tooth with which nature had armed him, was as long as the fang of a small dog. After all, he was a mere worm or adder, compared to some of those which I had seen in the western wilds, especially on the well-remembered banks of Snake River.

We pursued our course westward, along a road which runs sufficiently near a proposed and surveyed route for a railroad to enable us to judge of its practicability. It certainly appeared singularly adapted for such a communication. It is almost incredible with how small an elevation a road can be carried through this rugged country, and without any material increase of distance by circuition. Passing along the upper edge of an abrupt and gloomy ravine, formed by a mountain stream most appropriately termed the "Deep-roaring Brook," and following its course, we opened at length upon a valley which is already well known to the speculative and manufacturing public as the valley of Lackawana, in which river our Roaring Brook (like a romping girl when married to a grave husband) loses both its name and nature.

This valley, which is about thirty miles long, and from six to ten broad, is very fertile and pleasing in its scenery: the hills which rise on either side are clothed with wood; but that which forms the permanent and incalculable wealth of the valley, is the enormous bed of anthracite coal which subtends its whole extent. Of this coal there appear to be five strata, some of which are from fifteen to twenty-five feet thick; and as the formation extends for some distance up the hill-side, and continues all the way down to the bed of the river, facilities are offered in every direction for taking out coal by merely blasting it with powder and drawing it out on a horizontal plane. All the expense of sinking a shaft being thus avoided, it is sold at the farms and villages in the neighbourhood for five shillings a ton, and if worked by a company upon a large scale, might be placed on a turnpike or railroad for half-a-crown. When it is borne in mind that in this valley lies the nearest coal to New York, which can be transported there without much difficulty, and thence to the Eastern Atlantic cities, at half the present average price, it is difficult to say (if the communication were only once opened) how soon it might become the Newcastle of the United States.

After spending a day in examining this district, we followed the course of the Lakawana, till its junction with the Susquehanna, and here we entered upon that valley familiar to every British reader under the name of Wyoming; we descended it some eight or ten miles, and admired the fertility of the soil, the smooth and stately course of the river, and the gently sloping hills which crown the distant view.

On arriving at Wilksbarre, a flourishing town situated in the centre of the valley, I strolled out to enjoy the scene in quiet, and took in my hand the sweet legend of Gertrude to refresh and impress my memory withal. It is indeed a pleasing rural prospect, *but* — (why was that odious monosyllable ever invented?—how many a fair character has been tainted by a *but*,—how many a fair picture has it ruined,—how often has it been the means of "damning with faint praise!" nevertheless, truth, like murder, must come out, and I continue fearlessly to add)—*but*, there are scenes further south on the same river, on the Delaware, the Juniata, the Shenandoah, the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the monarch of all—the Missouri, more rich, more fertile, more picturesque, in short, far more beautiful, whether judged by an admirer of Claude, or Poussin, or of Salvator.

Having given vent to this rash ebullition of candour, I proceed to say, that there are few, if any, valleys in America which unite in the same degree beauty of scenery with a promise of enormous wealth: like the valley of Lackawana, it is one solid mass of coal. I went with a gentleman from Wilksbarre, who was kind enough to conduct me to see a mine worked by a coal company. The stratum is twenty-eight feet thick and of great extent; it is on the side of a hill, and the coal can be drawn out on a plane very slightly inclined; but they have fallen into an unaccountable blunder, by making their adit on the upper side of the formation, and working downwards, the natural consequence of which is, that all the water from the surface, and all the springs which they start, runs into the mine; and they are obliged, in self-defence, to open a large drain on the other side of the stratum and below it, to draw off the water. This sewer is inconvenient and only partially effective; whereas, had they made their adit at the lower part of the formation, and worked upon a slightly ascending plane, they would have got their coal out more easily, and the water would have run off naturally. I should imagine that the valleys of Lackawana and of the Susquehanna contain enough coal to supply all the cities now existing on the earth, *for a thousand years.*

On the following day we returned to Flemington without accident or adventure, save that one of our party lost his pocket-book on the road, containing a considerable sum of money and notes of hand for a yet larger amount. He left us and went back in search, although it rained heavily and incessantly. Soon afterwards I learned with much pleasure that he had recovered it safe and untouched. On the way, we stopped a night at the house of an enterprising and intelligent gentleman, who lives in the middle of that enormous forest, of which he owns a large portion, and has cleared no small part; he also was the means of making sixty miles of turnpike-road which is called after him; in short, he is one of the most spirited improvers and speculators that I have seen in this country. We had several conversations regarding the communications which might be opened between the Atlantic market and the interior of Pennsylvania, the substance of which it is unnecessary here to record.

On our return to Flemington we astonished the landlord, who had furnished our travelling waggon and team, by purchasing almost all his live stock: my companion bought a large four years' old colt, which he found in his stable; while I purchased one of the ponies, which we had been driving, an excellent, active, indefatigable creature, which had as many *alias*-es as a London pickpocket, being called Dolly, alias Polly, alias Pop. We also carried off a fine puppy of the sheep-dog breed, rough, shaggy, and *tail*-less, most properly called Bruin; indeed I could not have distinguished it from a bear of six weeks old. Tying Polly behind the stage, we let her run to Elizabeth-town (about fifty miles), where we embarked on board a steamboat, and reached New York in safety.

The whole town was on the *qui vive*, owing to the approach of the races; on the second day of which was to be decided the great match between the North and the South. I do not remember ever to have seen such a prevailing excitement at a Derby or St. Leger: stocks, companies, land and house speculations, politics, cotton, in short, all the ordinary New York topics of interest were forgotten in the one absorbing subject. The town was full of the gay and sanguine children of the South, who were easily distinguishable by their dark hair and sun-burnt cheeks, their dashing and reckless air, and the fearless readiness with which they staked their fifties and hundreds on their pet horse "John Bascomb," who was so called (doubtless for good reasons, though unknown to me) after a methodist preacher of that name in the South. I can only say, that, if that worthy minister was but as rapid, indefatigable, and successful in his vocation as his quadruped namesake, he need not yield to any expounder of doctrine from the time of John Knox to the present day.

The New Yorkers were all confident in the success of their horse "Post-boy." The day arrived, and the dust, noise, oaths, quarrels, drunken drivers, and overturned vehicles, were almost worthy of Epsom; nay, so nearly did they copy that great original of gambling, vice, and debauchery, that booths for faro, roulette, and other games were erected, and a few miserable scoundrels actually went about with pea and thimble! But Jonathan is not so good a subject for that most palpable of all cheating as John Bull; besides which, the performers were in every respect inferior in dexterity, volubility, and impudence, and were altogether deficient in that jargon, at which, despite its coarse vulgarity, I have more than once been compelled to laugh.

The result of the race was, that the Southern horse won the two first heats, and of course the match. It was easy to see that he was better ridden, better directed, and better trained than his Northern rival, and he won without difficulty. The exultation of the South was great, and the money which changed sides on the occasion was probably more than was ever before staked on a race in America.

After remaining in New York a few days longer, I prepared again to turn my steps to the westward, and accordingly embarked my baggage and Polly on a steamboat, which conveyed me as far as Newburgh, where I was to pay another short visit to my friend on the Hudson River. I also took up with me a pair of black ponies which I had lately purchased, and which I proposed carrying back with me to Britain. I took this opportunity of revisiting West Point for a few hours, and found that my former impressions of the extreme beauty of its situation were fully confirmed.

After spending a day or two with Mr. A——, I started on horseback for Albany; crossing to the eastern bank of the Hudson, the first town which I reached was Poughkepsie. This is a thriving handsome town, built on a slope considerably above the river. The bales and packages in the streets, as well as the shingles and brick and mortar in the suburbs, speak plainly as to the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants. A little above the town, and commanding a fine view of the Hudson and surrounding country, is a large tavern or boarding-house, which struck me as being the most neat, quiet, and comfortable establishment of the kind which I had ever seen in America. The bar was separate from the house, the bedrooms and parlours, though not large, were decorated and furnished with good taste; and altogether the house wore a most inviting appearance to a traveller long accustomed to hotels, which are so full of noise, tobacco, and bustle, as are those of American cities in general.

From Poughkepsie I continued my course to the northward, and was aware of a merry party coming in the opposite direction; I reined in my pony to see them pass, and soon found that they were under the combined influence of Comus, Hymen, and Bacchus; and a more mirthful assemblage can hardly be imagined. A marriage had apparently been solemnised between two (if not more) of the persons present, who seemed to be in the humbler ranks of tradespeople. The "cortége" consisted of twenty or thirty waggons and gigs; the horses and the ladies' heads were all adorned with flowers, and each squire had his Dulcinea by his side. With a splenetic sigh over my own cellibate condition, I let them go by, and rode on.

I soon came to the lodge of a country-seat, which has been celebrated by almost every British traveller in America, Hyde Park, the residence of the late venerable and hospitable Dr. Hosack. I had never found an opportunity of delivering my letters of introduction to him during my former stay in New York, and I first heard of his death, which took place last winter, when I arrived at New Orleans. Of course his widow received no company, so I resolved to ride through the grounds and see the prospect from them, merely leaving my card, accompanied by an apology for the liberty I had taken.

The ground between the road and the house is very bold and undulating, and affords the means of making a pretty small lake, round which the approach winds its course. The house is spacious and comfortable without any pretensions to architectural beauty. Dismounting at the door, I sent in my card, requesting permission to walk round (what is called in Scotland) "the Policy;" and in a minute or two was agreeably surprised at hearing my name pronounced by a gentle female voice. On looking up, I recognised the daughter-in-law of Dr. Hosack, to whom I had been presented during an accidental meeting at a morning visit in New York. She invited me into the house and very kindly offered to show me the "lions;" among the principal of which, in-doors, was the library, a most comfortable apartment, containing some tolerable pictures of the Italian and Flemish schools. I soon followed my fair conductress to the other side of the house, where might be seen a picture more glorious than ever mortal pencil designed. Below us flowed the Hudson, studded with white-sailed sloops as far as the eye could reach, even until they looked no larger than the edge of a seagull's wing; the opposite bank, which slopes gently from the river, is variegated with farms, villages, and woods, appearing as though they had been grouped by the hand of taste rather than by that of industry; while on the north-west side the prospect is bounded by the dark and lofty outline of the Catskill range. I had only intended to remain here a few minutes, as I had a long ride before me, and the shades of evening were already approaching; but, alas! W. Spencer has truly sung, how often it is that "noiseless falls the foot of time;"* and surely if there is any situation in which one may be forgiven, if "unheeded fly the hours," it is when enjoying the luxury of so glorious a landscape, under the guidance of a fair and amiable *chaperone*, who is herself not the least attractive feature in the scene. At length, however, I jumped on my pony, and gently admonished it that its activity must make up for my lost time, and bear me before night to some place where we might both find bed and supper.

About eight o'clock I found myself at a small place called, I believe, Red-hook, where I passed the night. The following morning I started at half-past four, and reached Kinderhook, a distance of between twenty and thirty miles, before breakfast. This place is classic ground to the Jackson (or, as they are sometimes called, the republican) party, as being the birth-place and early residence of their successful candidate for the presidency, Mr. Van Buren. It is a neat, quiet, little town; but does not contain any objects of interest to the traveller.

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* See his little poem, "Too late I stay'd," &c.

At noon I pursued my journey towards Albany. Rain had fallen in the morning sufficient to wet me through, inasmuch as I was dressed in a light linen jacket and other summer et ceteras, without great-coat, cloak, or umbrella. I had trusted to the continuance of the heat, which was, when I left Newburgh, excessive; and, in order to ride more conveniently, had sent my baggage with my servant by steam. It was fortunate that I was comfortably wet before I started at noon, because I might otherwise have been annoyed at the series of tremendous thunder-showers through which I had to make my way: one of these was as black and terrible as any that I remember to have seen, and accompanied by so strong a wind, that, in order to keep on my horse, I was obliged to get under the lee of a shed. The cattle seemed all much alarmed, and cowered under every shelter which they could find. For a few minutes it was so dark that I do not think I could have read ordinary print in the open air; the thunder-claps were awfully loud and frequent, nor were they very distant, for I learnt on reaching Albany that a house had been destroyed, and several oxen killed by the lightning, not far from the road by which I approached the town.

My progress was neither pleasant nor fast; for the mud in some places reached nearly to Polly's knees, and the small streamlets, which I was obliged to cross, were swelled to the size of turbid angry brooks. All these trifles were forgotten by seven o'clock, when she had her nose dipped into a peck of good oats in a warm stable, and I found myself again dry-clothed, with a cigar in my mouth and a cup of hot coffee at my elbow.

Albany is a very striking town, both as regards its situation and public buildings; of the latter a great many had been erected since my last visit, nearly two years before; some of them were still in progress, and promised to be very handsome, the material wherewith they are built being generally marble, the greater part of which is brought from Sing-Sing. The streets are wretchedly paved; but this is an evil which it is not very easy to remedy, as some of them are extremely steep and hilly; and as the quantity of rain which falls here is very great, the water rushes down them with incredible force and carries away everything which contributes to support or bind the pavement.

The second day of my stay being Sunday, I went in the morning to the Dutch reformed church. This sect numbers in its ranks the Van Rensselaers, the Vanderpoels, and many others of the best and oldest families of Dutch origin residing in or near Albany. As regards its tenets and ritual, I can perceive no difference between it and the Presbyterian church. The building is spacious, but not remarkable for any decoration, external or internal, except the candelabras, which are the most massive and handsome that I have seen in this country. I am told they were presented by the Patroon, but forgot to inquire whether they were of American or foreign manufacture. The sermon was somewhat tedious, and too illustrative of the proverb that, "a good thing cannot be too often repeated;" at least it appeared to me, on leaving the church, that some men could have put into an argument of five minutes all that was contained in a sermon of forty. In the afternoon, I went to the Episcopal Church, which is not remarkable for architectural beauty, and heard the beautiful service and a harmless sermon tamely read.

On the following day I received and accepted an invitation to dine with General Van Rensselaer, generally mentioned by American travellers as the Patroon. In the morning I rode out with

Mr. T. Van Buren (the son of the Vice-President, who showed me every kind of attention and civility during my stay in Albany), to see the Falls of Cohoes, on the Mohawk River, a few miles above Troy. We could not have enjoyed a more favourable opportunity for seeing this celebrated cascade, inasmuch as it rained the whole day, as it *had* rained for three weeks previously. We were thus spared the annoyance of dust on the road — were cooled and refreshed during our ride, by the "gentle dew from heaven," and saw the Mohawk pouring forth his turbid and discoloured waters, in a mass of nearly twice his usual magnitude. The scene at the falls is very grand, but it should be seen by one who has not seen Niagara. It is well to say that comparisons are odious — they are so; nevertheless, the "great wonder of waters" will recur to memory — its wreaths of spray and boiling caldron will fill the eye, and its terrible roar, the ear of fancy — despite argument, and propriety, and philosophy.

An observant traveller must be struck by the activity and stirring spirit that is everywhere discernible in this neighbourhood: villages, mills, and factories, are springing up on all sides, and it is is probable that Troy and Albany, now seven miles apart, will in a few years be one continuous town. Half way between the latter place and the Falls of Cohoes, is an arsenal of the United States, the commander of which politely pressed his hospitality upon us; but we were obliged to hurry forward in order to be in time for dinner. This gentleman was of courteous agreeable manners, and a brave and distinguished officer; he was severely wounded in the last Anglo-American war;—may it remain the last for centuries yet to come!

The Patroon's house stood at the north-western extremity of Albany, and is separated from it only by a few fields, which he, very naturally, will not allow to be covered with buildings. The house is comfortable, and of moderate extent, but not remarkable for its architecture. The family party consisted of the venerable head of the house, his lady, and four or five sons and daughters. It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Van Rensselaer is really the mother of the handsome young ladies beside her, she appears so youthful, and her conversation denotes a fresh, lively, and highly cultivated mind. Altogether I have been admitted to few domestic circles more agreeable; and it is gratifying to see the vast possessions of the Van Rensselaers in the hands of a gentleman so liberal, and so well calculated from his character and manners to make a sensible and generous use of them, as their present possessor.

From Albany I proceeded on horseback to Lake Otsego, a distance of fifty-four miles, which I easily performed on my active nag, in less time than the coach, which started at the same hour, although it had three or four relays of horses, so deep and muddy were the roads. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying, that it was far less fatiguing to ride those fifty miles than to have performed them in the stage.

Otsego is a beautiful sequestered lake, and all the neighbourhood is classic ground, being the scene of one of the American novelist's best tales, and at the same time that of his own residence. At the upper end of the lake stands Hyde Hall, the seat of the late G. C. Esq.; an English gentleman who settled in this country and built here a house more resembling the good English 'squire mansions than any which I have seen elsewhere. Here I remained several days, upon a visit to his widow Mrs. C. and others of his family, and must use the tautology common to every candid traveller in America, when I say that I was most hospitably and kindly received.

The house, which is a plain, Grecian, stone building of large dimensions, contains some very handsome rooms, and commands a splendid view of the lakes and the surrounding hills and woods; while in the distance, over the water, the neat white houses and spires of Cooper's-town emerge from the green and gently sloping shores. Among the inmates of the house, was a daughter of our hostess; she had been married two years, and been a mother one, yet she had all the youthful animation, glee, and beauty of sixteen. In such company, fishing, rowing, walking, and riding, made the time pass so quickly, that I was obliged also to remind myself that I was a traveller, and not a sojourner. On Sunday, I went down to Cooper's-town, where I heard a sensible discourse, and had the pleasure of dining and spending the afternoon with the Walter Scott of the Ocean. His house, both in size and appearance, looks like the parent of the thriving village in the centre of which it stands. Before it is a circular lawn, now the scene of several pleasure-garden improvements; beyond which the lake, with its wooded and verdant promontories, its sloping banks, and the bold headlands which are at its upper extremity, forms a most agreeable landscape: it is, however, already described by the highly gifted possessor in his tale of "The Pioneers," many of the characters of which are family portraits. Its heroine was drawn from a very near relative, the memory of whose beauty and graces, both mental and personal, is still fresh in the neighbourhood. She died early in consequence of a fall from a spirited horse.*

Leaving the beautiful and attractive bank of the Otsego, I proceeded westward, on horseback, through Auburn, Syracuse, Geneva, and the other towns on the great line of road between

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* Mem.—The Susquehanna rises at Cooper's-town, and its infant channel is fed by the waters which escape from Otsego lake. Otsego signifies, in the Mohawk tongue, the "stone" or "place of salutation."

New York and Buffalo. I observed a great change in all these villages, from the condition in which they had been when I last visited them, nearly two years before: everywhere, the hand of industry, enterprise, and improvement was visible; new buildings and streets were rising in every direction; the value of real estate had risen rapidly, though steadily, and everything indicated public health and prosperity.

In the village of the Falls, I was much amused by seeing in the streets and taverns a printed notice, that, on the approaching festival of the 4th of July, the "real democratic Jefferson Republicans" were to have a celebration of their own, *separate* from that of the "*Aristocracy*," with whom they would have nothing to do. The strange and amusing feature of this notice was, that the "real Jefferson Republicans" here meant the Whigs; and the Van Burenites were styled the Aristocracy, which appellations were (as is well known) in direct contradiction to the usual terms of odium used by the respective parties. It is not worth while in any country to waste much time in inquiring into the propriety of the terms of abuse to which election squabbles give rise; it is sufficient to say, that if they wish, in any part of America, to affix the stigma of unpopularity upon any man, it is usual to call him an aristocrat.

At Syracuse, I saw a few Indians of the Oneida tribe; but oh! how different from the erect bearing, clean sinewy limbs, and fierce air of the savages beyond the Missouri! Here they were squalid, diminutive, and degraded, even in all qualities belonging to their race. About two hundred and fifty of them remain in their small village, seven miles to the south of Syracuse, and perhaps as many more reside in the vicinity of Buffalo; and this is all that remains of the once powerful tribe, commonly called Oneida, whose real name was Onieut-kâh, or the Standing-Stone-People, who formed a part of the celebrated five nations (before the admission of the Tuscaroras), and who, from their superior skill in the construction of their wigwams, were generally known among surrounding tribes by the appellation of the O-di-nachsho-ni, or the House-builders.

Proceeding westward, I arrived at Canandaigua, where I had the pleasure of again paying a visit to one or two valued acquaintances from my own father-land, and who received me with the same kind hospitality which I had experienced from them two years before.

I remained two days in this social and beautiful village; then borrowing a car from one of my friends, I embarked myself, my servant, and luggage on it, and placed the whole astern of poor Polly: the day was intensely hot, and she must have thought me most unmerciful; however, there was no other means of conveyance, and I consoled myself with the reflection that it was only thirty-two miles. Polly performed her part with astonishing perseverance, and I arrived early in the afternoon at the place of my destination.

CHAPTER XV.

Falls of Genesee.—Commerce *versus* Romance.—Captain Jones.—Approach to Ithaca.—The Town.—Railroad to Owego.—The Wind-Gap.—Easton.—Patois of the District.—Episcopal Church.—Ride to Bethlehem.—A German Emigrant.—Embark for New York.—Preparations for Return to England.—Embark in "The Oxford."—Party in the Cabin.—Hill, the American Comedian.—Prosperous Voyage.—Home.

AMONG the "lions" in the neighbourhood of the lovely and fertile valley of Genesee, not the least worthy of attention are the falls of that river at a point called the Portage. The banks are two or three hundred feet in precipitous height, and the scenery around is bold and picturesque. There are three separate cataracts or cascades, about half a mile apart; their height is considerable, and they are as yet unmarred by the beautifying hand of man; altogether, they are second only to the great "wonder of waters," and will bear comparison with any other which I have seen in America. Alas, for the world of poetry and romance! the hallowed Niagara, the poet's theme, the mighty outlet of ocean-lakes, is now become a money-speculation! Shades of Ruysdael and Salvator—of Homer and of Byron!—could ye rest unappeased did ye but know that those "floods and foaming falls" which ye would have travelled thousands of miles to see and to hear, are now "calculated" as water-power for driving mills and factories? "Lots" are being "laid out," a ship canal is to be formed, and the spot is to be made the seat of one of the greatest commercial and manufacturing towns in the West. It is useless to complain; as the white man presses back the "red lord of the woods," so must wealth, commerce, and enterprise, press out and destroy the romantic beauties of nature.

During my stay in this neighbourhood, I went once or twice to see a western veteran, named Captain Jones. He was, at the time of my visit, aged probably a little more than seventy years, and was taken prisoner when a boy by a band of the Seneca tribe in their attack upon Wyoming, where he and his parents then lived. He was adopted by the tribe, and lived with them upwards of twenty years; since which time he has been in constant intercourse with them, and has acted in the capacity of interpreter in many treaties and "talks." Of course he speaks their language, and knows all their habits as well as a native Seneca, and he can also speak and understand a good deal of the Mohawk, Oneida, and other "Six-nation" languages. I had several long conversations with him upon aboriginal character, customs, &c., and I found that the old man was at heart more than half Indian. He spoke of many of the red men with an affection quite fraternal, and his general impression of their qualities was much more favourable than that which I received during my residence among them; but two things must be remembered, first, his own judgment was liable to be prejudiced by his being so long identified with the Senecas, that even now the pride of the tribe is strongly to be remarked in his expressions; and, secondly, I have every reason to believe, from all my later inquiries and observations, that, of all the great tribes uncontaminated by civilization (alias whisky), the most mischievous, treacherous, and savage are my old friends the Pawnees. Captain Jones told me that they had that character among all the Indians whom he had known. One thing, at least, should be borne in mind, that, although some of the general Indian characteristics obtain through all the tribes, there are other important features in which they differ as much as the Russian from the Spaniard, or the Briton from the Italian.

On my return eastward towards the Atlantic cities, I determined to take a southerly course towards Easton in Pennsylvania, where I had promised to meet some gentlemen whose acquaintance I had made in my former tour through Pennsylvania. This route took me down the western side of Cayuga lake, towards a town called Ithaca, situated at the southern extremity of that beautiful and picturesque inland sea. I sent my servant and baggage to wait my arrival in New York. I do not know the precise length of this lake, but the steam-boat which plies between its long wooden-bridge, and the town of Ithaca, performs a trip of forty miles; how far it extends above the bridge I did not learn.

The approach to Ithaca from the northward is very beautiful: the foreground is undulating and fertile, displaying a fine alternation of wood and grain; below is the lake stretched between bold promontories in a gentle curve, and as it is only a mile or a mile and a half broad, it might be easily imagined to be a bend of some mighty river. Beyond the town, to the south and east, is a fine range of hills, whence descends a mountain cataract, leaping and foaming over high precipices, looking as if it would disdain the efforts of man, and destroy his works; yet, ere reaching the base of the hill, it is tamed, imprisoned, and tortured by dams, cuts, and races; and its indignant waters, still frothed and yesty from their wild mountain sport, are made, like the strong Israelite of old, to turn mill-wheels, and to give other proofs of their strength in slavish drudgery for the tyrants into whose hands they have fallen. The town is very busy and stirring; the railroad leading southward, and the steamer plying to the north, give many commercial facilities; and the number of inhabitants has already reached six or seven thousand.

I now placed myself on the railroad which leads to Owego, a distance of about thirty miles. Horse-power is here used, and the road is none of the best; in some places there were only wooden rails for the wheel-track, in others the horses had to raise their feet at each step over the logs which support the rails; however, the grading, which is the chief difficulty, is overcome. The route, although but a poor railroad at present, is nevertheless an evidence of incipient improvement, and as such is commendable. All such intentions and beginnings should be encouraged in the commercial as well as in the moral world; nor do I know where there exists a more absurd fallacy than in the vulgar proverb which says, that "Hell is paved with good intentions." This can be logically and simply refuted by observing, that it is a true, but only a *particular*, proposition; that *some* good intentions exist which are not followed by good results in conduct; but it is a true and a *universal* proposition, that *all* virtuous actions are the offspring of good intentions. These sneers at good resolutions are not confined to vulgar proverbs—they are often found in graver writers; and though, in consequence of human frailty, they may be sometimes deserved, the general deduction appears to me most unphilosophical. I much prefer the sentiment which I remember to have met in the works of one of our standard authors, that "good intentions are at least the seed of good actions, and it is every man's duty to sow them."*

From Owego to Easton the country is undulating, wild, wooded, and the soil light and poor. A few miles from the latter town the road passes through the blue ridge of mountains at a point called the Wind-Gap; and a most noble situation it is for a Temple of Æolus. I know not the exact elevation, but it is very high; and being the only gorge in the neighbourhood, the wind sweeps through it with tremendous violence. As a pass, or line of communication between the eastern and western country, it is very inferior to the Water-Gap, of which I made mention in an earlier part of my Journal.

Easton is a flourishing town, situated at the junction of the rivers Lehigh and Delaware, and is one of the principal marts for coal and lumber. The former is brought down to it (from Maunch-Chunk, a coal-bed between forty and fifty miles up the river Lehigh) by a canal, and thence is conveyed to Philadelphia, or by the Morris canal, to New York. The country in the immediate neighbourhood is fertile and well cultivated; the houses and farm buildings are neat and substantial; and the appearance of the crops, especially the hay and the Indian corn, gave evidence of the industry of the population, which is almost altogether German. I measured accurately three *heads* of Timothy grass; two of which were half an inch less, and one half an inch more, than a *foot* in length.

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* Sir W. Temple's Essays.

It would kill a grammatical purist to spend a week in that vicinity; the country dialect shames all the patois of Switzerland, Naples, Yorkshire, or Somerset. I will defy either a native German or Englishman to understand one word in three, until his ear becomes habituated to the uncouth sounds. The nearest approach which I can make to a description of it, would be a mixture in the following proportions:—"Take of the German spoken by the labourers near Baden, one half; of bad Dutch, one quarter; and of Craven Yorkshire, one quarter: mix these thoroughly well, and let the nose have its due share in the pronunciation — then you have the Easton dialect."

On Sunday I attended the Episcopal Church. It is a small unpretending edifice. The service was well performed, and the organ had a very sweet tone; the singing was performed chiefly by girls and children, and these were accompanied by one powerful bass voice; the effect was strange, but not unpleasing.

On Monday I hired a horse, and cantered away into the woods on the northern bank of the Lehigh. The shade was delightful, and sometimes on roads, sometimes on the turf, in those large white oak glades, I gave the rein to my horse, and to my fancy, and went on dreaming and galloping till I was roused by finding myself among houses and streets, and on inquiry, learnt that I was in Bethlehem, a Moravian settlement twelve miles from Easton. Here is a very good school, to which young people are sent from all parts of the Union. The place is quiet, and the people are remarkably sober and industrious. Here also they talk intelligible German; indeed, many are from the "old country." I met two young farmers in a cart, and from their answer to my salutation, perceived at once that they were from Europe. I asked one where he came from, and he told me that he was from the neighbourhood of Eisenach. When he learnt that I had been there, and I began to talk to him about his native hills, and Fuldau, and the room where Luther threw the inkstand at his Satanic majesty's head, the poor fellow laughed and cried with pleasure. Six years had passed since either of us had been at that spot; but they were for the time as six hours, and we talked of it with fresh and lively recollections; then grasping each other's hands till the knuckles cracked, we parted, probably never to meet again in this world! I like the Germans; they have more feeling, and less vanity, in their nationality, than any nation upon earth.

Leaving Easton, I crossed New Jersey to New

Brunswick near the mouth of the Rariton, and thence embarked in a steamer for New York, where I arrived without accident or adventure. The letters which awaited me at the post-office, obliged me to prepare for an early departure; accordingly, I secured a berth in "The Oxford," a magnificent packet, which was to sail in a few days for Liverpool, and I devoted the intervening time to the necessary preparations for the voyage, and to bidding farewell to those of my American friends who were in the city and in its neighbourhood. This last was to me a sad, not a merely ceremonious, occupation; for, during my long residence in the United States, I had become sufficiently intimate with some of its citizens, to look upon them with the warmest regard. I had been treated with invariable kindness, and I cannot too often repeat my firm conviction, that no traveller, from whatever country he may come, will meet with so hospitable and cordial a reception in America as a British gentleman; that is, if he be a person of courteous manners, of liberal mind, and disposed to appreciate the intentions of those who offer him civility, instead of sneering at national or individual peculiarities.

It was with many mingled feelings, which it is unnecessary to present to the reader, that I stood on the deck of "The Oxford," and saw the shores of New York receding and gradually disappearing from my view.—There is a kind of instinctive sadness which oppresses us when we give a last look at any object which has long been familiar to us. The inquiry forces itself upon the mind, "Shall I ever see that object again?" and although in some instances health and hope will answer it affirmatively, and in others indifference may answer it carelessly, there is generally a feeling, or a presentiment, more or less connected with destiny and mortality, that whispers "Never!"—that low ominous whisper sends a sudden chill to the heart.

If such gloomy fancies as these are to be dispersed by agreeable company and cheerful conversation, they ought not to have hovered long over "The Oxford," for the party in the cabin seemed disposed to please and to be pleased. Among those whose gaiety and abilities were most calculated to enliven the tedium of a long voyage, were the Baron Krudener, the Russian minister to the United States, and the celebrated comedian, Hill. With the former of these I had long been acquainted; and, although labouring under the disadvantage of extreme deafness, his conversation is a happy union of drollery, sagacity, and acute observation. The latter is unequalled in the fun, mimic power, and fidelity with which he delineates all the peculiarities of Yankee manners and dialect. He was now on his way to Europe, with the intention of representing these to the British public; and if his talent is only appreciated by those who have never visited New England, as it was by those gathered round the cabin-table of "The Oxford," he will reap a rich and deserved harvest of success.*

The voyage was prosperous, and unmarked by any incidents worthy of record. "The Oxford" proved herself an excellent sailer; and on the twenty-first day from our embarkation, we found ourselves far up the Western Channel, the headlands of Anglesea were passed, and we were already threading our way between the buoys that mark the entrance into Liverpool harbour.

How many and conflicting are the thoughts which crowd upon the returning traveller, when coming in sight of his native shores, after an absence of several years!—What a catalogue of births, deaths, and marriages awaits him! In the circle of society wherein he was wont to move, how many new faces may he expect to see!—Fortunate indeed is he if he be not destined to find changes that must wring his heart. Nevertheless, in approaching home, delightful remembrances of the past, and sanguine expectations of the future, triumph over all other feelings. Before he has seen the face of a friend or relative, he receives a kindly greeting from the inanimate but well remembered objects around, and with grateful prescience, reads a welcome in the hills, the promontories, and smiling valleys of his father-land.*

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* Mr. Hill's reception, both in Paris and in London, has realised these expectations.—1839.

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* The feelings excited by the first view of home, after a long absence, are depicted by Catullus with such exquisite tenderness of expression, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of closing my Journal with his address to his Sirmian villa:—

> "Quàm te libentèr, quàmque lætus inviso!
> Vix mi ipse credens, Thyniam et Bithynos
> Liquisse campos, et videre me in tuto.
> O quid solutis est beatius curis?
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi, venimus ad Larem nostrum,
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
> Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis!"

CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Now, Gentle Reader, after having been favoured with your company throughout so long (and I fear to you, so wearisome) a journey, methinks it would be showing you but small courtesy, were I to conclude this narrative without addressing to you a few words of parting kindness. I feel that I owe you many apologies for frequent interruptions and digressions; but for these, I doubt not, I shall obtain your pardon. In perusing a narrative, you must be content to travel with its author, and you must not complain, if he sometimes moves on when you wish to pause, or if he dwells for some time upon a spot or a scene from which you desire to escape: neither should you be too severe with him even if he proves sometimes a dull or a tedious companion; "aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus;" and it is impossible that a Journal can be a faithful transcript of the traveller's life, or of the author's mind, if it attempt either to amuse you with perpetual sallies of wit, or to excite your interest by an uninterrupted succession "of moving accidents by flood and field." If you, whose eye now rests upon this page, are a Briton and a fellow-countryman, it is not improbable that you may have missed in these volumes, the satirical observations on American peculiarities of manner, character, and language, of which you have been furnished with so abundant a supply by other writers, and from which you had expected to derive no little amusement. If such be the case, I regret your disappointment; but at the same time, I entreat you to remember that the parable of the mote and the beam is of national as well as of individual applicability, and that neither our own manners nor morals are so faultless as to justify our indulging in a tone of censure, sarcasm, or satire, upon those of the Americans. I would remind you that many of the peculiar characteristics which we sometimes criticise so severely in them, are the very same traits which French, German, and other European writers have observed as marking our own national character. Lastly, I would appeal to yet higher feelings than a mere sense of justice, and would recall to your recollection, that, although separated by political accidents and by the Atlantic, this people is connected with us by a thousand ties which ages cannot obliterate, and which it is unnatural to sever now while they are yet fresh and vigorous.

Whether we view the commercial enterprise of America, or her language, her love of freedom, or her parochial, legal, or civil institutions, she bears indelible marks of her origin; she is, and must continue, the mighty daughter of a mighty parent; and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinity of race remains unaltered: her disgrace must dishonour their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown should gratify the parental pride of Britain.

In bidding you, American Reader, farewell, I would induce you by every means in my power to cherish and reciprocate the sentiments above recommended; to remember that your literature is formed upon English models, your jurisprudence upon English law, and that the very love of freedom and independence which moved you to cast off the dominion of England, was imbibed by your first founders from the breasts of English mothers. Let not sneers, nor petty interests, nor petty jealousies sever these ties of ancient kindred, but rather let both nations endeavour with a noble emulation to show to the world, each under her own institutions, an example of every public and private virtue. Would that I could flatter myself with having contributed my mite towards the attainment of this desirable object. At least, my American Brethren, you will do me the justice to own that what I have written concerning your country has been written in this spirit. I may have been mistaken in many of my views, and may have fallen into numerous errors, to which all travellers are more or less liable; my pen may probably, in some instances, have been guided by prejudice of which I was myself unconscious. I know not whether I shall ever return to your shores, where I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life; but, if I am destined to revisit you, I shall come in the confidence of grasping more than one friendly hand, and in the consciousness of having, in these volumes, neither stooped to flatter you, nor "set down aught in malice." Under the influence of these sentiments, I bid you, gentle Reader,—FAREWELL.

THE END.

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